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LIFE AS I HAVE FOUND IT









The Coat of Arms  
of  
de Ainslie of Dolphinstone.

L I F E  
AS I HAVE FOUND IT

BY

215 447.58

GENERAL DE AINSLIE

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON  
MDCCCLXXXIII





TO

GEORGE PHILIP

FOURTEENTH EARL OF MORAY

AND

NINETEENTH BARON GRAY OF GRAY,

*These Recollections are Inscribed*

BY HIS GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE COUSIN,

CHARLES PHILIP DE AINSLIE.



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# LIFE AS I HAVE FOUND IT.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE DE AINSLIES.

IN one, I think, of Dickens's novels, whose title I forget, he begins by speaking of a man upon whose tombstone was engraved, "Here lies one who would have come out strong, if he had had a chance." To what degree of strength I might have attained under such circumstances I have had no opportunity of judging; for assuredly, like him, I may say that no "chance" has ever fallen in my way of which I could take advantage, as the following history will, I believe, sufficiently prove.

At my age, with by far the greater part of existence left behind me, and with nothing to expect or look for from a future which must of necessity be brief, it may surely be conceded that all those hopes, desires, and illusions which had by turns encouraged, disappointed, and beguiled my earlier years, being now for ever dispelled,

the views I take of the world, and the conclusions at which I have arrived with respect to men, women, and things in general, are calm, unprejudiced, and founded upon experience and conviction. In these pages, which profess only to tell the tale of "life as I have found it," will, I daresay, be seen nothing very original, nothing exciting or of special importance. They describe scenes, and speak of persons whom I recall sometimes with pleasure, often, alas! with pain; but to reproduce them has been, at any rate, an occupation of interest to myself; and I am tempted to hope the narrative may be read with some degree of amusement, by those in particular who are more or less acquainted with many of the circumstances related, and the individuals connected with them. Had I commenced it earlier, my story would have been more complete; and the loss of all my papers, journals, &c., as will be told in its proper place, has been, of course, a serious disadvantage. Let me, however, set down these recollections and impressions, such as they are, honestly, truthfully, and fearlessly, in order that, should they be one day read by any of those whose good opinions I shall value, so to speak, beyond this world, they may judge whether my lot has not been one of more than ordinary trial and vexation, and whether the mortification and disappointment—too often, I fear, heard from my lips—have been altogether without sufficient cause.

An aunt of mine, one of my father's sisters, I have frequently heard say that "the Ainslies had always been an unlucky race;" and in truth, arguing from their history, which comprises a good many hundred years,

she would seem to have had some reason for her remark. Going back to the year 1214, the earliest date of any written or authentic record, although there is no doubt of the family having existed long prior to that period in the south—it is believed at Annesley, in Nottinghamshire<sup>1</sup>—in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, who died A.D. 1098, they fled to Scotland, where, being well received, and establishing themselves in Roxburghshire, they possessed for some centuries, together with other properties, the tower and lands of Dolphington, near Jedburgh, of which more hereafter. The name was originally, and so continued for many centuries, “de Aynsley” or “Ainslie,” which would seem to denote a French extraction.

Holding always a certain rank, possessing considerable landed property, marrying into all the best families in the south of Scotland, and taking conspicuous part in the fierce and incessant wars of the Border, the name of “De Ainslie” appears frequently in the annals of the times, commencing especially with

Thomas de Ainslie, who flourished in the reigns of William “the Lion,” and of his son Alexander II., which latter succeeded to the crown of Scotland anno 1214. In a donation to the Bishop of Glasgow by Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland,<sup>2</sup> this Thomas de Ainslie is witness, anno 1221.—Chartulary of Glasgow, par. 19.

Thomas de Ainslie was father of Robert de Ainslie, a man of “distinguished rank and figure,” second Baron of Dolphington, then and afterwards written Dolphinston,

<sup>1</sup> Domesday Book, Aneslei, vol. iv. p. 154, fol. 189, B.

<sup>2</sup> “Wilhelmus de Anslie, Canonicus Glasguensis, is witness to a charter from Walter, son of Alan, Great Steward of Scotland, to the Abbey of Paisley, anno 1220.”

thus called from having been the residence of Dolphin, eldest son of Cospatrick, first Earl of Dunbar and March, and to a grant of land, by whom "*Deo et ecclesiæ Sanctæ Marie de Melros*," Robert de Ainslie, or Aynsley, is witness.—*Munimenta de Melros*, page 68.

With the son of the testator, who at his father's death in 1231 became Earl of Dunbar and March, Robert de Aynsley continued to live on terms of the greatest intimacy, cemented, it is thought, by marriage—being, moreover, in the archives and documents of the time, styled "*Consort*," an expression then of especial value.

This Earl Patrick was a very able man. In 1235 he defeated the "*Bastard of Galloway*" and his Irish followers, whom he compelled to surrender. In 1237 he was one of the guarantees to the treaty signed at York between Alexander II. of Scotland and Henry III. of England, and subsequently to a second treaty between these monarchs in 1244. In all these transactions, Earl Patrick is believed to have been assisted by his trusty "*Consort*," Robert de Aynsley, who, upon the earl taking up the cross with St Louis of France, and going to the crusade, in which he died at Damietta, A.D. 1248, is presumed to have accompanied him thither, since which period the armorial bearings of the De Ainslies of Dolphington have been a "*cross flory, gules*," upon a field "*or*;" the supporters borne by the chief of the family being two armed Crusaders.<sup>1</sup> The cross was the symbol of the military Crusaders, as the scallop-shell was that of the Pilgrims, and it differed in colour according to the nation—that of

<sup>1</sup> The crest, a naked arm holding a scymetar, with the motto, "*Pro rege, pro patria*," above a cap of maintenance.

the French being red, of the Italians yellow, the Germans black, the English white, and the Flemings green ; and it is probable that, having accompanied St Louis, the French colour was adopted by Robert de Ainslie on that account. The adoption of hereditary coats of arms, it is known, dates from the Crusades.

In 1296, at Berwick-upon-Tweed, John de Ainslie and his son John Fitz John de Ainslie, swore fealty to King Edward I. of England, and signed their names as "Magnates Scotiæ."—Ragman's Roll, p. 127.

This John Fitz John de Aynsley, who possessed the barony and lands of Dolphington, in Roxburghshire, made a considerable figure in the reign of King Robert the Bruce ; and having married a daughter of Galfridas de Riddel, Lord of that Ilk—one of the most ancient and honourable families in Roxburghshire—died about the year 1330, leaving a son John, who, in an original charter of King David Bruce, anno 1334, is designed "Johannes de Ainslie, Dominus de Dolphinton." He married Jean, daughter of Sir Michael Scott of Murthocstone, ancestor of the noble and illustrious family of Buccleugh ; but having espoused the Baliol interest, and engaged in treasonable practices against the Crown, his estates were forfeited in the end of the reign of King David II., and he died soon after, leaving a son,

William de Ainslie of Dolphington, who, being a man of singular worth and merit, became in great favour with King Robert II., who restored to him his paternal estate of Dolphington, &c., which is instructed by a charter under the Great Seal from that Prince in these words : "Robertus, &c., Sciatis nos dedisse, &c., Willielmo de

Ainslie, filio et hæredi Johannis de Ainslie terrarum Baronie de Dolphington, cum partinens. jacens intra vice comitatem de Roxburgh, &c., in decimo die Octobris anno Regni nostri sexto Anno Dom. 1376."—Archives Robert II., Roll 5, No. 37.

This William lived to a great age, and died about the year 1430, having married Helen, daughter of Robert Kerr of Auldtownburn, ancestor of the ducal family of Roxburgh, by whom he had a son,

William de Ainslie, who married Margaret Pringle, daughter of Pringle of Galashiels, chief of that ancient line, and dying before his father, left a son,

John de Ainslie, of Dolphington, who was served heir to his grandfather in 1431. Being a man of good parts and great integrity, he was highly esteemed by King James II., from whom he obtained a grant of several lands in the county of Tweeddale or Peebles, then in possession of the Crown by forfeiture, and upon which he got a charter under the Great Seal, "Johannis Ainslie de Dolphington," &c., dated anno 1452. He married a daughter of William Douglas of Cavers, Heritable Sheriff of the county of Roxburgh, by whom he had two sons—

John, his heir;

William de Ainslie, who carried on the line of his family, as will be seen hereafter.

John de Ainslie, eighth Baron of Dolphington, died in the reign of King James III., and was succeeded by his eldest son, John de Ainslie of Dolphington, who, marrying a daughter of Alexander Ramsay of Darnchester, in Berwickshire, by her had one only daughter and heiress,



Marjorie de Ainslie, who married Mark, second son of Walter Ker of Cessford, of which marriage more hereafter.—Ragman's Roll, p. 30.

"Her father, John de Ainslie of Dolphington, dying in 1436, in the reign of King James IV., without male issue, with him ended the male line of the first branch of the house of Dolphington, which had flourished with lustre for near 300 years, and had married with the best families in the south of Scotland. The representation, therefore, of this ancient family devolved upon the descendants of William, the immediate younger brother of the said John, to whom we now return."—Family Papers.

"The Lords of Council decretis and deliveris that Robert sall content and pay to Johne de Anysle the somme of xl. li. usuale money of Scotland, of the rest of a mair suum aught to the said umquhile for tocher gude, &c., dated 25th October 1473."—Acta Auditorum, p. 56.

"In the by John, Lord  
Symmervale, Andrew Ormistoun of that Ilk, Johne Anyslie of Dolphinstone, and Henry Anyslie are witnesses, 20th July 1476."

"Ralph Aynsle produced a remission before the Lords Lyle and Olyphant, Lords-Justiciaries, at Jedworth, Jedburgh, Nov. 17, 1493, for his treason with Alexander, Duke of Albany, brother of James III., and also for 'hershup' of the place of Spittal, &c., Andrew Ker of Fernihurst being his security."

William de Ainslie, second son of John de Ainslie of Dolphington, the eighth generation of that family, and brother-germain of John the ninth, got from his father the

lands of Fala, &c., in the county of Roxburgh, and died in the beginning of the reign of King James V., leaving by his wife Jean Home, of the noble family of Home, and daughter of the Laird of Wedderburne, a son and heir—

“Robert Aynslie, near Dolphington, produced remission for being ‘art and part’ with Alexander, Duke of Albany, in his treasonable hereshifs and stouthriffs, before the Lords Drummond, Glamis, and Fyfe, Lords-Justiciaries, at Jedmouth, 8th November 1502.”—Pitcairn’s Criminal Trials, vol. i. p. 29.

William Ainslie of Fala, son of William, first Baron, aforesaid, was a man of great spirit and fortitude, who, with his cousin, Ralph Ainslie of Thackside, being engaged in the conflict at Lithgow Bridge in 1526, when the Earl of Lennox was slain, were obliged to abscond for some time, until King James V. was pleased to grant a full and complete remission to “Wilhelmo Ainslie de Fala et Rudolpho Ainslie de Thackside,” &c., anno 1533. He married his cousin, Jane Ainslie of Thackside, by whom he left a son and successor,

David, eleventh in descent, who acquired lands in the neighbourhood of Jedburgh, and particularly part of the barony of Uleston, upon which he got a charter under the Great Seal, dated March 1535: “Davidi Aineslie et Jacobo Aineslie, filio suo et hæredi,” &c. He married Janet Rutherford, of the ancient and honourable family of Rutherford “of that Ilk,” by whom he had two sons—James, George,—and dying before the year 1607, was succeeded by his eldest son James Ainslie, who sold the lands of Fala and Uleston, and, settling in Edinburgh, his



descendants for some generations seem to have retired from public life, losing apparently social consequence and position, and devoted themselves to pursuits more likely to retrieve the falling fortunes of the family.

In the reign of Charles I., Cornelius Ainslie, Advocate, acquired the lands of Dolphington, which belonged to his predecessors, upon which he got a charter under the Great Seal, anno 1634 (charter in Public Library, 55, No. 160).

Fourteenth in descent, we come to Alexander Ainslie, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Gray of Pittendrum, Bart., afterwards "Master of Gray," of the noble and ancient family of Gray, who was killed in 1660. By this lady, who was possessed of the lands of Lastfield, Drumdryan, High Bridge, &c., in the county of Edinburgh, he had issue, three sons and three daughters, the eldest of whom, George, was my great-grandfather, and the fifteenth direct lineal representative of the De Ainslies of Dolphington. He resided for many years at Bordeaux, engaged in affairs which realised to him a large fortune, possessing there a villa called Tolance, and the estate of Durfort, in the Médoc; and in one of his occasional visits to Scotland he purchased, in the year 1727, the barony of Piltou, in Mid-Lothian, part of which had formerly belonged to his progenitors. He married Jean, daughter of Sir Ralph Anstruther of Anstrutherfield, brother to Sir William Anstruther "of that Ilk," Bart.—one of her sisters, Christiana, being wife to John Stewart, sixth Earl of Traquair—by which lady he had ten children, all born at Bordeaux, the eldest son, Philip, being my grandfather, born on the 16th August 1729.

Early destined for the army, my grandfather was appointed, "by purchase," on the 23d of March 1754, sub-lieutenant in the 2d troop "Horse Grenadier Guards," commanded by the Earl of Harrington, and rose to be not only an officer of ability and reputation, but also in every respect a man of distinction and accomplishment, being in particular a remarkably fine horseman. Indeed, on the 1st of August that same year, he was appointed riding-master to his troop. He was promoted to be captain and guidon on the 7th February 1759, in which capacity he carried the standard at the ceremony on the accession of his Majesty George III.; major, 24th June 1768; lieutenant-colonel, 4th September 1775; and, on the breaking up and remodelling of the Horse Grenadier Guards, he was appointed, on 12th December 1777, to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 4th Horse, on the Irish establishment, now the 7th or "Princess Royal's" Dragoon Guards. By a letter addressed by my grandfather, on the 18th December 1777, to Viscount Barrington, then Secretary at War, it would seem that the officers of the Horse Grenadiers were much dissatisfied with the manner in which they had been disposed of, and Sir Philip Ainslie writes in very strong language on the subject. He commanded the 4th Horse, until, leaving them in 1779, he retired from the service altogether in 1786, apparently in disgust.

During the Seven Years' War in Germany, from 1756 to 1763, my grandfather served as aide-de-camp to General, afterwards the Marquis of Townshend, and saw much service, particularly at the battles of Minden on the 1st of August 1759, and Kirchdenkern, 15th and

16th July 1761. In 1762, being then aide-de-camp to H.R.H. Prince Charles of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, brother to Queen Charlotte, he accompanied the Prince, as chief of the staff—and with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Portuguese cavalry—to Portugal, on the breaking out of the war between that country and Spain—His Royal Highness holding the rank of lieutenant-general in the Portuguese army, commanded by the Comte de Lippe; and returning with the Prince to England in the *Venus* frigate, in January 1763, my grandfather went back to Germany, where he served on the staff of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, commanding the allied armies.

Whilst aide-de-camp to the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz he was naturally much at Court, and was frequently the bearer of confidential messages between his Royal Highness and his sister the Queen. In consideration of his various services, and as a mark of personal esteem, his Majesty George III. conferred upon my grandfather the honour of knighthood,—a distinction at that period of far higher value than it has become in later times.

In 1772, Sir Philip Ainslie had married the Honourable Eliza Gray, fifth daughter of John, twelfth Baron Gray of Gray and Kinfauns; and, after leaving the army, he seems to have settled in Edinburgh, in which neighbourhood he had inherited his father's estates of Pilton and Comelybank. Alluding to his establishment in Edinburgh, in South St Andrew Street, now St Andrew Square, the following appears in the 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' by Robert Chambers, 1846: "Sir Philip Ainslie in another house in the same row. The passers-by

were often arrested by the sight of Sir Philip's preparations for a dinner-party, the show of plate being particularly great."

My grandmother died 24th August 1787, and Sir Philip in his house in Edinburgh on the 19th of May 1804, both being interred in the Ainslie burial-place at Cramond, near Edinburgh. A fine portrait of him by Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted in 1763, of the size of life, in the uniform of the Horse Grenadier Guards, and with his black charger Dragon,—which, it is said, no one could ride but himself,—represents my grandfather as a remarkably handsome, elegant man. This picture has been engraved by Graves, and a proof presented by my cousin, Colonel Ainslie, to the officers of the 1st Life Guards, one of the splendid regiments which replaced the Horse Grenadier Guards. A particularly good copy of Sir Joshua's picture, by Sir Henry Raeburn, is in the possession of my sister, Lady Gray.

My grandfather's next brother, General George Robert Ainslie, having also commenced life in the Horse Grenadier Guards, in which his commission as sub-lieutenant is dated 8th of August 1756, served afterwards many years in the 15th Light Dragoons, now the 15th or "King's" Hussars, having been one of the six captains appointed on the formation of the regiment in 1759. He was present with the 15th at Emsdorf on the 16th of July 1760; and during the campaigns of 1762 in Germany against the French, my grand-uncle was particularly distinguished in an affair on the 1st of July near Homburg; and again, on the 30th August following, near Friedburg, in an affair of cavalry, he was attacked

by three French hussars and dangerously wounded. On the 28th of March 1770 he became lieutenant-colonel of the 15th, and a major-general in the army on the 20th November 1782, but continued nevertheless in command of the regiment until 1795. Having been aide-de-camp to his Majesty George III., and Governor of Ostend, he died at the age of eighty-two, in the year 1804, Governor of the Scilly Isles, and colonel of the 13th Regiment of the line.

In 1774 my uncle had married Anne, daughter of Samuel Sharpe, Esq., who was not only an eminent surgeon, but a literary character and a great traveller, having published his 'Letters from Italy,' which in their day were much thought of. The family subsequently took the name of Pocklington, borne by Mr Sharpe's son, an officer in the 15th Light Dragoons, who, having been one of the two captains of the corps present in the gallant affair of Villiers en Couche, on the 24th of April 1794, received from the Emperor of Austria the order of Maria-Theresa, and became Sir Robert Pocklington.

By this lady, General Ainslie left—(1) Jane Eleanor, married to William Corbett, Esq. of Darnhall, Cheshire, and Elsham Hall, Lincolnshire. (2) Robert Sharpe, succeeded his uncle, Sir Robert Ainslie, as second Baronet, and died 28th of March 1858. (3) George Ralph, Lieutenant R.N., lost with H.M.S. *Courageux*, of 74 guns, on the 15th December 1796, under the following circumstances: The ship, commanded by Captain Sir Benjamin Hallowell, being at Gibraltar, and for the moment under the command of Lieutenant Burrows, the captain being on shore upon a court-martial,

was driven from her anchors, and wrecked under Ape's Hill, on the coast of Barbary, when, out of 593 officers and men, 129 only escaped, my cousin being among those who perished. (4) Frances Anne, married George Robert Heneage, Esq. of Hainton Hall, Lincolnshire. (5) Mary Christiana, married to Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Sandilands of the Coldstream Guards. (6) Anne Penelope, married, firstly, to Captain John Prince, Coldstream Guards; and secondly, in October 1821, Henry Charles Hoare, second son of Sir Henry Hugh Hoare, Bart. of Barn Elms, Middlesex, and Wavenden House, Bedfordshire, father of the present Sir Henry Ainslie Hoare, Bart. of Stourhead, Wiltshire.

The third brother, Robert, having recommended himself strongly to Government by several important services, particularly by finding means to procure, out of the Duc d'Aiguillon's office in Paris, copies of the despatches sent by the Court of France to that of Madrid, at the critical period of the Falkland Islands affair in March 1771, was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople, where he remained from 1776 to 1794, during which period, having been in a position to render an important service to the East India Company, he was by them presented with a handsome service of plate. After his return to England, he became a member of the Dilettanti Society on the 4th of March 1795; he sat in Parliament for Milbourne Port from September 1796 to 1802, and was created a Baronet on the 19th of November 1804. In the years 1801, 1804, and 1806, was published, under Sir Robert Ainslie's patronage, and dedicated to him, a valuable work of views in Egypt, Turkey in Europe, Palestine,



and Turkey in Asia, the drawings by Mayer, and engraved by Watts: this work was published at sixty guineas. My uncle had purchased the estates of Torrington and Stainton Hall, in Lincolnshire. He died on the 22d July 1812, at the age of eighty-four—his baronetcy, by an unusual and unexplained arrangement of the patent, reverting to the son of General George Ainslie, to the exclusion of the children of his elder brother, my grandfather. Sir Robert Ainslie, however, the second Baronet, leaving no legitimate issue at his death, on the 25th of March 1858, the title expired. A petition for its restoration was presented to Lord Palmerston's Government in 1863 by my cousin Colonel Ainslie, but refused.

My grand-uncle, the first Baronet, by all accounts, was not only a man of cultivated tastes and literary attainment, but also of determined courage, being somewhat "choleric and sudden," as the following anecdotes may show: the first is related in a book of which I shall speak hereafter.

It seems that Sir Robert Ainslie, when a very young man, being in the "Thatched House" tavern in St James's Street, then a fashionable rendezvous, and engaged in writing a letter in one of the boxes into which coffee-rooms in those days were divided, became aware of an individual looking over from the box adjoining, and reading his letter, which Mr Ainslie, as he was then, without any other notice, continued in these words: "I would have written further, but for an impudent scoundrel who is reading from behind me that which I write." This at once brought out from the offender the exclamation of "How dare you, sir, call me a scoundrel?" to

which my uncle replied, "You are a scoundrel: if you are offended, follow me." Upon this, retiring into another room, they drew their swords, at that period generally worn, and after a sharp encounter, my uncle, who was an excellent swordsman, wounded his opponent severely.

As another instance of "shortness of temper," in the course of an altercation with my grandfather's eldest son George, afterwards the General, Sir Robert said to him, "Damn you, sir, if you were not my nephew, I'd call you out!"

Of my six grand-aunts, one, Christiana Ainslie, became a "Chanoinesse d'Almaigne."

Elizabeth married in Lord Albemarle's chapel in Paris, in April 1754, Jacob Sandilands, Esq. of Bordeaux, of the noble family of Torphichen in Scotland.

Jeanne married at Angoulême, on the 9th of December 1762, the Comte Paul d'Essé de Montalembert, brother to the Marquis de Montalembert; Chevalier, Seigneur de la Vigerie, Forgenenne, Tergnuise, Marmont, St Germain, et St Laurent; officier au Regiment de Normandie. Of this marriage, which, after the Count's death on the 13th of December 1766, gave rise to much family disagreement and litigation, ending, however, in favour of the Comtesse, there were born one son, Marc René Georges, who died in 1773, at the age of ten, with whom this branch of the illustrious family of Montalembert became extinct. My grand-aunt, dying at Angoulême, is buried at Monbrison.

Penelope married at Monbrison, Department Tarn et Garonne, le Seigneur de Monbrison of Monbrison, where she is interred; and my aunt Gratiana married Monsieur



de Vivens, only son of Monsieur le Chevalier de Vivens, of Barry near Clairac, Tarn et Garonne, and to her relates the following extract, from a notice published upon Mons. de Labat, Vicomte de Vivens :—

“ Le 6 Janvier 1771 naquit au château de Barry, près Clairac en Agenais, Robert de Labat de Vivens. Dès ses plus tendres années, il perdit son père André de Vivens militaire distingué (capitaine au Regiment de Brie), qui laissa en mourant sa jeune épouse Grace Ainslie, chargée du soin d’une nombreuse famille. Cette femme issue d’une antique maison d’Écosse, portait haut le sentiment du devoir, et le culte des traditions domestiques : elle se dévoua donc tout entière à l’éducation de ses enfants, aidée et soutenue par les conseils du Chevalier de Vivens,<sup>1</sup> son beau père. Ce savant homme se fit l’instituteur de son petit fils Robert qu’il affectionnait particulièrement. Nul mieux que l’ami des Montesquieux et des Rollins ne pouvait diriger les pas chamelants de l’enfance dans le sentier périlleux de la vie.”

Going back to my grandfather Sir Philip, who had eleven children, of whom five died young, the eldest son George, entering the army, saw much service in the 19th and 38th Regiments during the campaigns of H.R.H. the Duke of York in Flanders, and in the expedition to the “Helder,” under Sir Ralph Abercromby, in which he was particularly distinguished at the battle of Alkmaar on the 26th of October 1799. He subsequently for some time commanded the 25th Regiment, or “King’s Own Borderers,” and held the appointment of Lieutenant-

<sup>1</sup> Voir les Dictionnaires Biographiques de Teller, de Millaud, et de Bouilles.

Governor of the Island of Dominica, in the West Indies, and of Cape Breton, in North America. While in the former of these governments he was presented by the Legislature of the island with a sword, of the value of £200, for his suppression of a dangerous revolt of the Maroons in 1814; notwithstanding which mark of approbation and gratitude, as well as the numerous addresses forwarded by all classes to the Government at home, General Ainslie's conduct seems to have been so far unsatisfactory that, having been called to England, he did not return to his Government.

My uncle was a man of great and varied information, and in society most agreeable. He was a member of the Antiquarian Societies of London and Scotland; of the Royal Societies of France, Normandy, and others. He had published a work called 'Illustrations of the Anglo-French Coinage,' of which he possessed a valuable collection, for which, in 1834, he received the gold medal of the "Institut Royal de France" as "Prix de Numismatique." The General married Miss Neville, only daughter of Christopher Neville of Wellingore and Ashbourne, county Lincoln, and the Lady Sophia Noel, daughter of Baptist, fourth Earl of Gainsborough. These Nevilles descend immediately from the ancient and once powerful family of the Nevilles of Raby Castle, county Durham. Having attained the rank of Lieutenant-General, he died in Edinburgh on the 16th of April 1839, aged sixty-three, and lies in the burial-place at Cramond. His widow died at Bath in October 1870, at the age of ninety-three.

Their eldest son, Henry Francis, a retired colonel in

the army, is now the eighteenth representative in the direct male line of the De Ainslies of Dolphington. The second, Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Ainslie, an officer of much promise and accomplishment, died of wounds received at the battle of Inkerman, at the head of his regiment, the 21st R.N.B. Fusiliers.

The second son of Sir Philip was my father ; and there was a third, my uncle Philip Barington, of whom I shall speak again by-and-by.

My three aunts married respectively—Margaret, who, I have heard, was a beauty, Francis, tenth Earl of Moray, K.T., her first cousin. The Earl had been first married to Miss Scott, daughter of General Scott of Balcombie, and sister to the Duchess of Portland and to the first Viscountess Canning.

Charlotte became the wife of Colonel Inglis, a quiet, worthy man, who had served at the siege of Gibraltar in the 39th Regiment, and was brother to Sir William Inglis, K.C.B., a general officer of note, who had been especially distinguished at the battle of Albuhera, on the 16th of May 1811, where he commanded the 57th Regiment, since called the “Die Hards.” One of their two daughters married Captain Hay, formerly of the “Carabineers,” who succeeded his father in the small but pretty estate of Seggieden on the Tay, near Kinfauns.

My third aunt—Barbara—married John Allen, Esq. of Errol Park, in the Carse of Gowrie. This gentleman was something of a character in his way, and from his fondness for driving was called “Coachey” Allen, to distinguish him from his brother, “Gentleman” Allen, a colonel in the army, who had served in the 23d Light

Dragoons, and had been wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Talavera. He also had a place in the Carse of Gowrie called Inchmartin. My uncle was a natty little man, who dressed always like a coachman, usually in a brown driving-coat with gilt buttons, and cord breeches, the fronts of his shirts being "got up" in that complication of small plaits peculiar to post-boys. Another of his peculiarities was, that he always made use of a steel fork. He had driven his coach-and-four half over Europe, in those days altogether a novelty. In later years he and my aunt lived a good deal at Bath, where the roads were better suited to his favourite amusement. Their eldest son John, a captain in the Royal Navy, as was also his brother Harry, married, 1st September 1832, the Lady Henrietta Duncan, eldest daughter of Robert, first Earl of Camperdown, whose place, Camperdown, was just opposite Errol. He died in 1852, when the property was sold by his son. I had been a good deal there as a boy with my mother. The house was a very ugly one, but the stables were handsome and extensive; and the grounds, sloping down to the Tay, were very pretty—the Mains of Errol, as they were called.

I now return to my father, who at a very early age was appointed to a cornetcy in the 13th Light Dragoons; but that corps being upon the Irish establishment, he was transferred to the 4th or "Queen's Own" Dragoons, in which his lieutenancy is dated 4th of August 1793. He was promoted to a troop 2d April 1796; major, 3d April 1808; and lieutenant-colonel by brevet on the 14th February 1811.

As aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-General Francis Dundas, my father served in the North-western District; in the expedition to the north of Germany, under Lord Cathcart, in 1805-6; and subsequently in the Western District. In the year 1807, while still with Lieutenant-General Dundas, he made the acquaintance, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, of my mother, living there with her parents, Mr and Mrs James Atkinson: she was their only child, and they lived in great retirement. My maternal grandmother was a Miss Lawton; and among the few relations of my grandfather was the family of Scott, out of which came those two illustrious brothers, the first Earl of Eldon, and the first Baron Stowell, whose mother had been a Miss Atkinson. I had a portrait of my father by Deighton, a fashionable military artist of the day, representing him in an aide-de-camp's uniform—a most absurd costume. This same year my father and mother were married; and when, subsequently, the 4th Dragoons were ordered to the Peninsula, he accompanied his regiment, commanded by Colonel Lord Edward Somerset. Their separation upon this occasion was, I have been told, painful in the extreme, and every effort to accompany her husband, or to follow him, was made by his young wife, who was in truth but a girl, I think of seventeen.

My father served the campaign of 1809, and commanded the right squadron of the 4th Dragoons at the battle of Talavera, on the 28th of July that year. He was appointed to the staff of the cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, Bart., and was present at Busaco on the 27th of September 1810; but his health had already considerably suffered, and being appointed

Deputy Adjutant-General to the British forces in Sicily, he there died at Messina, on the 19th of December 1811. By all accounts, my father was a cavalry officer of great promise, and in particular he was highly esteemed by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir David Dundas. The 'Star,' at that period the leading military paper, thus announced his death :—

“It is with much regret that we have to announce the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Ainslie, of the 4th Dragoons, Deputy Adjutant-General to the British army in Sicily, who died at Messina on the 19th of last December. As a cavalry officer he was thought one of the best in the army, and, had he lived, would have one day raised his name high in the annals of his country. The illness which terminated his life was contracted in Spain, where he served the first two campaigns under Lord Wellington.”—The 'Star,' February 20, 1812.

## CHAPTER II.

## EARLY DAYS.

My mother having also come to Sicily, took me with her, leaving my sister, a year younger than myself, with her grandparents in Newcastle; and now she returned to England, bringing with her the remains not of my father only, but of a little boy also, who had been born but to die at Messina. They were buried in the cemetery of All Saints' Church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the vault of the Atkinson family.

At this time, as I have heard from those who knew her, my mother was a young widow of considerable personal attractions—accomplished, of gentle, agreeable manners, and who certainly loved myself with an affection the stronger perhaps, as is often the case, that I was a delicate child requiring a good deal of care. She spent much of her time in Scotland among my father's relations, by whom she was most kindly welcomed, when I was her constant companion, and everywhere she was liked and admired; for, besides a natural sympathy with her situation, there was, it seems, a peculiarity in her tastes, manner, and even in her style of dress, which gave her



an additional charm. Opportunities, therefore, could not be wanting for a second marriage; and of these, after a considerable interval, she preferred Sir Thomas Bradford, a general officer of distinction,—a remarkably handsome, prepossessing man, who had been severely wounded at the siege of St Sebastian in 1813, and coming to command the Northern District, had his headquarters at Newcastle. They were married on the 1st of June 1818, and Sir Thomas holding a command in the Army of Occupation in France, they went there in consequence, and remained after the return of the troops to England, and until, in 1819, the General was appointed to the command of the forces in Scotland.

Of my mother's second husband, I may here observe, once for all, that during my long and intimate connection with Sir Thomas Bradford, he invariably showed towards me the warmest attachment, until, in later times, unhappy circumstances arose to alter the nature of our relations. His whole conduct was of the most delicate and generous description, especially as regarded myself and his own children, of whom in due course there came five. A man with a more refined sense of honour than Sir Thomas Bradford, or with a warmer heart, never lived.

Being at this time at school at Brighton, I spent the midsummer holidays of 1818 at Forest House, near Hartfield, in Sussex, where then were living Major and Mrs Falconar, the latter a sister of Sir Thomas Bradford, and a truly amiable and charming woman. The Major, a good-natured man, of manners somewhat rough, having joined the 71st Regiment in India in 1791, saw much service there during the twelve following years, in-



cluding the first siege of Seringapatam in 1792, the capture of Pondicherry, reduction of the Dutch settlements in Ceylon and the Malaccas, and the storm and fall of Seringapatam in 1799, where he acted as Major of Brigade to Major-General David Baird. In 1807 he accompanied the Indian army across the desert to Egypt as Deputy Quartermaster-General; and subsequently, on the voyage to England, the ship being captured by a French privateer, "Le Vaillant," on the 16th of October 1808, Major Falconar was detained as hostage for Sir David Baird, and remained prisoner in France until the end of March 1810. In November the same year, being appointed to the 82d Regiment, he left the service in March 1811, and died at Brighton on the 23d May 1827.

At the period of the appointment of Sir Thomas to the North British command, it was upon a much larger scale than that to which it was afterwards rather suddenly reduced. There was a second general officer stationed at Glasgow, at that time a conspicuous soldier and charming person, Major-General Sir Thomas Reynell, K.C.B., the Brigade-Major there being Colonel, afterwards the well-known Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Smith, Bart., G.C.B.; and the staff in Edinburgh was both more numerous and composed of officers of higher rank. The Deputy Adjutant-General was Colonel Sir Gregory Way, a tall, imposing, soldier-like man, who had been severely wounded at Albuhera, and wore his coat-sleeve open and fastened with a number of smart little bows of ribbon. Sir Gregory, soberly pacing along upon a large, solemn brown horse, was a type of his kind. Lady Way, a

pleasant, amiable woman, was a great friend of my mother. The Deputy Quartermaster-General—accomplished, pleasing Sir James Douglas—had lost a leg; I forget upon what occasion. There was then a military secretary, Major Lord Robert Kerr, brother to the Marquis of Lothian, a good-natured man, of extremely small dimensions, whose military qualities were not brilliant, and whom I never heard of having been seen on a horse except once, upon the occasion of King George IV.'s visit to Scotland in 1822, when he appeared on the top of an enormous and hideous brute, of a colour more yellow than anything else. Not the less proud, however, was his lordship of an immense cocked-hat and feather, and a pair of mischievous-looking spurs. In one capacity or another, he managed to remain on the North British Staff, to my knowledge, at least twenty-three years, for I left him there as Assistant Adjutant-General in 1842, when I was myself at that time removed from the same Staff. The other branches of the service—the Artillery and Engineers—were, of course, upon a corresponding scale; and as a subaltern in the latter corps, was Lieutenant Head, who subsequently rose to such distinction as Sir Francis Head, Bart. Neither must I forget the Brigade-Major, worthy old Major Lyndesay, formerly in the 3d Dragoon Guards, who, going afterwards to India on the staff of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Robert O'Callaghan, died at Madras.

The winter of 1819-20 was one of great disaffection in Scotland, whither it had spread from England, where had been large Radical meetings at Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and other places, in favour of Universal Suf-

frage, Repeal of the Corn Laws, &c. On the 11th of September, in particular, there was a great meeting at Paisley, at which there was much rioting and destruction of property ; but it was dispersed by the troops without loss of life. The conduct of Sir Thomas Bradford throughout these disturbances was, I know, highly approved.

I have always considered that a great deal of my ill success in life has been owing to a very indifferent education ; and I may now explain that, as time wore on, the peculiarities in my mother, to which I have alluded, and which I fancy originated a good deal in her having been an only and an idolised child, a very young and devotedly beloved wife, and in a small way also an heiress, came gradually to assume proportions which at length rendered her singular in her ideas and habits, and had a decided and not a very happy effect upon my early training ; added to which, the opinions of Sir Thomas Bradford upon this important subject were also peculiar, and, like the generality of men of his day, circumscribed, and far from tending to the development of any tastes or abilities I might possess, and which, I may now be permitted to say, I unquestionably had, especially for music and drawing. I was sent to a variety of schools, in none of which was I permitted to cultivate pursuits and accomplishments that in after-years would have afforded me such enjoyment, and the want of which I have never ceased to regret. Even languages, of such advantage to a soldier, I had no opportunities of learning ; and it has only been in later days, and long after I was my own master, that I have acquired a certain proficiency in French, and made several feeble attempts in German.

The weakness also of my health as a boy, which greatly prevented my taking to field-sports and strong exercise, for which I never had any liking, should have been an additional reason for encouraging these mental recreations.

I was at school in the South, coming down to Edinburgh for my holidays, though not always,—for those of Christmas 1820-21 I spent at Storrington, in Sussex, with Major and Mrs Falconar before mentioned, who were now living with old Mr and Mrs Bradford, Mrs Falconar's father and mother, in the pretty rectory, during the absence of the rector, the Rev. William Bradford, then and for several years chaplain to the British Embassy at Vienna. He was a very agreeable man, and a beautiful draughtsman; and having for a certain time accompanied the army in the Peninsula, he afterwards published his 'Sketches in Portugal.' He married Miss Wilmot, an Irish lady, and the present Lieutenant-General Wilmot Bradford is their son.

In the church of Storrington is a monument placed by the officers of the Grenadier Guards to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Bradford, K.C.B., of that regiment, who died at the chateau of La Vacherie, near Lillers, in France, on the 17th of December 1816, from the effects of a wound received at the battle of Waterloo, in which he was engaged as an Assistant Adjutant-General, and who was the third brother of the family.

Let me here relate an instance of the care of Sir Thomas Bradford, in all that concerned my interests. My maternal grandparents were now both dead, but there still lived at Newcastle-on-Tyne an uncle of my mother, a certain Ralph Atkinson, a well-known character there,

notoriously rich, both in landed and other property, and to whom, as he was not married, we looked for much future benefit; indeed, as the eldest of his nearest male relations, I had always been considered the heir, at any rate to his estates. My two younger brothers were mere infants, one of whom he had never even seen. In order to keep alive his kindly feelings towards myself, for whom the old gentleman had always seemed to have a warm partiality, I was never allowed to pass Newcastle on my way from school without going through the penance of a one or two days' visit there, when, I must say, nothing appeared to be good enough for me; and upon one occasion my uncle actually sent his man of business with me to Edinburgh, paying the posting expenses, rather than let me travel by the coach. The only "tip," however, that I remember was a solitary five-pound note. My visit, during which I occupied a room in my uncle's dark and dingy old house, in an odious part of the town low down by the river, always gave rise to little gatherings among the rare family connections—the Rutherfords, an old Miss Lawton, and my good, kind aunt, who never let me go away empty-handed, Mrs John Atkinson, and her sister Miss Coward, by all of whom I was made a great deal of. We shall see by-and-by how all this ended. Ralph Atkinson, of whom there is a portrait at my brother's place, "Angerton," badly painted, but very like, was a tall, powerfully built old man with a loud voice, who dressed usually in a brown coat, a sort of speckled waistcoat, drab breeches, and enormous top-boots.

There was then an admiral on the North British

station with his flag-ship at Leith, at that period handsome, pleasant Sir John Beresford, Bart., brother to the well-known Marshal; and in the summer of 1821 his son George and myself, being friends, were committed to the charge of Captain Ed. Steuart of H.M.S. Brisk, a 10-gun brig, called in the navy "coffins," who had kindly offered to take us south, *en route* to our respective schools; and embarking accordingly at Leith, after I forget how many days of horrible weather, we put back to port, and I afterwards recommenced my journey by land, in circumstances much more agreeable. In company with Henry and Charles Stuart, the latter of whom became Lord Stuart de Decies, I travelled in one of the Marquis of Bute's carriages, sleeping each night on the road, one of which I recollect at Luton, at that time belonging to Lord Bute; and on our arrival in London, being consigned to Lord James Stuart, he delivered us at the detestable Charterhouse, whither we were all bound. The kind captain of the Brisk was afterwards drowned in going ashore at Sheerness, on the 22d December 1823.

Among the friends of those early days let me not forget General Sir Hew and Lady Dalrymple, with whom my mother had long been very intimate, who had a house in Wimpole Street, where I was a frequent visitor. The unpopular affair of Cintra always associates unlucky memories with Sir Hew Dalrymple, who was a handsome man, with a good-humoured countenance, very agreeable, and full of fun. They had two sons, both in the cavalry: the eldest, Sir Adolphus, who succeeded his father and became a general officer, was many years



member for Brighton, and dying without children, the baronetcy expired; his brother, Lieut.-Colonel Leighton Dalrymple, who commanded the 15th Hussars at the battle of Waterloo, where he lost a leg, having previously died unmarried.

In the month of August 1822, King George IV. came to Scotland, when I saw, of course, everything that, as a boy, could amuse me. On Thursday, 22d of August, when his Majesty went in state to Edinburgh Castle, the sceptre was carried by my cousin, the Hon. John Stuart, who, by his Majesty's sanction, replaced upon this occasion Lord Francis Leveson Gower, representing his mother, the Countess of Sutherland, Marchioness of Stafford, in whose family is vested the right of carrying the sceptre. The King had permitted Lord Francis to go to Dunrobin only on the day previous, and when, on the 24th of the month, the regalia was carried to Holyrood Palace, John Stuart again bore the sceptre. There is, or was, at Donibristle, a water-colour drawing of my cousin on horseback, in the costume he wore upon those occasions. He was a remarkably handsome man, with a fine figure, and an officer of dragoons in the 3d and 13th Regiments.

In the course of this visit, which was, I believe, in every way a great success, an individual, at that time of some notoriety, at all events in Scotland, Macdonell of Glengarry, made himself conspicuous by one of his eccentricities. Upon this same occasion—I think of the King going to the Castle—the streets being kept clear for the royal procession, Glengarry persisted in attempting to proceed by the route prohibited, when, being

civilly remonstrated with by Sir Thomas Bradford, he rudely exclaimed, "I am not under your orders." "No," replied the General, "that is true, but these soldiers are; and if you persevere, I shall be obliged to order them to remove you." This led to a challenge from Glengarry, but the affair was very properly prevented from going further. Viscount Beresford, I remember to have heard, acted for the General in this disagreeable business.

Meanwhile I had been removed from the "Charter-house" to a quiet and very well-composed school at Rottingdean, near Brighton, kept by the vicar, Dr Hooker, a kind, pleasant old gentleman, but who thought infinitely more of a gallop with the Brighton harriers than of his pupils, and often have we gabbled over our lessons to him as he was pulling on his boots. I can see him now with his good-looking, kindly face, a long claret-coloured coat, hunting-cap, and whip in hand. He was a good judge of a horse, and had generally a handsome pair in his old-fashioned yellow chariot; he was also, I believe, a good horseman. The doctor had a turn for oil-painting; and Mrs Hooker, formerly Mrs Greenland, was quite an artist, and known for her attempts at the revival of the system of painting in wax, called, I think, "ceramic painting." She was a lady of good fortune, and had a son in the army, from which he retired as captain in the 17th Lancers.

The midsummer holidays of 1823 I remained at Rottingdean, the object of my detention being to prepare myself for the examination for the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, where it was proposed I should enter this summer; and it was at this time that I became



acquainted with a gentleman of a certain celebrity in his day, and generally known as "Dandy Baillie." He had been an officer in the 16th Lancers, and was a tall handsome man, well made, a fine horseman, and excelling in all manly exercises. He lived for some time in the village, and was supposed to be paying his addresses to a rich and agreeable widow, who was also a resident. He was very kind to me, giving me frequent mounts upon a handsome pony which made part of his stud. Taking me with him one day for a ride to Lewes races, his dress consisted of a claret-coloured evening coat with an enormous velvet collar, light yellow waistcoat, lavender cord breeches, striped silk stockings, and pumps; a voluminous black silk scarf, with a splendid pin, completed this costume.

At the beginning of the midsummer "half-year" I went, as had been settled, to the Royal Military College, being taken there and kindly seen through all the preliminary details by Major Garvock, an old friend of Sir Thomas Bradford, then upon the staff at the Horse Guards. Of this establishment I have no agreeable recollections. I was at once appointed No. 16 of the C Company, of which the captain was Major Diggle, a gentleman-like, good-looking man, remarkably neat in his dress, who, as captain, I think, of the 52d Light Infantry, had been severely wounded in the head at Waterloo, and always wore a black patch. He rose to be a general officer, and died holding some post in the Royal Household. Mrs Diggle was a very pretty woman. The governor of the college at this time was General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope, G.C.B., a fine-looking man

of pleasing address, who had lost the use of his right arm by a wound received in Holland at the affair of Gueldermalsen, on the 3d of January 1795, while in command of the 14th Foot—upon which occasion, by the account of Major-General Lord Cathcart commanding the brigade, he seems to have greatly distinguished himself. The cadets, however, had a great deal more to do with the lieutenant-governor, Colonel James Butler, a stern hard-mannered man, whose tall grim figure is not easily forgotten. There was also his opposite, in every respect, short, jolly, good-natured Colonel M'Dermott,—“Inspector of studies,” I believe they called him,—and who was principally in charge of the “senior department,” upon which one of the students was the eldest son of Sir Walter Scott (a lieutenant on half-pay of the 18th Hussars, lately reduced), a splendid young man. We had an adjutant, Lieutenant Proctor, pale-faced, thin, and clever, who had written an amusing book, called ‘*Lucubrations of Humphrey Ravelin.*’ Altogether, the establishment was upon a handsome and sufficient scale. We wore a neat uniform, that of the officers being very similar to the Guards; and we had a very fair band. The “Board days,” twice a-year, when the commissioners came down, were naturally our great events. The system, however, carried on by Colonel Butler was harassing; and I recollect one of our greatest vexations was a silly kind of guard we used to mount, but merely during the hours of recreation, of which of course we were thus deprived, and to no good purpose that any one could see.

About this time I began, though with infinite shyness, to make my appearance in Edinburgh society, which in

the winter was extremely good and pleasant. The Scotch families of consequence had still, many of them, houses there, or took them for the season ; nor had they as yet fallen into the practice, to which railways of late years have so much contributed, of going in flocks to London, where, truth to speak, they are, with rare exceptions, comparatively little known or considered. I don't know whether London has been the gainer, but Edinburgh has greatly lost by this desertion of her aristocracy, and its winters retain nothing of those better times but their frost, snow, and piercing winds. At the balls, dinners, and evening parties there still lingered the knee-breeches and buckled shoes of yet earlier days ; and elegant Macdonald of Clanranald still appeared in the morning in tight pantaloons and Hessian boots.

*George Buchanan 18th May 1893*  
*2 1756, 1893.*

## CHAPTER III.

## THE RIFLE BRIGADE—NORTH AMERICA—MAIDSTONE.

AT Sandhurst I remained until, on the 10th of April 1825, by the favour of H.R.H. the Duke of York, I was gazetted to a second lieutenancy, without purchase, in the Rifle Brigade; and about the same time, Sir Thomas Bradford being appointed to the command-in-chief at Bombay, there was in consequence a complete family break-up. Going to London for the purpose of my equipment, I took the opportunity of waiting upon the Commander-in-Chief to thank him for my commission. And how graciously and kindly did he receive me, that noble prince! Indeed at that period the whole of the staff at the Horse Guards reflected the courteous amiability of their illustrious chief. The military secretary, Sir Henry Torrens—a little cold, perhaps, and formal, but a gentleman all over; gentle, encouraging Sir Herbert Taylor, the adjutant-general; pleasant, good-humoured Sir Willoughby Gordon, quartermaster-general; General Macdonald, afterwards and for many years adjutant-general,—all unassuming and of manly friendliness. What a deplorable mistake to have

removed the headquarters of the army from the Horse Guards, with all its great and time-honoured associations !

Returning *vid* Scotland to join my regiment in Ireland, I stayed a day or two at Erskine, on the Clyde, with Lord and Lady Blantyre, the former being the general afterwards killed so unfortunately at Brussels in the Revolution of 1830. With the Blantyre family of those days I was well acquainted: the amiable peer himself was an officer of reputation, and Lady Blantyre charming, and elegance in person; General William Stuart, who had lost an arm in the Guards, I think at Waterloo; Sir Patrick, also a general officer, and married to a sister of Lady Blantyre; and lastly, Charles,—all gentlemen of a presence and manners now, one may say, entirely disappeared.

At Erskine now occurred the first of my mishaps, going no further, luckily, than the loss of my military cloak, which, with the whole of my baggage, went astray by the stupidity of the boatman at Lord Blantyre's private pier; and I had thus the annoyance of going over to Belfast without my "things," which, however, were all eventually recovered, with the exception of the cloak aforesaid.

I had been appointed to the 1st battalion, commanded by Colonel, afterwards Major-General, Sir Amos Norcott, C.B., K.C.H.; and on my arrival at Belfast, I was sent at once to Downpatrick, to the company of which Colonel Smith, C.B., was captain, the first lieutenant being worthy Johnny Kincaid, who subsequently held a situation at Court, published a pleasant little book called 'Random Shots by a Rifleman,' and died "Sir John."

Colonel Smith had known me quite as a boy when, as I have related, he was on the staff in Scotland; and both he and Mrs Smith took the kindest, I might say affectionate charge of me,—poor Jemmy Cameron, a son of Sir John's, who had joined about the same time, and myself, being always called "Mrs Smith's boys." She was an immense favourite with everybody, dear Mrs Smith, and had witnessed not a few of those memorable scenes in which the Rifle Brigade had borne so conspicuous a share. At the same time she was truly gentle and feminine, and so peculiar with her pretty foreign accent, her guitar, and her native Spanish, in which she often talked with her "Henriquez," whom she adored, and whom she had accompanied over half the world. After Sir Henry's death, 12th October 1860, her Majesty gave her the appointment of housekeeper at St James's Palace, which she retained until her own decease in London at her house in Cadogan Place, I think in 1873.

Obtaining a short leave of absence for the purpose of seeing my mother in London previous to her sailing for India, I there took leave of an individual who had long made part of the family as valet to Sir Thomas Bradford, in whose Portuguese brigade in the Peninsula old Costa had been a corporal in one of the regiments, and had remained with him ever since. He was an intelligent, useful man; a skeleton in form, with a face wizened and dark as a walnut, and wore always his white neckcloth tied in an enormous kind of rosette. For some reason or other he did not go with the General to India, and I forget what became of him.

Being telegraphed for to return to the regiment, then

under orders for Nova Scotia, I was unlucky enough to reach Belfast just too late to embark with the six service companies, which sailed in three ships on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of July; but I lost no time in following them by way of Liverpool and New York in one of the sailing-packets, the *Canada*, Captain Rogers—for at that period, I need scarcely observe, there were no steamers. These packets, however, of their kind, were splendid vessels, and beautifully fitted up. We were six weeks on the passage to New York, where I have a recollection of a very pleasant fortnight, meeting there Captain, now Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Bart., also on his way to Halifax to the 81st Regiment, and Viscount Falkland, 71st Light Infantry, returning to England. From New York to Boston; and thence in a very small vessel called the *Billow*, Captain Barker, in three days, I think, to Halifax, where I spent a very happy winter with my regiment, quartered in the South Barracks. Besides ourselves, we had in garrison the 74th and 81st Regiments of the line, with a proportion of Artillery and Engineers,—the former being commanded by Colonel Foster, in whose family I became intimate, as also in that of the Bishop, Inglis. The Governor and Commander of the Forces in Nova Scotia was Lieutenant-General Sir James Kempt, G.C.B., as agreeable in society as he was distinguished in the army. The navy also added much to the gaiety of the place, though in the winter I think there remained usually but one ship. At that time the station of Halifax and Newfoundland was commanded by Rear-Admiral W. G. Lake, his flag-ship being the *Jupiter*, in which Admiral Rous, afterwards



so well known in the racing world, was one of the lieutenants. The old Centurion, in which Lord Anson had gone round the world, was, I remember, laid up here.

I learnt here an unlucky accident which had occurred on board the ship in which Colonel and Mrs Smith had come from Ireland, who, it seems, to add to the comfort of their party, had contributed the use of their plate, when one day the servant having left it for a time in a bucket of water in which he had been washing it, some one observing the bucket, and thinking it contained merely dirty water, threw the whole contents overboard. The officers, however, did not fail eventually to make good this disaster.

I don't remember any one suffering from cold in Halifax, although, with the exception of ear-covers, we had none of the extra clothing and appliances since issued to the troops serving in North America. We used, I think, to have our boots covered with cloth as a protection against the snow. I remember Colonel Smith "pulling me up" very sharply one day for bringing home my guard in greatcoats. He had an idea that a Rifleman could or should "stand anything."

On the 28th January 1826, I was gazetted to a lieutenancy unattached, by purchase, and the day following exchanged, "paying the difference," to my father's old regiment, now the 4th or "Queen's Own" Light Dragoons, stationed in India in the Presidency of Bombay; and in the month of March I embarked in the mail-packet for England, there to join the depot of the 4th at Maidstone.

Of all my brother officers in the Rifle Brigade, the only one I now hear of is Lieutenant-General Sir William Norcott, K.C.B., son of Sir Amos, who, in the days I am speaking of, was our adjutant; and many a good breakfast he gave me in his quarters after drill, for I was myself living in lodgings, there being no room in barracks. They were, however, generally much older than myself; many of them had served and been shot to pieces in all the wars in which England had been engaged since 1805, and Waterloo medals were common among them, as well as in the ranks. The days when orders, crosses, and medals came to be thrown broadcast were as yet far distant; and that same medal, more prized than the Star of the Bath, and which the Duke of Wellington is said to have valued more than all the decorations of Europe with which he was covered, shone then usually by itself. And still, when among a crowd of ribbons and badges of every conceivable colour it is rarely seen at all, the eye instantly fixes upon that modest record of associations and glories as much beyond compare as they are immortal. It was in truth a splendid battalion, and possessing an *esprit de corps* inherent in every man who has ever worn what once was the green jacket. Alas!

Shall I confess that in Halifax also I left behind my earliest attachment? for there first I drank of that delicious poison, whose sweet savour, once tasted, is forgotten no more. Fifty-two years gone by since that parting! At night! the thick snow falling, falling, and still falling in profound silence! the porch, the blinding tears, the vain attempt to articulate the cruel

word, the last frantic kiss, the closing door, the black darkness beyond—all, all fondly and for ever remembered! In truth I was but a boy, and my young heart seemed tearing to pieces!

Landing at Falmouth after a month's passage, and soon joining at Maidstone, I remained there until February 1827, when I embarked for Bombay, whither I was going as aide-de-camp to Sir Thomas Bradford.

Pleasant Maidstone! How well do I recall the days spent there! Our good old commandant, Sir John Browne, and his little roan horse Pascoe; handsome, gallant Noel Harris, the second in command, who had lost an arm, I forget whether at Ligny or Waterloo, in his becoming uniform of the 18th Hussars; and my cheery companions at drill, at mess, and in all my daily occupations of duty or amusement, gone, I believe, almost all! It is many years, at any rate, since I have heard of any of them. The other corps with depot troops here were the 11th and 13th Light Dragoons and the 16th Lancers: we had also generally an officer of the Cape Corps Cavalry, long since reduced. Among Maidstone characters is to be remembered old Broad, a discharged troop-sergeant-major of the 11th Light Dragoons, who lived just outside the barrack gate, and had the furnishing of our rooms. In a charming country, the society of the neighbourhood were very civil to us; and we had excellent balls in the Assembly Rooms, which had the advantage of our capital band, and to these we went, as indeed everywhere else, not confounded in the crowd of black coats and waiters' ties, but in the elegant uniforms of the day. It was, I suspect, the becoming dress

of the 4th which brought upon me the distinction of steward of a very pretty ball at Tunbridge Wells.

The purchase of one's first horse is always an event: mine I bought of the present General Lewis, then a lieutenant, I think, in the 11th Light Dragoons. He was a good useful bay, costing me £60, and which, from a habit he had of stamping, was nicknamed “The Paviour.” Willoughby Moore, then a captain on half-pay, was at the time staying in the barracks. He was an accomplished horseman, and his great delight was taking us boys out for a lesson in “the open,” for which “larks” I soon found myself obliged to get an animal with more breeding than “The Paviour.” Before going to India, I thought it desirable to attend a levee of his Majesty George IV.; and what a difference was there between the Court of these days and the scenes of scandalous disorder I have seen there since! It is true that etiquette was then much more strict, and that for one person who went to Court in 1826, fifty or possibly a hundred do so now.

In the course of the autumn I went to make some farewell visits at Newcastle and in Scotland, among the latter at Wemyss Castle, in Fife, the residence of General Wemyss, where I had been at different times with my mother, who was intimate with Miss Wemyss, a lady of singularly elegant, thoroughbred appearance and manners, and the original, it was always supposed, of Sir Walter Scott's Diana Vernon—as well she might be, for among her other accomplishments she was probably the best horsewoman in this country. On the day of my leaving the Castle, to take the coach at Kirkcaldy, she

mounted me upon a favourite thoroughbred mare, which ran away with me the whole distance—five miles, I think. Miss Wemyss married, on the 10th of October 1826, her relation and neighbour, James Lord Loughborough, lieutenant-colonel 9th Lancers, afterwards 3d Earl of Rosslyn, and died 30th September 1858.

The death of H.R.H. the Duke of York, on the 5th January 1827, was a loss to the country, and to the army in particular, that could not but be deeply and universally lamented; for how immensely had the high character and the brilliant successes of the service been assisted by the wise and salutary measures introduced by His Royal Highness, that illustrious gentleman, who had in every sense proved himself the “soldier’s friend”!

## CHAPTER IV.

## INDIA—THE BOMBAY STAFF.

AT that time going to India was a very different affair to what it has become in the present day; and as regiments remained there twenty years, and even more, it amounted, for the men at any rate, to a kind of expatriation. The early start in the dark; the old black troop mare, my companion in the riding-school, and which I now mounted for the last time; the traditional "Girl I left behind me" of the band; the march to Gravesend, with the weeping women and children, who accompanied us, and the cruel separations that followed,—all these things affected me painfully on that cold wintry morning of the 16th of February 1827; yet, happier far than others, I was going to those who were expecting me with impatience, and to fill an agreeable military position. We sailed in one of the old East India Company's fine ships, the *Charles Grant*, commanded by Captain Hay, in which I had engaged a private cabin, paying, I think, either £135 or £145, but which I found the greatest comfort. Besides our detachment of the 4th Light Dragoons, comprising a cornet, Ellis, and 115 non-

commissioned officers and men, commanded by Captain, now General Parlby, we had on board a much larger one of the 2d or "Queen's Royal" Regiment, under Major Hunt, who also commanded the whole of the troops embarked, and appointed me to act as adjutant, which gave me occupation, and relieved me from "keeping watch," and other shipboard duties more necessary than agreeable. We had also a number of private passengers, of whom I only remember Mr and Mrs Dewar, both Scotch, and pleasant. We met with nothing to enliven or interrupt our tiresome voyage; but we lost, I recollect, an interesting and superior young sergeant of the 4th, who died in my cabin, the good doctor of the ship taking me in during his illness. We reached our destination on the 12th of June—and with what joy I was received may be imagined!—when I at once established myself in a convenient little house, or bungalow, to use an Indian word, attached to the residence of the Commander-in-Chief, called "The Mount."

My companions on the staff were Colonel Rainey, C.B., military secretary, who had been with Sir Thomas Bradford the whole of their military lives, since the commencement of their acquaintance in the 82d Regiment; Dr Strahan, head of the medical department, who lived in the house; and my brother aides-de-camp, Knox of the 2d "Queen's;" Urquhart, who was also interpreter; and the Honourable Alexander Murray, afterwards Lord Elibank, both of the Bombay Light Cavalry. Let us see what became of them all!

Colonel Rainey lived to be a lieutenant-general, C.B., K.H., and colonel of the 23d Royal Welsh



Fusiliers, and died on the 27th December 1860, not, however, before some unaccountable circumstances had broken off an intimacy which had commenced almost from my childhood. I believe he died in some kind of mental aberration. The old doctor ended his days long ago somewhere in the north of Scotland. Knox threw himself overboard on his passage to England. Urquhart was shot in a duel at Poona; and of Lord Elibank, who likewise has been dead many years, more by-and-by. This is not a happy account of a party so small, and who had been so closely connected. Of the general staff, hearty, friendly Colonel Powell, adjutant-general, and pleasant, good-humoured "Dandy" Morse, quartermaster-general of the Company's army, must not be forgotten; they were both much esteemed.

My start in India was destined to be an unlucky one, for within the first few days of my arrival, the bungalow I occupied—although, as I have described, adjoining the principal building, and guarded, moreover, by two sentries of a native infantry regiment, my dragoon Farmer sleeping also in one of the rooms—was entered one stormy night and everything of value carried off, including every morsel of embroidery, gold and silver lace, &c. In those days uniforms were far more expensive, and an Indian outfit in particular, so that the loss was a severe one, to say nothing of the difficulty of replacing it in those times of slow communication. As well as I remember, the thieves were never discovered.

The Governor of Bombay at this period was the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, a name as universally known as it was respected throughout India—

between whom and the General a warm friendship had arisen. On the 28th of October, however, came out to succeed him Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., a great Indian celebrity, upon whom, being sent to wait on his arrival on board the Neptune, I found with him as military secretary Sir Alexander Campbell, Bart., a captain in the 13th Light Dragoons, whom I had known at Maidstone, and who had recently married Sir John's daughter—a charming and lovely girl, who accompanied her husband. The Baronet, by the way, was a remarkably good and elegant horseman. On the deck of the Neptune I met also poor Newton, a brother lieutenant in the 4th, and another of my companions at Maidstone, where an unhappy love affair added to the natural melancholy of his disposition. He did not stay long in India, but being promoted into an infantry regiment, he returned to England, and eventually threw himself out of a window at Joy's hotel, in Covent Garden, being killed on the spot.

About this time the Commander-in-Chief, with my mother and sister, going to Poona, distant from Bombay about seventy-five miles, there happened on the journey a very disagreeable circumstance, as follows: The General, thinking it would be pleasant to have a military band with us, desired an application to be made to the commanding officer of a native infantry corps which had a very good one. By whom, or in what terms, this request was made, I don't recollect; but what I do know is, that on the first occasion of the band being required to play, they appeared *without* their instruments, but *with* a message from the commanding officer, to the effect that "the Commander-in-Chief having an un-

doubted right to order the attendance of the men, they had been sent, but that the instruments were the private property of the officers." It may be imagined how this message was received, for however blamable may have been the mode of requesting their band, the affront by the regiment was severely and justly visited upon them.

I took advantage of this journey to make acquaintance with my regiment, quartered at Kirkee, about six miles from Poona, whither I went on a visit, and was hospitably put up by Captain Shaw. At this time the 4th Light Dragoons were commanded by Colonel A. Wilson, who had come from the 17th Light Dragoons, and who, leaving the service in 1833, died in 1847, in consequence of injuries received on being run over while crossing Pall Mall, opposite the United Service Club. They had come to India in 1821, under Colonel, afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Dalbiac, K.C.H., having previously been made Light Dragoons, and exchanged their original scarlet, with green facings and silver lace, for a very elegant uniform of dark blue, with pale yellow facings, still retaining their silver lace. They had been but a short time at Kirkee, a perfectly new station, whither they had been brought by Sir Thomas Bradford from Kaira, in Gujerat, a dreadfully unhealthy place, where they had suffered terribly. Sixteen years were not so long a period but that my father's name was quite fresh in the remembrance of many; and indeed Lieutenant-Colonel Fendall, who was at this time absent from the corps, I think on the staff, and who eventually brought the regiment home, had been one of his companions. Among the officers were several with whom I

was destined, much later, to be again connected : Will Havelock, one of the captains, my future commanding officer in the 14th "King's Own" Light Dragoons, but who just now was holding a command of Native Irregular Horse ; Harvey, afterwards a brother major in the 14th ; Shaw, old Weston, and others. Another of our captains—rather a character, and an excellent judge of a horse—was Moore, who had been formerly aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Hastings when Governor-General, and who now held the appointment of Brigade-Major of the "King's troops," as the royal army was then called here.

My pleasant visit ended, I rejoined the Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, where news speedily reached us from England which materially influenced my worldly circumstances ; for the mail brought accounts of the death of the relative in Newcastle, of whom I have spoken, as also a copy of the will, when it turned out that he had left the whole of his landed property to my brother Henry, £15,000 to Ralph, and to myself £6000—the sum left to each of my sisters. The astonishment of our little circle was great, and the annoyance to Sir Thomas Bradford, I am sure, quite as much so ; but let me hasten to declare solemnly, that I never in the slightest degree have begrudged dear Henry his better fortune ; while on his part, so long as he lived he never ceased to show me the most considerate and delicate generosity. What did, I confess, disappoint me, was my not having been left an equal sum with my brother Ralph, with which I should have been perfectly satisfied. These estates, I may add, were strictly entailed to my complete exclusion, the holder of them being, moreover, bound to take the name

of the testator. Besides, what immediately concerned ourselves, a great deal of money was bequeathed to other members of the old gentleman's family.

It must have been somewhere about this time that a highly unpleasant affair befell Captain Havelock of the 4th, whom I have mentioned as being in command of what they called a "Risollah" of Irregular Cavalry at some station far in the interior, and who, having got into a serious quarrel with the lieutenant-colonel and the adjutant of a native infantry regiment, it ended in all three being tried by court-martial and dismissed the service. Havelock, however, had been grossly insulted; his character stood very high, and he was subsequently reinstated: but the sentence upon the other two was never reversed.

The health of my sister had now become affected by the climate, from which I also already began to suffer, and it was therefore determined that we should return together to England in H.M.S. *Bombay*, of 84 guns, just built at Bombay, and going home under the command of Captain Campbell, of H.M.S. late ship *Cyrene*, having also on board Captain Pennell and the crew of H.M.S. late ship *Fly*. The first lieutenant, good old Festing, was of a class at one time, I believe, common enough in the navy, but which has now disappeared. Invaluable in their peculiar position, they scarcely ever rose beyond it; and the great amount of authority and responsibility they enjoyed seemed to compensate for the want of promotion.

We left Bombay in May 1828, this separation being, as may be supposed, a severe trial to my poor mother, who was destined never to see either of us again. The

only break in our long and monotonous voyage—enlivened, however, as much as possible by the society of the officers—was three days at St Helena, when, of course, I visited Longwood, and every other locality connected with the residence of Napoleon ; and arriving in September at Plymouth, my sister and I were kindly received for some days by the Governor, Sir John Cameron, and Lady Cameron, with whom, as his father's aide-de-camp, was my old companion in the Rifle Brigade, Jemmy Cameron.

The Bombay, I may add, was subsequently burnt to the water's edge, while serving on the South American station in the river Plate, on 14th December 1864.

## CHAPTER V.

ST JOHN'S WOOD—HANOVER.

BEING one day in the coffee-room of one of the hotels in Plymouth, where also were some officers of the navy, one of them remarked how he "wished he could find some opportunity of sending a small parcel to London." Naturally I offered my services, which were gratefully accepted, and the officer proceeded to pack up a gold chain of a pattern I happened particularly to notice. On my arrival in town I delivered the parcel, and had forgotten the matter altogether, when, long afterwards, dining one day at Ham House on the Thames, and sitting at table next a lady now high in rank and position, the chain round her neck attracted my attention, and instantly recognising it, I told her what had occurred at Plymouth, upon which she said, "If you brought me this chain, there," pointing to a gentleman who sat opposite, "is the person who sent it." The features of the gallant sailor had not stood years so well as the links of his chain, and I had entirely forgotten them.

At this time Lord and Lady Gray were living at Orleans House, and I used to be occasionally "over the



water " to Lady Dysart's, with whose family an intimacy had arisen.

From Plymouth my sister and I proceeded to Cowley Parsonage, near Uxbridge, which had been taken as a home for the younger children, with their governess, during the absence of Sir Thomas Bradford and my mother, and where also for the present I remained. It was a pretty little residence, and well suited to the purpose for which it was intended. Beneath the drawing-room windows, by the way, it was said—and I believe with truth—that Dr Dodd, of dismal memory, was buried. The worthy but somewhat peculiar rector, Mr Hilliard, with whom I took many pleasant walks about the country, was a man of property, and lived in a good house of his own in Hillingdon.

I have mentioned the relationship existing between my mother's family and the Scotts in Newcastle. Lord Stowell's only daughter had married, secondly, the first Viscount Sidmouth, and both by her father and herself this connection was always kept up. Lord Stowell I used to go and see occasionally at his house in Grafton Square, but I never attained so high as the "Chancellor." Lord Sidmouth at this period was Deputy-Ranger of Richmond Park,—occupying, I think, the ranger's house,—where I paid more than one agreeable visit. Lady Sidmouth even then was in weak health, but lived till the 26th of April 1842. The Viscount was a kindly pleasant man, and his strong features and tall gaunt figure are not easily forgotten. His conversation was lively and amusing, as he sat after dinner with his hands clasped together, his legs crossed, and enjoying his port-

wine in good old Tory style. He showed me, I remember, the table upon which Lord Nelson, before leaving England for the last time, had described to him the glorious manœuvre which he afterwards carried out so brilliantly at Trafalgar. Lord Sidmouth died on the 15th of February 1844.

I had always kept up my relations and friends in Scotland, whither I soon went, and in the course of my visits remember a very pretty ball, more or less *costumé*, given by Lord and Lady Gray in the new castle of Kinfauns, completed in 1828, and of which more by-and-by.

Standing one day at the door of the inn at the Bridge of Earn, I there made the acquaintance of a gentleman well known in Scotch society, with whom I continued to be intimate for many years—George Augustus Cunyng-hame, son of Sir William Augustus Cunyng-hame, Bart., of Milncraig. He was a character, being kind-hearted, of agreeable manners, and with a certain originality and humour; his appearance was, however, unprepossessing, and he had very weak health. He had a good fortune, and a house in London, No. 12 Saville Row; but, good-natured and liberal to others, in his own habits he was parsimonious and indifferent. He had, it seems, always a longing for the army, for which he was totally unfit; and once had been actually gazetted, I believe, to the 2d Life Guards, which his father wisely obliged him to give up. When I afterwards went to St John's Wood, he used frequently to visit me in the barracks, which unluckily revived all his military inclinations, and, being now his own master, he purchased a cornetcy in the 7th Dragoon Guards, at an age far beyond the average, and

obtaining a troop in that corps, he at length retired from the service. George Cunynghame, of whom latterly I had seen much less, died in Paris on the 6th of March 1853, as I have heard, in unhappy circumstances.

An application was now made to Lord Hill, commanding the army in chief, for permission to purchase a company "unattached" when opportunity should offer; and meanwhile, not wishing to remain idle, I applied to join the Riding Establishment then in London, at St John's Wood barracks, under the command of Colonel Taylor, C.B., formerly of the 10th Hussars, an officer of great education and classical acquirements, somewhat formal and stiff in manner, who died a major-general, colonel of the 17th Lancers, and Governor of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, where, in the chapel, is a tablet to his memory. Mrs Taylor was very handsome and agreeable,—qualities which were more or less inherited by their children, who all came out well in the world. Our riding-master was Captain Meyer, from the Hanoverian service, who had the best hand and temper on a horse I ever saw. We had also an adjutant and quartermaster combined in the person of old Kinkie, also, I think, from the 10th Hussars; and an acting sergeant-major, in my day one Sergeant Gifford of the Royal Dragoons, rather a character, and with a pretty wife.

About this time considerable alterations were made in the cavalry uniforms. In the Light Dragoons and Lancers the elegant plastron of the regimental facing was replaced by a double row of buttons put on close together in the Prussian style,—by no means an improvement. The Light Dragoons lost the piping in the seams

of the regimental colour, and the Lancers their aiguillettes. The overalls were for a short period changed to Oxford mixture, and then to dark blue, which they have ever since remained; and we received a much handsomer shako. The Heavy Cavalry fared very badly, their handsome, richly laced coat being exchanged for one perfectly plain in front, with the addition of a pair of ugly inconvenient epaulettes, the aiguillette hitherto worn being, after a little while, suppressed. To their great discomfort, the stable-jacket was abolished; and instead of their handsomely braided frock-coat, they were now given one quite plain, with regimental buttons and a pair of brass scales. The colour of their overalls was also changed to dark blue, and an exceedingly ugly pattern of horse furniture was adopted for them.

What a pleasant time I spent at St John's Wood! Indeed the year upon that duty was eagerly coveted throughout the subalterns of the cavalry, and one to be especially enjoyed and made the most of, which in truth, with the expense it occasioned, was one chief reason for the removal eventually of the establishment to Maidstone. Every regiment sent here a small party for instruction, and there were some cadets training for riding-masters, but there were only five subalterns, who were intended as much for the purpose of looking after the men and horses, though, of course, we regularly attended all drills. Lord Hill used occasionally to come and inspect the rides previous to their being dismissed to their regiments. His lordship, by the way, was the only Commander-in-Chief I have known who wore uniform at his levees, where you were always kindly received.

Of all my companions in those light-hearted days how many remain? I know of but two, Barber of the "Inniskilling" Dragoons, and Hall of the 7th Hussars, who I remember meeting with a bad accident while getting on a friend's horse in Regent Street. Ricketts of the "Greys," long dead, was, except myself, the only one who arrived at the command of a regiment. We had a little mess, but dined usually in town, and as clubs were then very few, at such hotels as the Burlington—where the head-waiter, Edward, was very popular with us—Stevens's, Long's, &c.; and what cheery dinners they were!—far more so, I think, than those of later times in the more formal and monotonous clubs. We made up altogether a tolerable squadron, and were employed occasionally in keeping the ground at reviews, one of which in particular I recollect in Hyde Park on the 23d of May 1829, for H.R.H. the Duc de Chartres, who afterwards, when Duc d'Orleans, perished so miserably by a carriage accident on the road to Neuilly, on the 13th July 1842. The Prince was a very elegant young man, and looked to great advantage in the uniform of the 1st Hussars, of which he was colonel. The troops upon this occasion were commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir Hussey Vivian, K.C.B., and consisted of the 2d Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, 10th and 15th Hussars, the 2d and 3d battalions Grenadier Guards, and 1st battalion 3d Guards. It was a very pretty review, and the Marchioness of Londonderry appeared on horseback wearing the pelisse of the 10th Hussars, of which the Marquis was colonel. Captain Meyer rode a young thoroughbred mare, called Atalanta, which had never seen any-

thing of the kind before, and was mad with excitement. Meyer showed admirable temper and horsemanship throughout a long day, and this mare became afterwards the third purchase I made from him. In the evening there was a beautiful ball at Holderness House, the Duc de Chartres being present, and the officers of the 10th appearing in uniform.

In those days smoking was far from being the fashion, and smoking-rooms were entirely unknown. An occasional cigar or pipe might be seen, and I have even now a distinct and unpleasant recollection of, I believe, the only cigar I ever attempted, returning one night with Dick Ward of the 10th, who was also at St John's Wood, from dining at the Toy at Hampton Court, where they had the usual squadron—an experiment I have never been induced to repeat.

There can be nothing so good for a young man beginning life as the society of ladies, and I was always glad to avail myself of every opportunity of this kind. In London at this period, society was upon a much smaller, more exclusive, and I fancy a more agreeable scale; it was more elegant also, and refined. Among other characteristics of the day were the balls at Almack's, of which so much used to be said and written: they came to an end, I think, in 1832. Without intending to make invidious reflections upon the beauties of later date, or ungracious comparisons, it seems to me that the London world has become wanting in those families of distinguished and superior female charms, which shone so conspicuously in the Pagets, Jerninghams, Brudenels, Hardys, Villiers, Brandlings, and others, and, as undoubtedly is



the case among men, that the women of the present age have lowered very much in height and figure.

Our barracks were a long way from the fashionable world, and were then almost solitary. The roads, too, were far from being in their present condition ; and the old "jarvies" who brought us home at night used to complain bitterly. Cabs were then for men the fashionable and most inconvenient carriage, which I soon found to be indispensable, and bought from Balders of the 3d Light Dragoons when he returned to his regiment. He and I were great friends. Before entering the British army, in which he rose to be lieutenant-general, C.B., and colonel of the 17th Lancers, he had been in the Brunswick service. Always cheerful and pleasant, he had a neat figure, dressed well, had a taste for music, and rode nicely a smart white mare, of which he was very fond. He married his cousin, Lady Katherine Hare, and died, poor fellow, deplorably palsied and paralytic, on the 21st September 1875.

In the course of the winter I obtained leave of absence to accompany Captain Meyer to Hanover, where his brother was serving as captain and riding-master of the Hussar Guards, with which corps I had the advantage of continuing my drills, being mounted by the kindness of the major, Louis Krauckenberg. Living comfortably at the "Britischer Hof," my time passed very pleasantly. The Hussars had an excellent mess, to which I was admitted. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge received very agreeably at the palace, where, in particular, I remember one entertainment bringing in the New Year of 1830 in true German fashion. Attached



to the Viceregal Court at that time were especially the Baroness Alhsfeldt and the Fräulein Winzingerode, a great beauty. Sir James Reynell had long been upon the Duke of Cambridge's staff; and I recollect, besides the Comptroller of the Household, Von Schlitter and the Baron von Knesebeck, many years known in London. There was an exceedingly good opera, and a great deal of general gaiety, which gave me the opportunity of making many acquaintances. Count Alten, the well-known commander of the famous Light Division, to whom my brother officer, Will Havelock, had long been aide-de-camp; the Platens, the Countess's daughters, Milchen Malortie and Julie Katen, being acknowledged beauties; the Omptedas, of whom one was adjutant of the Hussars; the English family also of Taylor—Mr Taylor being paymaster to the late German Legion, so distinguished in the British army. The days of the Peninsula and Waterloo were yet so near that many officers were still in the Hanoverian service who had made those campaigns, speaking English perfectly, and preserving the warmest recollections of their British friends. Decken, commanding the "Hussar Guards;" Hompesch; Colonel Hattorf, commanding the "Garde Curassieren;" Heise of the "Jager Guards;" and others whose names I have forgotten: but how grateful is it to record even these few, associated as they are with so many kindly memories!

There were then several British officers in the Hanoverian army, the material of which seemed to me to be good. The men, however, were not smart, and for so small a force there was too much variety: Cuirassiers in white; Hussars and Dragoons, heavy and light, in blue;

Lancers in green. The infantry, with the exception of the Jagers, wore red; the artillery, blue. All this, I fancy, was much simplified by H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland on his coming to the throne as Ernest I. in 1837.

I took a German master, and did a little with the guitar with one of the band of the Hussars; so that when the hour came for returning to St John's Wood, which I did alone, I had a great deal to regret. Nor was it without a struggle that I tore myself away from sweet Matilda Schmidt, one of the opera's fairest flowers.

Until the return of Captain Meyer, the riding department was superintended by Captain Bray of the "King's" Dragoon Guards, well known in those days, and especially for his tandem-driving. He had a fine estate in Northumberland, near Newcastle-on-Tyne.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE ROYAL DRAGOONS.

ON the 16th of March 1830, I was promoted to a company unattached "by purchase;" and not long afterwards, arrived from India Sir Thomas Bradford, bringing with him the remains of my dear mother, who, on the 14th of February, at sea, off the Cape of Good Hope, had at length succumbed to a cruel disease which had originated in Scotland years before, and caused her intense and almost uninterrupted suffering, endured with extraordinary fortitude. She lies in a vault in Hartburn Church, the parish of my brother Henry's place in Northumberland, where I attended her funeral on the 26th of May, being the first, but far from the last, of my visits there on similar mournful occasions. A white marble monument by Chantrey, which is a good deal admired, is there erected to her memory.

King George IV. died on the 26th of June this year, and on the 29th of the same month I exchanged, "paying the difference," to full pay in the 1st or "Royal" Regiment of Dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Somerset, and then quartered at Norwich. Wash-

ington Hibbert, with whom I exchanged—a friendly, agreeable man—has been subsequently and for many years well known in London, where Mrs Hibbert's hospitalities were as frequent as they were attractive.

During my two months' customary leave "on appointment," I went to Scotland, returning, as in those days before railways was common enough, by steam. The weather, however, was so bad, and our passage so tedious, that off Harwich I resolved, notwithstanding a very heavy sea running, to go ashore, when, being transferred with no small difficulty to a boat, I there found a quiet-looking individual, who, to some remark I made upon the discomfort if not risk of our position, replied, with great composure, that he had "come out for pleasure"! *Apropos* to this circumstance, I may introduce the following instance of French gallantry, related to me by the lady herself, who, going abroad upon one occasion, and taking a steamer from London, the weather became so bad that, arrived at Sheerness, she determined to sacrifice her passage and go ashore—no easy matter to accomplish, and very much against the advice of the captain of the steamer. A boat, however, was found, and while her baggage was being put into it, she and her maid stood upon deck, objects of some interest to the rest of the passengers. Everything being at last ready, and as she was making towards the boat, a French gentleman came forward, and with great politeness said—"Madame, j'ai attendu qu'un de ces messieurs vos compatriotes m'aurait devancé, mais puisque il n'en est pas ainsi, cela me ferait trop de peine de voir une femme se risquer seule par une traversée, si peu rassurante, et je

vous prie de me permettre l'honneur de vous accompagner à terre." He did so; and having seen her safely to a hotel, he returned to the steamer, which went no farther on her voyage that night.

In due course I now joined the "Royals," one of my earliest associations with my new corps being an order to shave off our moustaches, condemned by King William IV., for the whole of the cavalry except the Household and the Hussars. The appearance of the regiment suffered a good deal; while the infantry, who had always been very jealous of our moustaches, were enchanted. His Majesty followed this up by another order equally unpopular, changing the light cavalry uniform from blue to scarlet, silver embroidery and lace being at the same time abolished throughout the regular army—this last measure, though regiments did not like losing their silver lace, being, I think, a wise one. The worst, however, was still to come; for, on the 10th of July 1830, appeared an order changing the facings of the Royal Navy from white to scarlet, which could not fail to be universally regretted.

I found the Royal Dragoons in every respect a truly pleasant corps. Their military reputation had always been of the highest: we had an unexceptionably good corps of officers, who lived together in an unpretending, gentlemanly way, and upon terms which, indeed, for good fellowship, were proverbial throughout the army. Several of them being connected with Norfolk or the neighbouring county of Suffolk, we had especial opportunities of enjoying the hospitalities of an excellent society. The country, however, this winter—1830-31—was in a very

uncomfortable state, and gave us a good deal of trouble in the way of detached parties, patrols, &c. The introduction of machinery and steam-power was, I believe, one of the chief causes of these disorders.

In the agreeable society of which I have made mention, there shone one bright star which by universal acclamation was pre-eminent in this county of Norfolk, where, in all classes, there was, and probably still is, an unusual amount of female beauty. At Raveningham Hall there resided the premier baronet of England, Sir Edmund Bacon, with two daughters, both charming; but the eldest was the pearl of which I am about to speak. They lived much retired, and were less generally seen than other young ladies of the neighbourhood; but not the less, be sure, was their acquaintance coveted, nor was the fame of Miss Bacon's beauty less known, not in her own county only, but one might say throughout the "length and breadth of the land." She was in truth a most lovely creature, and as good, as gentle, and unassuming as she was irresistibly attractive. Tall, graceful, aristocratic, she was, as Sterne said of his "Maria"—Miss Bacon's name also—"of the first order of fine forms." A small head beautifully placed on the slender white throat, magnificent dark hair, large unfathomable lustrous eyes, and the smile of one come down from heaven. Her little dainty feet seemed made for dancing, in which she excelled: she was an accomplished horsewoman, and to complete her perfections, she had the most winning manners, and a disposition of surpassing sweetness. Such, as far as weak description may give an idea, was Anna Maria Bacon, whose image

I recall with an interest the more tender that, long lost to this world, that pure light now shines with yet more holy lustre in heaven.

With a disposition always ready to be captivated by female charms, was it then a wonder that my heart should at once be at her feet? I met her as often, perhaps, indeed more so than others, and I was one of the very few admitted to her father's house; but I worshipped in silence and loved without hope, and it was only at a dance a few days before I was to march for Ipswich, that, to my unspeakable happiness and surprise, I drew from her the confession that I was dear to her. So bright a dream, however, was not to be realised. Sir Edmund Bacon thought our fortunes insufficient, though in truth I believe his real objection lay in his reluctance to part with his daughter; and thus it befell that the perfume of one first and only kiss, and a letter of plaintive and touching farewell, were all that remained to me of one of the sweetest beings this world has ever seen. Miss Bacon never married, and died 28th June 1849.

We had a squadron at Ipswich, whither I now went with my troop, and where, thanks to the great kindness of Sir William and Lady Middleton, I passed the time as agreeably as the impressions of my recent disappointment would allow. I even tried shooting, for which at Shrublands I had every opportunity; but the partridges and hares laughed at me, and despairing of ever arriving at any proficiency, I gave up the gun altogether.

Sir William and Lady Middleton had been long known in fashionable life, and in London, where they had a house in Whitehall Place. She was a daughter of



Brownlow, first Baron Brownlow, and an amiable, fascinating, accomplished woman, of elegant, attractive appearance, without being absolutely pretty, and with a perfect manner. The house at Shrublands at that period was by no means the handsome residence it subsequently became, and the alterations and reconstruction were but just beginning; but among the beauties of its interior were some very fine polished floors, and I forget whether it was a naval or a military friend with a wooden leg, who, upon Sir William Middleton expressing one day some anxiety as to the slippery floor, replied, "Oh, never mind me, Sir William, I have always a good nail at the end of my stump!"

They made me acquainted with several families of the county, and particularly with their relation, Sir Philip Broke, Bart., the celebrated admiral, who lived at Broke Hall, where I became a frequent guest. The wound he had received in the memorable action with the Chesapeake on the 1st of June 1812, rendered Sir Philip extremely sensible of any change in the temperature, and he would come into the room with a number of little cloaks on his shoulder—which one, I forget—and walking restlessly about, as he felt increasing heat he would gradually throw them all off. The figurehead of the Shannon stood, I think, in the entrance-hall. One of his brothers, who lived a good deal at Broke Hall, Sir Charles Broke Vere, K.C.B., a general officer, had served with distinction in the Permanent Assistant Quartermaster-General's Department, and had been present in most of the Duke of Wellington's great battles, including Waterloo. He was, too, some time M.P. for the

eastern division of Suffolk. The third brother, Major-General Horatio Broke, I had known in my boyhood, when he was on the staff in Scotland: he had been shot through the lungs at the battle of Orthes, when in the 52d Light Infantry. Mr Aston of Livermere Park, an uncle of Sir William Middleton, to whose property he succeeded; Colonel Rushbrook and his charming daughters, living at Rushbrook Hall, I think near Bury St Edmunds; the Stewards, who had a pretty place on the Orwell; an old family, whose name I forget, living at The Chantry, where, years afterwards, I stayed some days with Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the Vice-Chancellor,—are also some of those whom I particularly recollect, as well as an old Admiral Page in Ipswich, who had, I believe, taken the Duke of Wellington out to India, and whose wife, they said, upon each occasion of her husband's promotion, had the uniform of his portrait fresh painted, to correspond with his new rank!

My kind friend Sir William Middleton died 2d May 1860, and Lady Middleton on the 8th of May 1867.

On the 8th of September this year, 1831, took place the coronation of his Majesty William IV., of which I was a spectator, accompanying my aunt Lady Gray, and my cousin Jane Anne, the party being completed by Mr Forbes, an Edinburgh banker, who, to my amazement, appeared as an officer in the Guards. I remember but little of the ceremony, or of the impression it made upon me, excepting that I was struck with what seemed to me the fine effect of the Peers putting on their coronets at a particular moment. On the whole it was considered, I believe, a poor affair.

On the 19th of March 1832, the Ipswich squadron marched for Canterbury, the headquarters of the regiment moving from Norwich on the day following for the same destination. We crossed the Thames from Bidlericay in Essex to Gravesend, and thence to Maidstone, where, halting for a night, I found myself once more sitting at the old mess-table in the well-remembered barracks. We reached Canterbury on the 24th; soon after which time, the conduct of my late brother aide-de-camp, Murray, now Lord Elibank, towards my sister, to whom he had for some time been engaged, compelled me to take steps which in England have long gone out of fashion; and one lovely May morning saw me posting down to Wormwood Scrubs in Sir Thomas Bradford's carriage, with my second and relative, the Hon. John Stuart, afterwards twelfth Earl of Moray.

In those days the breath of May was soft and balmy, sweet with the odours of blossoms and young foliage; the skies were blue and fair, and the earth rejoiced in all the tender beauty of spring,—a picture, it must be confessed, that has long existed but in the imagination of painters and novelists; for, from whatever cause, it is certain that nothing of late years has been more painfully marked than the total change in the seasons. My reflections, while driving to this meeting on such a morning, were far from pleasant; but once on the ground, I felt that the *mauvais quart d'heure* must be passed, and that there only remained to go through it becomingly.

The whole scene of that calm, pleasant, early morning is still vividly before me: the quiet preparations of the seconds; my adversary lounging over a gate; the sum-

mons to take our places at twelve paces; the delivery to us of the pistols; the dropping of the handkerchief by Elibank's second, when, after an ineffectual fire, and before there was time for a second, the police came up and carried us all off to, I forget what office, where we were heavily bound over to "keep the peace." Notwithstanding this, however, it was a question whether we should not adjourn to the Continent for a more decided result. Our friends—mine being Major-General Lord Saltoun, at that time a great arbiter in these cases—finally settled the matter, and I never saw Elibank again, though many years later I received from him a very manly and friendly letter. He died 30th May 1871.

Of our party at "the Scrubs" all have preceded me to the grave. They were, besides Lord Elibank and Stuart before mentioned, Oliphant of Gask, who accompanied Elibank, and Sir Charles Forbes, the well-known army-surgeon, who came on my account, and gave Stuart and myself an excellent breakfast after the morning's work was over, entertaining us with his duelling experiences, which had been many.

Since then, and for more than thirty years, the duel has been suppressed in England; and I regret to record my conviction that the result has been a rapid and universal deterioration in manners, habits of society, language, and more than all, in that high and delicate sense of honour which ought never to be lost sight of among gentlemen of principle and education. The duel is a painful alternative, and there can be no man of proper feeling who would not gladly see determined, by some other mode equally efficacious, those disputes which,

from one cause or another more or less well founded, have always arisen, and so must continue to do between men of every class, be they dukes or draymen. This mode, however, you will seek for in vain. To pretend that the duel is a "relic of barbarism" is simply absurd, for in all ages there have been individuals of the most exalted rank and character, including so great a name as that of the Duke of Wellington, who have felt that, under peculiar circumstances, the only road to becoming reparation for an affront was that which led them to "the field."

His Grace's opinions on this subject, as on every other, were very decided, as may be read in his military correspondence; and what a chivalrous remark was that of H.R.H. the Duke of York, when he said to Colonel Lennox, "Sir, when I am not on duty, I wear a brown coat like other people"! His Royal Highness, as is well known, "went out" with the Colonel, and behaved with the greatest calmness and courage.

In recent times we have another prominent example of the feeling which prompts men of the highest position to appeal to arms, when, on the 12th of March 1870, H.R.H. the Duc de Montpensier fought a duel with the Infant Henri de Bourbon, brother to Francis II., King of Spain, and vice-admiral in the Spanish navy, who was shot dead on the ground. The meeting took place at Dehesa de Carabancel, near Madrid.

To maintain those "small sweet courtesies of life,"—and, as Sterne beautifully adds, "smooth do ye make the road of it,"—a severe and instant responsibility must lie with those who violate them; but of far higher import-

ance still are questions affecting the reputation and protection of women, of professional honour, personal violence—in short, matters which from time to time will spring up in life, and which, in spite of all the good sense and prudence of friends and mediators, can never be decided to the satisfaction of a mind delicate and fully alive to a sense of honour, save by an appeal to that tribunal of which the duel is judgment rendered and the result. Twice in my life I have been placed in the grave position of “friend” upon such occasions, neither of them being easy to settle,—one particularly in the case of a general officer since dead, but which the good feeling and judgment of those with whom I was in communication enabled me to bring to a satisfactory termination.

## CHAPTER VII.

## SIX MONTHS ON THE CONTINENT.

THIS affair concluded, I obtained leave of absence for six months, to go abroad for the purpose of learning a little German, and attending the autumn manœuvres at Berlin, proceeding by way of Brussels, which, of course, included a long and interesting day at Waterloo. Here were some old friends, General the Hon. Sir Alexander and Lady Duff; and here also I made the acquaintance of a pleasant gentleman called — why, I never knew — “Huffy” White, formerly in the Guards, and well known in London. As well as I remember, he was said to have been the originator of the white hat; and I have heard a story of his having one day in St James’s Street observed another individual wearing a similar head-dress, when White instantly took off his own hat and left it upon one of those iron pillars which at one time stood at the corners of streets. He was also something of an author, and to him I was indebted for a letter of introduction which, for the present, fixed me on the Rhine at Düsseldorf, and procured me some of the most charming days of my life.



Meanwhile in England, the 7th of June this year, 1832, saw the passing of the Reform Bill, a measure which originated that immense political and social change throughout the country which has ever since continued increasing, to the detriment, in my opinion, not of British policy alone, but of national feelings, habits, tastes, and manners, until the old sterling, honest, original character, with all its faults and prejudices, but, at the same time, with all those virtues by which it was recognised and respected throughout the world, has almost entirely disappeared.

In Düsseldorf, then, I now established myself, living comfortably at the “Breidenbacher Hof,” in a pleasant situation, and at once set up a German master, little dreaming how my lessons were to be interrupted and my whole thoughts engrossed by a siren, whose charms in their day were renowned throughout Europe. Sophie, Countess of Hatzfeldt, was unquestionably one of the most beautiful and captivating women of her time: twenty-seven years of age, tall, and perfectly formed, with exquisite hands and feet, graceful and elastic in all her movements; a profusion of bright silky hair, in which the sunbeams appeared to be always playing; a complexion fair as the fairest rose, and warmed by the same delicate blush; grey eyes of the sweetest expression, and coral lips rich with provocation — an atmosphere of *volupté* seemed to breathe around her—while to these remarkable personal attractions she added a mind full of intelligence, and the most engaging manners. I had been introduced to her, and to her agreeable and gentlemanlike husband, by the letter before mentioned from my friend White,

and in her too fascinating society I was soon completely absorbed, to the exclusion of everything else.

At this period Düsseldorf, though not in an interesting part of the Rhine country, yet, with its good streets and fine public walks and gardens, was a very pleasant residence. The society was particularly good, and being the only Englishman, I received universal kindness, being, moreover, invited occasionally to some of the country houses in the neighbourhood. H.R.H. Prince Frederic of Prussia, grandson to the King, Frederic William II., commanded the district, and had his headquarters here, — a most amiable person, of distinguished appearance and address, and an excellent officer. H.R.H. was colonel of the 1st Cuirassiers, and I afterwards found him commanding the cavalry during the reviews at Berlin. There was a large garrison in the town, among it the 5th Lancers and 8th Hussars, with many of whose officers I made acquaintance — Von Urlaup, the cheery major of the Lancers, in particular. The “Guard mounting” in the morning, with admirable music, was a favourite rendezvous; and how often have I seen there the lovely Countess, in some pretty vapoury dress, and a straw hat, enchanting all around her with dangerous smiles and sparkling conversation! I dined frequently with the Hatzfeldts; rode or drove with them afterwards—she was a good horsewoman; and few were the evenings I did not finish at their handsome, well-appointed house in some *Strasse* whose name I forget.

This delightful existence flew past only too quickly, until the time came for the annual visit of my friends to

Aix-la-Chapelle, when I took the opportunity of running up the Rhine to Frankfür. Here I went one morning to Homburg, for the purpose of paying my duty to H.R.H. the Landgravine, Princess Elizabeth of England, to whom indeed I had a message to present from the Duke of Gordon, when I was most kindly received, and invited to H.R.H.'s early dinner at the "Schloss," at which I remember to have been greatly fascinated by the attractions and grace of the young and charming Princess Louise of Dessau, afterwards Princess Gustave of Hesse, and sister-in-law to the Landgravine.

At Frankfür I fell in with an old acquaintance, Captain Graham of the Hanoverian Grenadier Guards, a Peninsular and Waterloo officer, and a Perthshire man into the bargain,—being one of the Grahams of Inchbraikie, with whom I went one day over the field of Hanau, the scene of the Emperor Napoleon's affair on the 30th October 1813, with the Austrians and Bavarians under General Wrede. Some time after this meeting at Frankfür, being in Scotland, and dining in company with Graham at Invermay in Perthshire, my brother officer, the Master of Rollo, being also of the party, it struck me as a strange coincidence that some 150 years before, on the 20th of May 1691, the then Master of Rollo and one of these same Grahams having dined at this house, and riding home together, a quarrel occurred on the road, when Graham stabbed the Master with his sword, and killed him, whether fairly or not is a matter of doubt. His bloody shirt is, I believe, preserved in the Rollo family to this day. My friend the

Captain, a very good fellow, gave me the idea, nevertheless, of having some "hot blood" in him.

My wishes and impatience soon took me back to Aix-la-Chapelle—on my return down the Rhine, paying my respects to Prince Frederic at his beautiful and romantic castle of Rheinstein, opposite Assmanshausen, which H.R.H. had restored in admirable taste; and where, during as much of the summer as he could spare from his military duties, he passed the time quite as a *châtelain* of the *moyen age*, even to wearing the costume.

Arriving at Aachen, I was soon to be made aware that constancy was not one of the virtues of my fascinating Countess. I endured much painful and unexpected disappointment, and went through some trying scenes.

But it was now, at any rate, time to proceed on my way to Berlin, where the season for the manœuvres was at hand; so, railways being then unknown in Germany, I set out in the "Eilwagen" by Eisenach, in which neighbourhood is the Wartburg, inhabited for a short time by Luther in 1521-22. Erfurt, Jena, Weimar—where I had the honour of dining at the pleasant, sociable little Court; beautiful Dresden, with its treasures of art, its pretty environs, and memorable associations; and Berlin, where I put up at the Hôtel de Rome in the Unter den Linden, the finest street in the city. I stayed here, I think, five weeks, and besides the manœuvres, saw, of course, everything of interest, of all which, as indeed of my journey since leaving England, I had kept a journal, whose unlucky destruction many years afterwards prevents my recording here any details of what I witnessed, or of the

kindness and hospitality I received, as well from the Prussian Court as from other quarters. I remember, however, to have been extremely gratified and instructed by everything connected with the military operations, and that I was particularly indebted for much amiable attention to Colonel von Bernhardt and the officers of his fine regiment, the "Dragoons of the Guard," among whom were the young Princes Solms, sons of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland by her former husband, the Prince Solms, and whom I met afterwards in London. I also made the acquaintance of Colonel von Shreikenstein, commanding, I think, the 11th Hussars, and of his wife, sister to the Countess Hatzfeldt; of Count Nostitz, married to another sister, and who had been aide-de-camp to Blucher at the battle of Ligny in June 1815, and protected him when in danger of being ridden over in a charge of the French Cuirassiers; of General the Count von der Gröeben, commanding the Royal Guard; and others. It will be seen that I have taken many occasions of visiting the reviews of Continental armies—a practice at one time by no means general, not only for the instruction and amusement they afforded at the moment, but in the idea that my doing so might at some time assist my professional employment, but in which expectation I have been completely disappointed. Attending these manœuvres at Berlin, the only British officers I remember were Lord Frederic Fitzclarence; Colonel Greenwood, 2d Life Guards; and Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas, late 7th Hussars.

Once more on the road back to Düsseldorf by Leipsic,

full of the grand military recollections of 1813; and Cassel, once the capital of Jerome, King of Westphalia, and in later days for ever connected with the fallen fortunes of France, and his nephew Napoleon III. Arrived at Düsseldorf, I paid a farewell visit of a few days to my friends the H.'s at their country place in the neighbourhood: and so came to an end, with a regret never entirely to be forgotten, one of the fairest episodes of my life; and returning by the Hague and Rotterdam to England, I rejoined the "Royals" at Canterbury, there to spend a pleasant winter among the hospitalities of the Cathedral and the neighbourhood.

The Archdeacon Croft, a fine handsome man, and very pleasing, had afterwards a son in the regiment; and one of the prebends was Earl Nelson, brother and successor to the illustrious Admiral, a rough, kindly old gentleman, from whom and his amiable Countess I received much kindness, which afterwards, when I came to be quartered at Winchester, was continued to me at Trafalgar. Lady Nelson had first married her cousin, Captain Barlow of the 4th Light Dragoons, and after Lord Nelson's death she became the wife of George Knight, of a family of which I have more to say.

In one of these agreeable country houses I found a young lady, to whom I began paying attentions I felt in my heart to be sincere—as well they might, for in every respect Cassandra Knight, a sister of the George just mentioned, and daughter of the good old Squire of Godmersham, was a truly amiable, gentle, and attractive girl. I desired nothing better than to declare my feel-

ings, which the merest accident prevented only a day or two previous to the regiment leaving Canterbury; and when, after the lapse of some years, I next saw her in Dublin, she had become Lady George Hill and the mother of several children. She too, alas! in March 1842, disappeared for ever!



## CHAPTER VIII.

## WINCHESTER—MARRIAGE—IRELAND.

AMONG other recollections of Canterbury are those of the comfortable old Fountain Hotel, kept, as well as the Crown at Rochester, and the Ship at Dover, by worthy Sam Wright, who had many a tale to tell of the celebrities and great people who, in the palmy days of posting, had frequented his house, and among whom were many military and naval officers of distinction. There was Mrs Wynch too, old Sam's excellent housekeeper, who made the good punch—too good, in truth, occasionally—especially for Ben Everard, our major, with whom I confess to having made some suspicious and untimely walks home to barracks. Happy, careless days those! and how sad to think that, together with nearly all the light-hearted companions who gave them such a charm, they are fled for ever! The last drop of good punch has been drunk! The kindly soul who brewed it so well is no more! Sam Wright, who eventually for some time kept the Clarendon in London, has made up his final account; and old Ben has long slept

in his grave, whither, no doubt, I must soon follow him. I have since paid one or two flying visits to the Fountain, where, however, nothing is left to remind you of those better days, or of honest Sam, whose rage I can imagine if he could see the shabby waiters now in office, with their dirty moustaches, and the wretched fare they put before you.

On the 4th of March 1832, the headquarters of the Royal Dragoons left Canterbury for Dorchester, whence, on the 27th of June, my troop was detached to Christchurch in Hampshire, and on the 13th July was again moved to Winchester, where I remained stationary for some time, greatly to my satisfaction. I lived with my subaltern, William Sands, at the White Hart, a comfortable inn, existing no longer, and visited a good deal in the neighbourhood, particularly at Hursley, Tichbourne, and Trafalgar. There is a great deal of pleasant country about Winchester, and the twelve miles by the road to Southampton are said to be the prettiest in England. The family of my old St John's Wood companion—Dick Ward of the 10th Hussars, who, after running through a handsome younger brother's fortune, died mad, poor fellow—lived in the Isle of Wight, where they had considerable property; and the pleasant cottage of the Miss Wards at Ryde was an agreeable change.

On the 28th of July I attended the marriage of my sister with her cousin the Honourable John, Master of Gray, at St George's, Hanover Square, upon which occasion she presented me with her *britchka*, a carriage which has long ago disappeared, but was then very fashionable, elegant, and convenient, in which I posted back

to Winchester one night after dining and going to Astley's with Sir William and Lady Middleton.

Spending some of my "leave" during the winter of 1833-34 in Scotland, while visiting at Kilgraston I rode over one day to Kinfauns, and there proposed to my uncle's youngest daughter, the Honourable J. A. Gray—a proposal which ended in our marriage on the 17th of April 1834; and returning meanwhile to Winchester, in consequence of the assizes there, from the 24th of March to the 12th of April, I was sent with the troop during that period to Southampton, where I lodged at the good old Dolphin, kept by the two pretty Miss Guys.

At that time Southampton was very pleasant and gay, and among the houses I visited was that of Mrs Stewart Hall, with whom were staying the two charming Miss Gubbinses, who became respectively Duchess of St Albans and Mrs Sloane Stanley. The High Street of Southampton, especially about four o'clock on a fine afternoon, when it was particularly animated, is the rival of that of Oxford, considered one of the prettiest in England.

After my return to Winchester there was no time to lose in going to Kinfauns for my marriage, which, as I have said, took place on the 17th of April, in the drawing-room of the Castle, upon which occasion my costume, whatever might have been thought of it at the time, seems now so absurd as to be worth describing. It consisted of a blue evening-coat with fancy buttons, that we had adopted in the regiment; a white watered-silk waistcoat, light fawn-coloured trousers, with boots and spurs, which last appendages I can account for only on

the supposition that, as a cavalry officer, I thought them indispensable. There was not, I think, a numerous assemblage; and the clergyman, Skete, chaplain of the Episcopalian Chapel in Perth, a hideous little man, with a mouth of alarming dimensions, and a hump-back, performed the service in his most discordant tones. The ceremony over, we went for a few days to Gray House, an old family place four miles from Dundee—a plain Scotch mansion, the property surrounding it pretty extensive, well timbered, and stretching down to the Tay.

This marriage, which I have arrived at somewhat abruptly, had nevertheless, strange as it may appear, long been in my thoughts and desires. I had known my cousin, I may say, from childhood, had seen a great deal of her, and in spite of the various infidelities I have confessed, her image had never failed to return at intervals to my tenderest recollections. Her appearance was decidedly prepossessing. She had an extremely good figure; sufficiently tall, with pretty feet and ankles; a well-shaped head, auburn hair, soft, winning grey eyes, and a beautiful complexion; indeed her one great fault was her teeth—rather a family defect in the Grays. There is a portrait of her at Kinfauns, by Watson Gordon, and a bust by Steele, both good likenesses. She was accomplished; a good dancer and musician, and, in particular, sang Scotch songs very sweetly. Moreover, she was of an affectionate disposition, and loved me, I believe, sincerely; while on my side, I had a real admiration, esteem, and affection for her. Why was it, then, that this ill-starred union turned out so lamentably for both? In the human mind there are mysteries and wretched contradictions impossible to

be explained or controlled, which alone can account for the result !

From Gray we posted up to London and Brighton, whither, in the beginning of the month of May, the regiment, with the exception of a squadron detached to Canterbury, had moved from Dorchester ; and here we remained the whole of 1834. Lord and Lady Gray also coming to take a house at Brighton, we passed our time very pleasantly.

In those days the Court came regularly to the "Pavilion," and four companies of the Scotch Fusilier Guards added much to the general gaiety. Among other festivities, King William IV. gave the regiment a dinner in the "Pavilion," at which Lieutenant-Colonel Somerset, who for a week before had been rehearsing to us with great unction the speech he had been preparing, was quite disconcerted when his Majesty, on proposing our healths, ended by coupling the toast with the name of Major-General Sir Arthur Clifton, "who had so often led the Royal Dragoons to victory and glory." I sat between Sir Arthur—who was much gratified, and returned his thanks very becomingly—and worthy old John Partridge, our quartermaster, a Waterloo man, who had been my troop-sergeant-major when I joined at Norwich, and of whom I might sooner have told the story of his coming to me there one day with £100 in his hand, which he requested me to invest in any manner I pleased, in order, as he said, that I might feel assured of his being not only a "meritorious soldier," but also, he added, "a man of substance." The troop-sergeant-majors of those days were in truth a most respectable, trustworthy class, not-

withstanding that, as in higher circles, there would now and then be an accident.

Among other incidents in Brighton was the death of our adjutant, Kelly, on the 4th July, who, going to ride on the Downs, was discovered lying on the ground insensible, in which state he died, and was buried in the cemetery of the little church at Preston; and a dreadful accident which befell Captain Owen, in riding home one dark night from the country, and from which he never entirely recovered.

On the 1st January 1835 the regiment, being relieved by the Life Guards, started very suddenly for Bristol, there to embark for Ireland, in which country there were disturbances, and a general election coming on. Upon this march, in consequence of the severe weather and the slippery condition of the roads, we had some difficulties and several accidents, both in England and after our landing in Ireland. We were billeted for a few days in Bristol, my troop near Bath, in a village whose name I forget, but where I do recollect the landlady of the inn being much surprised that my subaltern, Billy Yates, and myself should object to sleeping in the same bed. Pretty well this for English civilisation in the nineteenth century!

I landed in Dublin with a squadron under Major Everard, on the night of the 18th January 1835, by a brilliant moonlight, marching straight to the Portobello barracks, where we found the 15th Hussars ready to receive us with every possible hospitality on the part of officers and men, who instantly took charge of our horses and gave us a hearty welcome.



The 15th at this time were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lovell, K.H., better known throughout the service by his original name of Badcock, an officer of much repute, who had served with the 14th Light Dragoons in America, throughout the campaigns in the Peninsula and south of France, and in that of New Orleans. In the War of Succession in Portugal between Don Miguel and Don Pedro, he had been employed as British military commissioner, and gave an amusing account of those events, and especially of the siege of Oporto, in a book called 'Rough Leaves from a Journal kept in Spain and Portugal in 1832-34.' He took out the 15th Hussars to Madras, where he served several years, and died in the month of July 1861, a lieutenant-general, K.C.B., and colonel of the 12th Royal Lancers.

Sir Benjamin Lovell was a pleasant, kindly little man, a capital type of a hussar, and in every sense a thorough soldier. His appearance, however, was remarkable enough, and not for beauty, which did not prevent his being very proud of it.

My troop marched immediately for Kells, county Meath, where a recent murder had caused much excitement; and here, together with a company of the 90th Light Infantry, we remained a month, receiving much hospitality from the Marquis of Headfort, at Headfort House. Thence I rejoined headquarters at Newbridge, occupying those barracks with the 9th Lancers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Loughborough. The senior lieutenant of the 9th was Hope Grant, better known in later days as a general officer of distinction, with whom we had been long acquainted, and were indeed connected



by the marriage of his elder brother, Grant of Kilgraston, with Lord Gray's second daughter, my cousin Margaret ; and Mrs Ainslie joining me at Newbridge, we saw a good deal of him, especially as he was very musical, and played the violoncello.

While in these quarters the pistols were taken from the cavalry, with the exception of troop-sergeant-majors, trumpeters, and of the Lancers,—in my opinion a mistake, for I think every dragoon should carry one ; there are occasions when they are very handy.

A fatal accident, at which I was present, here befell one of our lieutenants, the Hon. Joshua Vanneck, who, going with three or four others to jump on foot, for a bet—for which poor Josh was always ready—a ditch on a common near the barracks, and on landing, having by some means twisted his leg under him, it was so badly broken that, being brought home on a stretcher, he died on the 31st of May, five days after the injury.

We were much startled at this time by accounts of the sudden death of Lieutenant-Colonel Somerset, who had not accompanied us to Ireland ; it took place on the 28th of May, when on a visit to his sister at Ripley, in Surrey. He suffered cruelly from gout, for which he persisted in taking remedies the doctor had repeatedly warned him would one day end badly. During the night, it seems, he had an attack, when, getting out of bed, and standing with bare feet upon the cold hearth-stone, he was there found lying in the morning quite dead.

Our late commanding officer was a singular man, of a pleasant, aristocratic countenance, but very short of

stature, and round-shouldered, which did not at all suit the uniform, and especially the enormous helmet, we then wore. He had seen a good deal of the world, and served in several regiments, having commenced his military career on the 18th of June 1815. By no means deficient in ability or habit of command, he was extremely indolent, had much quiet fun, and delighted in the mess, which he rarely deserted, seldom going on leave, and disliking to see others do so. He was full of spirit, of which we had an instance at Norwich, where, reports having reached us that an officer of artillery at Manchester, a quarter we had just left, had spoken disparagingly of the regiment, the colonel instantly sent Captain Stracey to "call him out." A satisfactory apology, however, settled the matter. An example of his cool indifference happened at Dorchester, when, going one day with Major Marten to Weymouth, for some purpose of inspection of the troop there, in returning at night his horse—which, by the way, he had bought of me—bolted, and, upsetting the gig, both passengers were thrown out, when the first exclamation of Somerset to his companion was, "Major, do you see my forage-cap?" Poor Marten was much disgusted as he used to tell this story. At the Cape of Good Hope, where his father, Lord Charles Somerset, had been Governor, our colonel was in the habit of riding his race-horses, and was an excellent jockey, though an ugly military horseman.

He was succeeded in the command of the Royal Dragoons, on the 29th of May 1835, by Major Marten, who had served several years in the 2d Life Guards, with whom he had been in Spain, in the south of France, and

at the battle of Waterloo. Our new chief was one of the most amiable men in the world, and universally beloved ; very good-looking ; an excellent officer in the field ; but in other respects his kindly nature and a certain diffidence rendered him sometimes less firm and independent than was desirable. He commanded the regiment until his retirement upon half-pay on the 4th of February 1853, and becoming a lieutenant-general and colonel of the “ Inniskilling ” Dragoons, he died very suddenly, on the 22d November 1863, at Beverley, in Yorkshire, where Mrs Marten had inherited a good property from her father. General Marten was a Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, conferred upon him by his Majesty William IV., upon the occasion of the King presenting a fourth standard to the Royal Horse Guards at Windsor, on the 13th of August 1832, when he commanded a guard of honour of the “ Royals,” sent especially upon that duty.

In the month of June my troop went to Borris, for the Carlow election, which caused particular excitement—Bruen and Kavanagh, Conservatives, against Vigers and Raphael, Liberals—where we remained, I think, a month, during which we were put up, men and horses, in Mr Kavanagh’s house, one of the finest residences in Ireland, and remarkable for timber of a size and growth far from common here. The contest ended in favour of the Liberals, and the troop, early in August, moved to Waterford, and remaining there twelve days, during the election at Dungarvan, went on to Kilkenny, one of the best and most hospitable quarters in Ireland. The “ Club House ” Hotel was very comfortable ; and the landlady,

Mrs Walshe, who had been a beauty in her day, was still very agreeable. Among those whom we had reason particularly to remember, were the Bishop of Ossory, with whom was living his handsome niece, Miss Beresford, afterwards Countess of Erne; the Countess of Desart, at Desart House; Mr Lloyd, agent to the Marquis of Ormond, and married to a sister of Sir Henry Carden, Bart., very attractive herself—Mrs Lloyd's two charming little girls I met subsequently as Lady Rossmore, and Mrs Wauchope of Niddry, near Edinburgh; a kind, hospitable clergyman, the Rev. Mr Kearney, called irreverently by his many friends "Father John," with his lively, good-humoured wife; and another clergyman, the Rev. C. B. Stevenson, once an officer in the "Royals," but now rector of Callan, to whom a singular event occurred, inasmuch that, driving one day to Kilkenny, in going down the steep hill at Leighton Bridge the horse took fright, upset the carriage, killing Mrs Stevenson, I think, on the spot, when the rector afterwards married a young lady—Miss Glegg of Backford, in Cheshire—who was sitting in the rumble behind, and escaped unhurt. One more clergyman I cannot omit, the Rev. Mr Roe, who was our special pastor, and as much respected by the soldiers as he was popular with them: his style and manner of preaching were peculiarly adapted to their class, and had a most beneficial effect.

There is an infantry barrack at Kilkenny, then occupied by the 51st Light Infantry, who had a remarkably fine band.

We returned to pass the winter of 1835-36 at Newbridge, being the first occupants of a house there stand-

ing in grounds just outside the barracks, and ominously christened "Cholera Hall." We had, however, nothing to complain of; and on the 7th of May 1836, the whole regiment moved to Dublin and the Royal barracks. The cavalry regiments with us were the "Scots Greys," under Lieutenant-Colonel Wyndham; the 8th "Royal Irish" Hussars, a beautiful corps, under Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. B. Molyneux; and a squadron of the 15th "King's" Hussars with us in the Royal barracks, under Major Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

At this period the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland was the Marquis of Normanby, the Commander of the Forces being General the Right Hon. Sir Edward Blakeney, G.C.B., a most amiable character, and perfect specimen of a British general officer and a gentleman; nor was Lady Blakeney less popular and appreciated.

The Marquis, as every one knows,—a person of accomplishment, and pleasant, courteous manners,—was magnificent in his hospitalities, of which the military came in for more than their usual share. His Excellency had a gay and agreeable staff, among whom was one of our lieutenants, Tom—or, as we called him, Paddy—Burke, an excellent fellow, who obtained his troop, succeeded his father in the baronetcy and estates of Marble Hill, and having represented his own county, Galway, from 1847 to 1865, died in 1875. The Marchioness of Normanby was, like her sisters the Liddells, a very handsome woman, accomplished and agreeable. There were also several ladies about the Viceregal Court who added greatly to its attractions,—in particular, Mrs Phipps, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Charles Phipps, brother

and private secretary to Lord Normanby; lovely Mrs Williams; Mrs Fitzroy; and Mrs Willis, whose husband, a captain in the 9th Lancers, held some appointment.

We had a house in Montpelier Hill, next to Sir Walter and Lady Scott, the son and daughter-in-law of the novelist, between whom and Mrs Ainslie an intimacy sprang up, which lasted many years. The society of Dublin is lively and hospitable; and we also visited a little in the neighbourhood,—at Carton, the fine place of the kind old Duke of Leinster, where I recollect, upon an occasion of the birthday of the present Duke, being alone in one of the drawing-rooms while some rejoicings were going on out of doors, an immense picture suddenly came down from the wall with a tremendous crash, but fortunately and marvellously without doing much damage; at Malahide, the ancient castle of Lord Talbot, with its fine hall of the reign of Henry II.; at the Latouches, in the county Wicklow; and others. We were about to start one day for a visit to the latter, when a serious accident happened to my carriage, by which a pair of chestnut horses I had lately bought were much injured, as well as the new harness. It was occasioned by the negligence so frequently occurring of no one being at the horses' heads.

In the spring of this year, the Roman helmet, as it was called, was replaced by one of brass, for the officers gilt, with a movable bearskin crest, which, although not in good taste, was at any rate more convenient. This change was the precursor of several others at different periods in our head-dress. The regiment also during this summer discontinued the blue uniform of the band,



which, as being the Royal Regiment of Dragoons, it had worn for many years—a change we much regretted. It seems that at Brighton, in 1834, King William IV. had observed this distinction, and ordered it to be done away with.

On the accession of her present Majesty to the throne on the 20th of June 1837, we had, of course, a review of the entire garrison in the Phoenix Park; and I think it must have been upon this occasion that considerable excitement was produced among the staff at the Castle by an order, given by the commanding officers of regiments in Dublin in which there were aides-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant—and of these there were several—for them to join their corps. The question being submitted to Lord Hill, his lordship decided that aides-de-camp, unless actually in waiting upon his Excellency, should be available for regimental duty.

The general elections consequent upon the death of King William IV. could not fail to give much occupation to the army in Ireland; and on the 3d of August my troop left Dublin for Tullamore, King's County, whence, on the 11th, we marched to Templemore, remaining there until the 21st, during which time my cornet, Cracroft, and myself were the guests of an old "Royal," Sir Henry Carden, Bart., at his charming place The Priory. Sir Henry, brother to the Mrs Lloyd I have mentioned, had served in the regiment in the Peninsula—where he was taken prisoner in an affair near Pombal, in Portugal, on the 5th of October 1810—and afterwards at Waterloo. He was a pleasant, gentlemanly man, somewhat reserved, and, moreover, had been an excellent swordsman, of which



he gave proof in a duel with a French officer, whom he killed, while serving with the Army of Occupation in France. So well kept and in such nice order was everything about The Priory, that always, on entering the park-gates, Cracroft and I used to exclaim, "Now we are in England." My old cornet, by the way, after leaving the army, took the name of Amcotts, and succeeding to a good estate in Lincolnshire, sat in Parliament for the city of Lincoln.

In Templemore were the headquarters of the 19th Regiment and the depots of the 61st and 82d. On leaving these pleasant quarters we returned to Dublin. These Irish marches, of which, it may be observed, we had a good deal, were far from being journeys of pleasure,—generally through a wild and dreary country, very indifferent roads, dirty, miserable accommodation for both men and horses, and continued wet weather. The sergeant-major of my troop was a very worthy man, and a remarkably fine-looking dragoon, by name Woolley, his "better half," moreover, being a tall handsome woman, and from him came the following trait in Irish manners with which he met in one of our marches, when, knocking one morning early, for some purpose, at the door of a cottage by the roadside, the good sergeant-major was confounded by the appearance of a fine young woman, with no other screen to her charms than a wisp of hay, which she manœuvred with great dexterity.

Scarcely had we returned to Dublin when, in the following month of September, the regiment moved to Cork and Ballincollig; headquarters, as usual, to the latter—a squadron, including my troop, being stationed at Cork.

One could not be so near a place of such celebrity without going to Killarney, which I did to my great enjoyment; and the following incident, scarcely, I think, requiring an apology for introducing, gave a little additional interest to my trip.

When in Dublin, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. E. B. Wilbraham, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, had requested me, should I ever go to Killarney, to visit a certain little island in the Upper Lake which he described, and which was further to be distinguished by a white rose-tree. Now on this rock he had left directions for the carving of a name, of course that of a lady. On arriving at the inn, I forget which, I sent at once for the boatman mentioned by my friend, and engaged his services for the following morning, when, after a delightful row through the whole extent of these beautiful lakes, the rock, with the sweet little rose-tree, which seemed to smile a welcome as we approached, appeared before us. On stepping ashore, I there found certainly the name, but scratched on the stone in a very superficial and evidently hurried manner; but being there, I had nothing for it but to pay the boatman the promised sovereign, and drinking a glass of whisky to the healths of the colonel and of the lady, who, I may observe, has long since become his wife, we pulled back to Killarney, when I ascertained that it was only after seeing me the previous evening that the vagabond had executed his commission, and in the slovenly way described.

Ireland is in general, I think, far from being a beautiful, or even a pretty country; but the loveliness of Killarney makes up for all. Graceful and tender

beauty, with a variety of delicate foliage, seemed to me the characteristics of these charming lakes.

My old commanding officer in the Rifle Brigade, now Major-General Sir Amos Norcott, C.B., K.C.H., was at this period in command of the Cork district; and dying here, I attended his funeral on the 8th January 1838, Major Banner of the 93d Highlanders being buried also with military honours on the same day.

On the 2d of May this year, twenty-three years after the great event, the Royal Dragoons at length received authority to wear on their standards and appointments the eagle which they had taken from the 105th Regiment of the French line at the battle of Waterloo; and it was, I think, even much later that the gallantry of Captain Clarke of the regiment, afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Clarke Kennedy, K.C.H., received any acknowledgment. He it was who captured the eagle in the charge, killing at the same time the officer who carried it.

At Cork I had another mishap in the stable, breaking the knees of a nice horse I drove in that convenient carriage, a jaunting car, which I had built in Dublin, in coming down that abominable hill from the barracks.

## CHAPTER IX.

KINFAUNS—LORD AND LADY GRAY—WAY OF LIFE THERE  
 —NORTHERN DISTRICT—EGLINTOUN TOURNAMENT—  
 AIDE-DE-CAMP TO MAJOR-GENERAL LORD GREENOCK  
 —EDINBURGH.

AT this time Sir Thomas Bradford had a house in London, 27 Upper Harley Street; and in returning this summer from Scotland, we steamed up from Leith in order to make him a visit on our way back to Ireland. My brother Henry, who had entered the Royal Horse Guards on the 9th of December 1836, was also in London at the Knightsbridge barracks. I may here relate that we spent my leaves of absence chiefly at Kinfauns, making occasional visits to relations and friends. As a boy I had frequently stayed with my mother in the old house there, which, in an evil hour, my uncle abandoned for the new castle, built and kept up at an expense far beyond his fortune, in which grave error he was by no means singular, for about the same period a building mania seems to have seized upon many people in the north, of which several striking instances might be adduced. Lying in one of the most beautiful parts

of Scotland, the situation and grounds of Kinfauns, proudly overlooking the broad fertile plain of the Carse of Gowrie, watered by the Tay, whose salmon-fisheries form no inconsiderable item in the revenue of the estate, and richly wooded, are, in truth, as lovely as can be imagined. I know of none superior; but the castle itself, built by Sir Robert Smirke, and finished, as I think I have said, in 1825, is full of faults and bad taste, and, in its interior arrangements, very defective. The public rooms, however, are very handsome, looking upon beautiful views. The fact is, that the castellated style is ill adapted to modern requirements; but where it is preferred, why not build after the genuine and picturesque models to be seen in the Touraine particularly, and elsewhere?

Amid a tolerably large collection of pictures, marbles, bronzes, &c., there are few objects of real value, and the library is a very poor one. In truth, my uncle, with a great deal of general information, and a decided turn for chemistry and mechanics, had little genuine taste in matters of art. The youngest of four brothers, he began life in the Breadalbane Fencibles, in which he rose to the rank of major; and becoming afterwards Postmaster-General for Scotland, he succeeded very unexpectedly to his title by the deaths of his brother Charles, thirteenth Lord, who shot himself, at the age of thirty-five, in Edinburgh, on the 18th of December 1786, and William, fourteenth Lord, who died at Kinfauns Castle on the 12th December 1807, aged fifty-four. With a good deal of rough manner and irascibility of temper, Francis, Lord Gray, fifteenth Baron, was of a friendly, hospitable disposition. For many years he had been paralytic, being always wheeled about

in a chair; but not the less did he take part in everything that went on in the house. In politics a stanch Tory, he had, I think, been uninterruptedly chosen one of the representative peers for Scotland. He was an F.R.S., as well as of other societies, and a member of the Royal Company of Scottish Archers. Of dear Lady Gray too much cannot be said of one so universally beloved, and who was indeed kindness itself. Of an ancient and good family of Johnstones, she was remarkably handsome, one might rather say beautiful, and her amiable character fully answered to her personal attractions. There is a fine picture of Lord Gray, and very like, by Hoppner, and one of my aunt by Watson Gordon, a very good likeness also, but not so well painted, both at Kinfauns. It was a sad day there, and indeed for the whole neighbourhood, when the yellow chariot and scarlet jacket of the postilion were seen no more winding along the splendid approach under Kinnoul Hill, on their way to Perth, whither for many years the old couple had taken their daily drive.

In recalling life at Kinfauns, it is impossible not to include Captain Campbell of Shian, a worthy and snuffy old Highlander, with a voice almost extinct in huskiness, and a nose like a sponge, which he daily moistened with a moderate allowance of whisky - and - water. He had been with my uncle in the Fencibles, and remained with him ever since as a kind of secretary and comptroller, until age, infirmity, whisky, and snuff, all together, made it desirable for him to retire and end his length of days with an ancient sister, I think in Edinburgh.

Our visits in the neighbourhood were chiefly to the



Earl and Countess of Mansfield at Scone Palace,—the Earl was a handsome, courteous, well-informed gentleman, and about the last I remember wearing tight pantaloons and Hessian boots in the morning, and knee-breeches in the evening; his family were generally remarkable for good looks and accomplishments,—to Lord and Lady Ruthven, at their pretty and comfortable new house of Freeland; Methven Castle, pleasant Mr and Mrs Smythe; Sir John and Lady Richardson, at Pitfour in the Carse of Gowrie; and at sweet Invermay, a frightful house—but where is the Scotchman who has not heard of the “Birks of Invermay”? The place belonged to Major Belshes, who, having served in the Prussian Guard at Berlin, entered subsequently the 3d or “Prince of Wales’” Dragoon Guards, with which he served in the Peninsula, and eventually left the army as major in the 15th or “King’s” Hussars. His brother John, who lived with him, had seen a good deal of military service, and died a major-general, being also major-general of the Royal Company of Scottish Archers. Worthy old Major Craigie, a friend of many years, never failed to pay them his annual visit, and made up the kindly bachelor trio. The brothers Belshes had long been intimate at Kinfauns, where two rooms were always set apart for their use. We went also to Moncrieffe House, Sir David and Lady Moncrieffe. The Baronet was a friendly man, something rough in manner, who had served in the 3d “King’s Own” Dragoons; but for many years he had devoted himself chiefly to racing, which had turned out very unprofitably. Lady Moncrieffe was accounted a beauty, and becoming a widow, she remarried, on the 30th October 1849, George,



second Earl of Bradford, and died at Cannes on the 22d April 1869. Kilgraston, in consequence especially of our connection with Mr Grant, was another of our stations; and farther away, the pleasant Haringtons' at Torrance. I had known him a captain in the 12th Royal Lancers. Near them also, at Wishaw, were Lord and Lady Belhaven, she a sister of Lady Ruthven. At Abercairney Abbey, a fine place belonging to James Moray, a rattling, cheery companion, and an old hussar of the 15th. His brother, Major Moray Stirling, living at Ardoch, was a quieter character, a pleasing gentleman-like man, who had served in the 13th Light Dragoons and 19th Lancers, and had been aide-de-camp to Major-General Sir Colquhoun Grant at Waterloo. He married a friend of my mother, the Hon. Frances Douglas, daughter of Archibald, first Baron Douglas of Douglas Castle and Bothwell, at which last beautiful place on the Clyde I had been with my mother. The old peer used to amuse himself with bookbinding. At the death of James, fourth Baron Douglas, with whom the title expired, Bothwell Castle went to his niece, the Countess Home. There is a pretty fragment of a ballad by Sir Walter Scott, in which he speaks of "Bothwell's lovely braes."

One of the most constant visitors at Kinfauns was an aunt of these two brothers, Miss Moray Stirling, or "Maddy" Stirling, as she used to be called, an old lady who lived and died in a cottage near Perth—whither likewise came to end his days, in a cottage we christened "Jock's Lodge," honest Jock Gardiner, with whom I had served in the Rifle Brigade, and who had heard, I believe, every shot fired by the regiment, at any rate since the

beginning of the century. Jolly Lord Rollo, too, who had been in the Guards in his time, and was father to my brother officer the "Master," in the Royal Dragoons, lived at Duncrub House, not far from Perth. I might have earlier mentioned an ancient family in the Carse of Gowrie, the Threiplands of Fingask, where resided, with his sisters, the Baronet, Sir Peter, a man greatly esteemed, and warmly attached to the Stuarts and their traditions.

Of all this neighbourhood, at one time probably the best in Scotland, and of which I have by no means mentioned the whole of our friends, there now remains, I believe, absolutely nothing, so completely have death, the increased and general practice of Scotch families nowadays going up every year to lose themselves in London, and other circumstances, changed the elements and character of society there. More's the pity, say I, for those were pleasant, kindly times!

On the 6th of September this year, 1838, Sir Thomas Bradford received from Lord Hill, commanding the army, the offer of the Command-in-Chief in the East Indies, in succession to Sir Henry Fane, which, though repeated in flattering terms, the General, for family reasons, declined,—a decision I have always thought unfortunate. In a letter to be seen in the Duke of Wellington's correspondence, he had been specially noted by his Grace for this appointment, which would have been a most satisfactory close to a long course of distinguished service.

In the month of May 1839, the regiment embarked at Cork for Liverpool, where I rejoined from leave, and the headquarters proceeding to Sheffield, I marched with my troop to Stretford, near Manchester, where, in the

cavalry barracks, were the "Carabineers," under Colonel, afterwards General, Sir James Jackson, G.C.B. A battalion of the Guards, and one of the 60th Rifles, were in the infantry barracks, and the 79th Highlanders were, I think, billeted in the town: we had also a proportion of artillery. The Northern District, commanded by Major-General Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., was at this time in a very disturbed condition, owing to the Chartists, as they were called, headed by Feargus O'Connor, who gave much trouble throughout England.

My brother Henry, leaving the Blues on the 23d of May, made the valuable addition to my stable of his first charger, a fine horse, and of course black.

I was now quartered successively at Alteringham in Cheshire, at Cheetham Hill, and Bury, where, after a while, I was seized with smallpox, brought from Manchester; and while actually in bed and under his care—although the disease had not then positively declared itself—I had a disagreeable affair with the assistant-surgeon of an infantry regiment, of which some companies were in Bury, but which the good sense of friends prevented going further.

During this horrible illness I found a home, and all that the most affectionate care could provide, in the house of the good Rector of Bury and his wife, dear Mrs Hornby, who insisted on keeping me with them, utterly regardless of all risk to themselves and their only daughter, and ministered to me as though I had indeed been their "son, their only son." In about a month, being sufficiently recovered, and Mrs Ainslie coming to Bury, we returned together to Scotland, when, receiving

an invitation to the Eglintoun Tournament, which was to commence on the 29th of August, I resolved to attend, although in truth not in the most presentable condition. I made a stage of Torrance, and thence proceeded to the scene of this magnificent and astonishing pageant, now entirely forgotten, and the chief personages therein long since dead.

“ The good knights are dust ;  
Their swords are rust ;  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.”

It was, indeed, a rare assemblage of beauty—rich dresses, splendid jewels, and such horses as are seen only in England. The opening day was one of the most tremendous and continuous rain that I suppose the climate of the west of Scotland could produce, which, of course, made dreadful havoc among the furs, the velvets, satins, and plumes ; for rather than disappoint the assembled thousands, many of whom had come long distances and from all parts, the procession to the lists went on. The weather afterwards, however, became more friendly. The tilting was very tame, though one day, in a kind of *melée*, some stout knocks were exchanged. Upon one evening we had a magnificent ball, the greater portion of the company wearing costumes of “ the period ;” and among the jewels which shone upon the occasion was a set of turquoises and diamonds, unsurpassed, it is believed, in Europe, which I had brought with no little anxiety from Mrs Harington at Torrance, to be worn by the handsome and elegant Marquis of Douglas, afterwards the Duke of Hamilton, whose death happened under such distressing circumstances in Paris, on the

15th July 1863. With all this splendour there could not fail to be mixed up a good deal of the ludicrous, and a knight in complete armour looked odd enough driving a buggy, as I saw the Marquis of Waterford doing. At the banquet, another of Lord Eglintoun's hospitalities, I stared at the impudence of a servant—"retainer" he would have been called—who, upon the refusal of a young lady sitting next to me to take some peas he was offering her, observed, coolly, "Well, they don't look very tempting!" A noble earl too, opposite to me, and having before him a pie of which some one wished to partake, said, looking over to me, and alluding to the resistance of the crust, "It would seem that the pies have come from the same place as the armour!"

In due course I rejoined my troop at Ashton-under-Lyne, that neighbourhood being still very unsettled; and here, innocently enough, I got into a serious military scrape by attending a political dinner, given, on or about the 10th of October, by the Ashton Conservative Association—a circumstance accounted of sufficient importance to be recorded in the pages of the 'Annual Register.' The fact was, that parties were running very high at the time, and Colonel Thomas, an officer of reputation commanding the 20th Regiment, which had some companies at Ashton under a major, both of whom attended this dinner, being in Parliament—in virtue, moreover, of having turned out one of the O'Connells for Kinsale—the Radicals seized upon the fact of this meeting, and raised a tremendous outcry against the officers present. My own object, I remember, in going there, was to see and hear Sir Francis Burdett, who never came after all.

We had here with us for some time a troop of Horse Artillery, under Major, now General, Sir John Blomfield, G.C.B., whose second captain was Berners, and of the entire force our colonel (Marten) came to take command.

Joining headquarters in the late autumn at Sheffield, we remained there until the spring of 1840, throughout which period there prevailed a good deal of disaffection; and as a mark of gratitude for the services of the regiment, the town presented Lieutenant-Colonel Marten with a piece of plate. Among other means of annoyance, they threw down in the streets what are called "crows'-feet" to injure the horses. While at Sheffield the Horse Artillery and cavalry recommenced wearing moustaches.

On the 7th of May 1840 the headquarters of the Royal Dragoons left Sheffield for Glasgow and Hamilton, I proceeding with a squadron to the latter, taking our way by a charming route through Westmoreland and the Lake country. I have already said something of Irish marching, but here it was a very different story; and with what pleasure do I recall the enjoyment of these same marches in England! Agreeable companions, generally fine weather, a ride of no unreasonable length—often through a pretty country—comfortable inns to receive us at the end of it, and just enough occupation to interest the mind. Mrs Ainslie meeting me at Hamilton, the Duke and Duchess, old friends of Lord and Lady Gray, were very kind to us in their splendid palace, certainly one of the finest private residences in Europe.

Alexander, tenth Duke of Hamilton, was among the last of an age, and of manners and ideas now quite passed



away, with all their highly bred courtesy and "grand air." His Grace's appearance is not easily forgotten—dressed always in black, and in clothes of a peculiar fashion; on horseback, with long boots, and under the saddle a crimson cloth. The Duchess, by birth Miss Beckford, of Fonthill, was remarkable for her beauty, her amiable character, and gentle refined manners—a little cold, perhaps—and her accomplishments. Their only daughter, Lady Susan Hamilton, was then at home, in all the brilliancy of youth, and charms far excelling the ordinary world.

When we arrived in Scotland, Major-General Lord Greenock was commanding there; and his aide-de-camp, my old acquaintance Captain Moore, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, having just been promoted to a majority, and returning to his regiment, his lordship was good enough to offer me the appointment, being not a little influenced, as he afterwards told me, by a trifling work I had lately published called 'The Cavalry Manual.'

My predecessor deserves more than a passing notice, for Willoughby Moore was a man something out of the common. The only son, I believe, of Mr Moore of Keynton, in Essex, and heir to a fine estate, he began life in the 3d "King's Own" Light Dragoons, with every advantage except that of good looks, for he was one of the plainest men in England, and in this respect only exceeded, as he was ungallant enough to remark himself, by his wife, when in due time he found one. He had been well educated, and to the last kept up his reading, particularly in classics. Kind-hearted, agreeable in society, with much good sense and knowledge of the



world, his principles and ideas were unhappily as liberal as they were often original; and these he expressed in language of caustic and cynical plainness. I have spoken elsewhere of his accomplished horsemanship; and but for his extreme short-sightedness, he would no doubt have made an excellent officer. Having consented to cut off the entail of the property, Moore suddenly found himself early in the day reduced to very straitened means. I remember seeing him at Maidstone throw down a few sovereigns, saying to the old soldier who had followed his fortunes from the 3d, "There, old Galloway, is all you and I have to last us till," &c. He had exchanged to the 16th Lancers, with the purpose of going to India, which, however, did not happen; and obtaining an unattached company, and marrying an amiable woman—who, if she wanted beauty, had some fortune—he exchanged to the Inniskilling Dragoons, of which he became lieutenant-colonel; and finally, on the 31st of May 1854, met with that dreadful fate on board the *Europa* transport in the Bay of Biscay, commemorated by a tablet on the walls of Chelsea Hospital, placed there by command of her Majesty. Mrs Moore went out afterwards as an assistant in the hospitals at Scutari, where she, too, died at her post in a manner as touching as it was becoming a soldier's widow.

My new appointment suited me exactly. We took the comfortable house in Edinburgh, vacated by the Moores, in Carlton Terrace, and found plenty of society among friends to whom we were both well known. My duties were a pleasant relief to the regimental routine, which had become tiresome and monotonous; my General

was apparently the easiest man in the world to "get on with;" Lady Greenock, sister of Mrs Taylor, whom I had known in Hanover, was all good-nature and kindness: and thus for a considerable time everything went on as smoothly as I could possibly desire.

Lord Greenock was not only an officer of distinguished merit, who had served both regimentally and on the staff in many of the great Continental wars, beginning with Holland in 1799, Copenhagen in 1807, Walcheren in 1809, and ending with those of the Peninsula and Waterloo; but he was likewise a man of extensive information and science, especially as a geologist, and an instructive as well as an amusing companion, possessing, moreover, a spice of humour, which made his conversation very agreeable. He was, I think, proud, though by no means vulgarly so, of his family and social rank, and in every sense of the word he was a gentleman and a man of honour. The General, however, was reserved, and sometimes even shy to an almost painful degree, inclined to be capricious, and easily offended.

During part of the Peninsular War, in the Waterloo campaign, and with the Army of Occupation in France, he had filled the appointment of Assistant Quartermaster-General to the Cavalry, and had necessarily been acquainted with most of the generals of that service, of whom I recollect his saying that he considered Sir Henry Fane the best.

On the 10th of November 1840, we went from Kinfauns to Kilgraston, for the marriage of Margaret Grant, whose father, John Grant, Esq. of Kilgraston and Pitcaithly, I have mentioned as having married my cousin

Margaret, Lord Gray's second daughter, who died 22d April 1822; and in right of her mother the young lady, married this day to the Honourable David Murray, third son of William, third Earl of Mansfield, and a lieutenant and captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards, became eventually Baroness Gray of Gray and Kinfauns. There had been for many years much intimacy between the families at Scone Palace and Kinfauns Castle, which this marriage now cemented by relationship. David Murray having left the army as brevet-major, died on the 8th of September 1862.

John Grant of Kilgraston, a friendly, gentlemanlike man, had commenced life in the Grenadier Guards, and was the elder brother of General Sir Hope and of Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy. He married, secondly, Lady Lucy Bruce, third daughter of Thomas, seventh Earl of Elgin and Kincardine.

In the course of the winter 1840-41, at a fancy ball in the Edinburgh Assembly Rooms, there occurred a disagreeable incident, which I relate to show how such things were considered in those days. In the midst of the crowd there suddenly appeared, "bobbing around," an immense bottle, from the neck of which would every now and then be thrown cards, with some weak joke about "card again," a performance that would occasionally be varied by a "red Indian" emerging from the bottle, which he would then deposit in a corner of the room until he thought fit to return to it—the whole of this pantomime obviously referring to the "black bottle" affair which had lately taken place in the 11th Hussars, a corps at the moment occupying much public attention.

Now at this same ball was my friend Captain Douglas, in his uniform of the 11th Hussars, to whom this exhibition could not fail to be extremely annoying,—so much so, that notwithstanding his being at the time under heavy recognisances for his share in Lord Cardigan's duel, the trial for which was pending, he was strongly inclined to take summary steps then and there ; but consulting Willie Campbell, then captain in the Queen's Bays, and myself, we referred the case to some of the stewards of the ball, when, upon their speaking to the owner of the objectionable bottle, that gentleman at once, and in the best manner, had it removed, expressing at the same time his regret that it should have given any offence, which had by no means been intended.

Lord Greenock had not gone to this ball, but on my telling him of the affair the following morning, he observed briefly, "Well, I suppose Douglas kicked him down-stairs," clearly showing what he thought upon the occasion. Lord Hill also heard the story, and approved of what had been done ; but indeed the feelings of the time required that an officer should instantly make personal anything that could be offensive to his corps, of which I have given another instance in the case of Lieutenant-Colonel Somerset of the Royal Dragoons.

Lord Greenock's military inspections took him periodically to Glasgow, in which neighbourhood, distant about three miles, was the family place of Cathcart, where then resided the old Earl, well known in his day in the military, diplomatic, and fashionable worlds. The General upon these occasions stayed with his father, and I was invited to dinner, when it was interesting to observe the

difference of the two characters. Earl Cathcart was a man of highly bred manners, who had lived much in courts as well as in camps, and was very lively in conversation, of which he took always a considerable share. My General, on the contrary, had been devoted to his profession, in which, or in scientific pursuits, his life had been completely engrossed; and he was, as I have elsewhere recorded, unobtrusive, and even shy, in general society. I met here Lord Lynedoch, who had married Lord Cathcart's sister; a fine old man, but who did not prepossess me agreeably. I thought his manner rough and unpleasant.

This year, 1841, the Light Cavalry, with the exception of the 16th Lancers, to their great satisfaction, returned to their blue uniform, which had been discontinued nearly ten years.

I now approach those circumstances which led—as how could they otherwise?—to great disaster and unhappiness.

It was, I think, some time in the summer of 1841 that there came on a visit to her stepmother, the Countess of Strathmore, who lived in Holyrood Palace, Lady Sarah Campbell. She came alone, her husband having gone to his own family in Argyleshire. Now this lady had been a friend of Mrs Ainslie, who had occasionally spoken of her to me as a charming woman whom she greatly admired. Of course she came to see us, and I made her acquaintance, without, I confess, being at first much struck with her. Soon she began to come a good deal to the house, when Mrs Ainslie took every occasion to praise her, to direct my attention to her charms, and

to throw us as much as possible together, she herself meanwhile taking it into her head to give up "going out," and to neglect her music and other occupations, which I liked, and in which she really excelled. Lady Sarah was young, lively, fond of amusement, and her husband being absent, she did not hesitate to accept me as her companion; and so things went on until at length I fell madly in love with her. Let me try to paint one who was destined so materially to influence my fortunes! In person Lady Sarah was tall and admirably formed; nothing could exceed the graceful richness of the shape, white as the purest milk, that filled her *corsage*; she had small, nervous, delicate feet; walked and danced particularly well; and often have I watched her from one side of the street, as she glided with an elastic, undulating motion down the other, or floating, as she seemed to be, among the trees in that dusky and somewhat mysterious kind of pleasure-ground that partly surrounded the Palace of Holyrood. She was not pretty, and moreover, when agitated, she had a nervous affection of the lower part of her face, inherited, it was said, from her ancestress the Countess of Strathmore, the great heiress, whose extraordinary story years ago made so much noise, and has been often told. Her grey eyes, however, were sweet and expressive, and her profusion of fair hair was soft and silky. Her education had not been highly cultivated, but her manners were very engaging, her conversation gay and original, and she was altogether a very captivating woman.

Never have I forgotten her appearance one bright summer morning, as, after a ball, I left her at the



entrance of Lady Strathmore's apartments. She stood in that old doorway as in a frame; the early sun throwing over her fine figure a halo of glory; her lovely hair a little disordered by the night's dancing; her face, usually rather pale, slightly flushed with late excitement; her vapoury white dress (she had great taste in these matters) like a cloud round her,—the whole forming a delicious picture that could not fail to make upon me an impression, alas! too tender and profound.

In the course of the autumn I went to London and Cheltenham, to which latter place Lady Sarah had gone with her husband, who, I think, died there, and on my way back to Edinburgh I met Mrs Ainslie at Doxford in Northumberland, a place rented by my brother Henry during the building of his new house at Angerton; and here occurred one of those fatalities which so often, and of course when least expected, produce such catastrophes. The unsuspected and unjustifiable seizure of some letters out of my writing-case led to the result which from that hour everything unhappily tended to bring about.

I have said something of Lord Greenock's tendency to capriciousness, and now I was to realise these impressions. His conduct and manner, for some reason I could not discover, had become so distant and unpleasant, that, having first spoken on the subject to Lady Greenock, whose kindness remained unchanged, I wrote to his lordship requesting permission to return to my regiment. In answer I received a letter so friendly, and wishing me so much to stay with him until the expiration of his command, which could not be far distant, that of course I willingly complied; and the brevet for the birth of the



Prince of Wales on the 28th of November 1841 prepared us for a removal from the Staff.

Mrs Ainslie going home to Kinfauns, left my ill-starred attachment to take its course in all freedom ; and the result was, that when, on the 1st of April 1842, Lord Greenock was relieved in the North British command by Major-General Sir Neil Douglas, K.C.B., and it became necessary to leave Edinburgh, instead of going to Kinfauns, I went to spend the leave of absence I had obtained, abroad, chiefly at Brussels, and not alone.

Lord Greenock, by the brevet which removed him from the Staff—having become a lieutenant-general—succeeded his father, who died at the age of eighty-two, on the 16th of June 1843, as second Earl Cathcart ; and in 1845 he was appointed to the command of the Forces in Canada, where also, on the retirement of Lord Metcalfe, his lordship assumed the civil government of the colony, which he held until the civil and military authority was again separated, and being relieved in the former by the Earl of Elgin, Lord Cathcart resigned the command of the troops, and returned to England in 1847.

After his return from Canada, the General for some time held the command of the Northern and Midland District, which he vacated in 1854. He had been successively colonel of the 11th or “ Prince Albert’s ” Hussars ; of the 3d or “ Prince of Wales’ ” Dragoon Guards ; and at the time of his death—which occurred at St Leonards on the 16th of July 1859—he was colonel of the 1st or “ King’s ” Dragoon Guards. His lordship was a G.C.B. ; he had received the Peninsular and Waterloo medals, and

also the foreign decorations of St Vladimir of Russia, and Wilhelm of the Netherlands.

Lord Cathcart, like the generality of his family, was unusually tall, and of a large frame; of late years he stooped a little. He had a kindly countenance, often with a humorous expression, especially of the eyes. He looked a gentleman “all over,” and his manner was very pleasing. He was succeeded by his son Alan, third and present Earl Cathcart.

At the expiration of my leave I rejoined the “Royals” at Manchester, and at length obtained the majority of the regiment by “purchase” on the 14th October 1842,—buying at the same time, of my predecessor old Ben Everard, poor “Brown Polly,” a nice mare, which long afterwards, as the property of Lieutenant-Colonel Yorke, to whom I had sold her, was crushed to death and perished with so many others in a storm in the Black Sea, on the night of the 26th September 1854. In my possession she began by carrying the Inspector-General of Cavalry, Major-General the Honourable Ed. Lygon, at an inspection of the regiment on the day of my promotion.

It now became desirable, on several accounts, that, for a time at any rate, I should go abroad; and on the 3d of February 1843 I exchanged to the 14th “King’s” Light Dragoons, then in Bombay. This separation from the Royal Dragoons, in which I had served nearly thirteen years, and seen many of the happiest days of my life, could not but be extremely painful, for I left friends never to be replaced, and severed ties that so long had been very dear to me. Among them can I forget my

companion and subaltern for wellnigh six years, honest, kindly "Joe" Yorke, whose real name is John? My old friend, one of the Yorkes of Erthig, an ancient and well-known Welsh family, having been dreadfully wounded in command of the Royals at Balaclava, is now a general, C.B., and colonel of the 19th Hussars, being the possessor, moreover, of Plasnewid in Denbighshire, once the residence of the "Maids of Langothlin," as they were called.

## CHAPTER X.

JOURNEY TO BOMBAY — THE 14TH LIGHT DRAGOONS —  
 COLONEL TOWNSEND — KIRKEE — MARCH TO BENGAL  
 — RETURN TO EUROPE.

IN consequence of proceedings about to be taken in the Scotch courts of law, it became necessary for me to spend, I think, forty days in Scotland, which I passed in Glasgow, and as soon afterwards as possible I left England to join my new corps, starting by Rotterdam, where, meeting an old acquaintance, Lord Suffield, with his yacht lying up, I was tempted to return with him merely for a few hours to London, and found that Lady Sarah, who on my departure had remained there, had lost not a day in following me to Rotterdam, whither instantly returning, I found her. We then travelled up the Rhine to Frankfür, where, after a short delay, and seeing her comfortably settled, being myself obliged of course to continue my journey, I went through one more of those partings which tear one to pieces, and proceeded on my way by Wurzburg, Carlsruhe, Stutgardt, Augsburg, whose curious old inn, the “Drei Mohren,” with its remarkable cellar of wine, has since, I believe, disappeared ;

Munich, at the excellent "Bavarischer Hof;" Innsbruck, at the "Goldene Sonne," where, in the Franciscan church, is the splendid tomb of the Emperor Maximilian, and that of Hofer, and in the lovely environs the Chateau d'Ambras. Thence by the Pass of the Brenner to Sterzing, Brixen, Botzen, Trent, already quite Italian in character, and in an exquisite country, every step through the Tyrol being of admirable beauty; and so by Verona to Venice, meeting here Mr Scudamore of the 14th, on his way to England. I think a week at Venice amply gratified and satisfied me; for I began to find the canals and the gondolas monotonous and rather oppressive. At all the places above mentioned, I remained long enough to see leisurely all that could interest me; but I have nothing particular to record of localities with which thousands are so familiar, and I am not writing a guide-book. From Venice to Padua, Bologna, Florence, where was a fall of snow, I think, on the 5th of May; and Rome for a fortnight, where I sat to Fidanza, an artist in pencil portraits of considerable repute. Then Naples, to the Hotel Victoria; and here I found an old "Royal," Barney Petre, of Westwick, in Norfolk.

I saw necessarily all the usual sights of this city, and one more, not, I think, generally known, being a certain street, the paradise of the soldiers and sailors, to which, in company with some American naval officers,<sup>1</sup> I went one day, for at night we were recommended on no account to venture. I can neither recall the name nor the whereabouts of this street, which is somewhere in the suburbs; but whatever it may be in the evening, at the time of our visit all was perfectly quiet, only the resident

sirens being at home, whom we could see through the open lattices taking their siesta, often in the simple costume of Eve, or who came round our carriage, making the most liberal display of their charms. It struck me that while a large proportion of the men at Naples were handsome and well-made, the women on the contrary were generally very plain.

My companions upon this occasion belonged to the "Fairfield," an American sloop of war, in which beautiful little vessel, by the kindness of her commander, Captain Nicholson, I had the advantage of being taken to Palermo and Messina.

The approach to Palermo is beautiful, and I particularly remarked the deep blue of the waters of the bay, so much more intense it seemed to me than elsewhere in the Mediterranean. I stayed at the Trinacria hotel, and was much delighted with all I saw: Monreale, a drive, I think, of five miles, where are magnificent views, and in the cathedral splendid mosaics and tombs; Monte Pellegrino, with the grotto of St Rosolia, three miles; and other excursions, including the catacombs of the monks. Of many charming drives and walks here, that of La Marina, along the sea-shore, is the most enjoyable. The Concha d'Oro, or Golden Shell, as it is called, a plain surrounding Palermo, is supposed to be one of the most luxuriant in the world.

My kind friends in the Fairfield left me, after a pleasant voyage, at Messina, a place to me of special interest, since, as I have related, my father had died here on the 19th December 1811; and hence I travelled to Taormina, thirty miles, where are Saracenic and other fine ruins;

and so to Catania, being here rash enough to make the ascent of Mount Etna, in company with Ellice of the Diplomatic service, since dead, and a French gentleman. It was a most severe undertaking, which has been often described,—my servant was so much exhausted, and lay so long on the snow, that we really thought he would never rise again. We were absent from Catania, I think, about twenty-four hours, and I don't remember our fatigues having been to any good purpose. The black silk of Catania is of very fine quality.

Thence to Syracuse, where are the Fountain of Arethusa flowing through the city, the Ear of Dionysius, the Tomb of Archimedes, and other objects of interest; and here I took the steamer to Malta, my recollections of Sicily being that I preferred it infinitely to Italy, as well for the scenery as for the beauty of its churches, monuments, &c.

Having mentioned the change made by his Majesty William IV., almost immediately on his coming to the throne, in the uniform of the Royal Navy, I may here note that on the 30th June this year they resumed their original white facings, greatly, it may be said, to the national gratification.

At Malta I was joined by Lady Sarah from England, and a divorce having previously been obtained in the Scotch courts, we were here married on the 13th of July 1843, going on immediately to Bombay; and as soon as possible after arriving there, we proceeded to establish ourselves with the 14th at Kirkee,—taking it for “all in all,” probably the best station in India, and much improved since I had seen it in 1827.



We had a large and convenient house ; a good establishment, having brought out our two English servants, who were of the greatest comfort ; the stable was sufficiently well filled, and Barker sent me out a very neat phaeton. But nothing could ever reconcile me to an Indian existence. The character of the service also is necessarily very different in such a climate, and I soon discovered matters in every way to be much the reverse of those I had left in the quiet happy “old Royals.”

To begin with, I had the ill-luck, in taking one day a fine young Arab horse for the inspection of the colonel, to throw him down, breaking his knees badly, and in consequence I had to pay his price, £150, and he could only be passed as a “second” charger. Broken knees, however, and blemishes, are less thought of in India, and I eventually sold him for £100. These Arabs I found extremely disagreeable to ride. You have nothing in front of you ; their paces, except the gallop, are bad ; and they are of uncertain temper, nervous and skittish : they are, however, elegant in shape, active, and of great endurance, carrying our dragoons in “marching order” with perfect ease.

My new commanding officer, Colonel Townsend, was well known in the army, and had spent the whole of his military life in the 14th, with whom he had served throughout the Peninsular war, in the south of France, and in the campaign of New Orleans. He was a pleasant-looking, wiry little man, of good family and fortune, possessing, I have heard, a beautiful place — Castle Townsend, county Cork. He had been well educated according to the lights of those days, being an excellent

classic, and at one time, I believe, had been one of the representatives for his own county in Parliament; a kind-hearted gentleman, and above all, devoted to the 14th, which no consideration would induce him to leave. Townsend was an excellent officer, after his own fashion, and commanded the regiment in a style which only himself could have done; but he inherited, and unluckily kept up, that failing at one period so prevalent in the army, and in which, to say truth, the old 14th had always been rather in advance of their neighbours. Poor Jack dearly loved good-fellowship, in connection with more good liquor than he could safely carry, and the disorders this occasioned in the corps are not to be described. The language also of the worthy colonel was often of a startling nature, and not always appreciated by some of those who had not been accustomed to it, which more than once led to disagreeable consequences.

Among the officers, several had been with me in the 4th Light Dragoons. The composition of the 14th, both in men and horses, was admirable; and when, as will be hereafter related, we left Kirkee for the upper provinces of Bengal, no finer body of cavalry ever took the field. At this period, also, regiments in India were much stronger than nowadays.

I have alluded to the nature of Indian service, which in the regiment, during the drill season, began by turning out very early in the morning, and often have I gone to parade, a man showing me the way with a lantern. There was no time for inspections of any kind, and after galloping through a short field-day, the sun drove us home, where every one not compelled by duty to go out,

generally remained shut up until, soon after five o'clock, the fierceness of the day's heat beginning to abate, the whole cantonment seemed to wake up, every one, whether for duty or amusement, being anxious to make the most of the short interval till nightfall. The ladies come out for their rides or drives; children, for the greater part, unhappily, pale and delicate-looking, appeared with their attendants; along the roads, or in the compounds of the various bungalows, were to be seen strings of horses being exercised by their grooms; and at half-past five the regiment went to "evening stables,"—always, I thought, a pretty sight,—the horses picketed in lines by troops, their heads inwards, the officers walking up and down between them, superintending. It was the only stable-hour when the dragoons themselves cleaned their horses, which at other times were groomed by the native horse-keepers, of whom there was a regulated proportion to the corps. The whole was under the eye of a field-officer mounted. The band played, and often enough ladies in carriages or on horseback would add to the gaiety of the scene. Later in the evening, I used to fancy that a large station like Poona made up a pretty picture: the numerous bungalows, and in particular the spacious mess-houses, brilliantly lighted; the dinner-tables, in their snowy coverings, sparkling with crystal and silver, and glowing with flowers of the brightest colours; the tribes of servants in their native costumes, many of them very handsome and picturesque,—all this, seen *à giorno* through the open lattices, the many vehicles and horsemen and women returning from the band or elsewhere; all the more prominent disagreeables and unsightliness of Indian life hid in the welcome

darkness, did really for the moment cheer and refresh both the senses and the body.

At this period the government of Bombay was held by Sir George Arthur, Bart., K.C.H., the Commander-in-Chief being Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas M'Mahon, Bart., K.C.B., from whom and his amiable family I have ever since received the greatest kindness. One of the sons, William, was a brother officer in the 14th; and I may observe that, independent of their social and kindly virtues, the M'Mahons, beginning with Lady M'Mahon, one of the handsomest and most agreeable women of her time, have been remarkable for their personal advantages. The officer commanding the "Poona Division," in which we were, was Major-General M'Neil of Barra, a good-hearted, hot-headed Highlander, who had served in the 52d Light Infantry at Bergen-op-Zoom, and afterwards in the 23d Light Dragoons at Waterloo, and latterly in both regiments of Life Guards, a very unusual circumstance. He also remained a pleasant friend to the end of his life, which happened very suddenly in London on the 23d October 1863. Mrs M'Neil, his first wife, sister to the first Lord Lurgan, was very original, and had been a pretty woman.

The 20th of May 1844, an unfortunate event happened at Bombay, the victim being poor Horton of the 14th, who, on his way to England, there shot himself, as the coroner's inquest pronounced, "accidentally."

*Apropos* to coroners, I was called upon one morning to preside at an inquest on the body of a native girl who had come out the previous evening from Poona to visit one of our assistant-surgeons, and had died suddenly during

the night. It was a distressing and an unlucky affair; and the poor girl, who was very good-looking, lying in her palanquin, prettily dressed and wearing her jewels, was a "sorry sight."

One of the most frequent and unpleasant duties in India is that of court-martial. I cannot remember either the name or the regiment of a subaltern of infantry, upon whose seventh court-martial I was a member, Colonel Townsend being president. He had slipped through the previous six, and although we found him "guilty," yet, in consequence of some irregularity, he actually escaped this time also, and died, I think, in Australia, still in the service. A clever man, but, I need hardly add, a detestable character.

In the month of November this year, there came to us very suddenly an order for the immediate march of two squadrons of the 14th, to join a force proceeding to the southern Mahratta country, under Major-General De la Motte of the Company's service. They went, commanded by our senior major, Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, who succeeded afterwards to the command of the 2d brigade of the force, at the capture, on the 1st of December, of the Mahratta fortresses of Panulla and Pownergher near Kolapore, about 130 miles south of Poona, for which service he received the thanks of the Bombay Government.

Colonel Townsend going home this winter, my former acquaintance Lieutenant-Colonel Havelock came out and took the command, of whom, let me say, that he was a brave, dashing officer, originally in the 43d Light Infantry, who, as aide-de-camp to Count Alten, commanding the Light Division, had served in Spain and the south of

France, having been particularly mentioned in Napier's history of the war for gallantry at the affair of Vera in the Pyrenees, in October 1813, who speaks of him as "*El chico blanco*"—the "white boy"—as he was called by the Spaniards. He had been afterwards present at Waterloo, and was a Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order. Havelock was a very pleasant, lively companion, who had seen a great deal of life; but he had not been brought up in the cavalry, of which service he knew little, for although coming first to the 4th Light Dragoons as captain, he had been employed almost constantly in one capacity or another away from the regiment. With us, his zeal and energy carried him too far, and under him we were so much harassed, that a feeling sprang up in the corps which caused me some apprehension. As every one knows, he fell nobly at Ramnugger, on the 22d November 1848, at the head of the 14th, whistling the "charge," I have been told, as he led them on, and was literally "cut to pieces."

Havelock was a determined advocate for the "cold-water cure," and I remember to have heard that once, in an attack of cholera, he had the courage to plunge into a cold bath. He used to amuse us with a description of the sufferings of Mrs Havelock and her children, whom he insisted on putting through this uncomfortable process, the only resistance in the family being that of the French governess, who decidedly objected, or, as he said, "kicked."

During this "cold season," as they call it here, 1844-45, there came to Poona a very agreeable Russian, the Prince Alexis Soltykof, of whom, being a friend of Havelock, we saw a good deal. At one period attached to



the Russian Embassy in London, he had quitted the diplomatic service, and spent his time in travelling, and particularly in the East, having been twice to India, Cashmeer, &c., of which journeys he published an account, as well as his drawings, an art in which he excelled. Of all these works the Prince presented me with copies, for I met him frequently in after-life both in London and Paris, where he eventually died on the 23d of March 1859, at the Hotel des Princes, of the rupture of an aneurism. He was an amiable man, of quiet, pleasing manners, somewhat peculiar and solitary in his habits. His nephew, Prince Soltykof, many years settled in England, is well known there, especially in the racing world.

Colonel Townsend dying at his own place in Ireland on the 22d April 1845, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey succeeded to the regimental lieutenant-colonelcy, and Captain Archer to the majority. It must have been, I am sure, a great satisfaction to poor old "Jack" to end his days in the corps to which he had been so faithfully devoted.

On Sunday, 6th of June this year, Regimental Sergeant-Major Brookfield, while taking up points for church parade, was seized with cholera, of which he died at 5 P.M. the same afternoon, being the commencement of an outbreak of this horrible disease, which stayed with us from a month to six weeks, and carried off many victims. I know that upon one occasion three men and two women were buried at the same time. In this Kirkee cemetery lay Mr Green, who had been veterinary surgeon of the Royal Dragoons in my time, and having exchanged to



the 4th Light Dragoons on the 20th of April 1837, joined them here, and died. Lying close upon the river Moola, which flows round the cantonments, it is, like most Indian burying-grounds, a forlorn-looking place, for in this climate the monuments and gravestones soon go to pieces; they are also favourite resorts for snakes.

We went for change of air this "hot weather" to the Mahabuleshwar Hills, a great improvement certainly in point of climate and scenery.

In one of our walks here rather late in the evening, Lady Sarah narrowly escaped treading on a snake, which dangerous reptiles, however, are not generally in the way.

Ever since the month of October we had received intimation of an intention to send the 14th Light Dragoons to the upper provinces of Bengal; and the route at length arriving, I took Lady Sarah to Bombay, whence she was going home to her father and mother at Holyrood Palace, while I, returning to Kirkee, at 4 A.M. on Monday the 15th of December 1845 the regiment marched out under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Havelock, K.H., and proceeded as far as Wagoolee, nine miles seven furlongs on the road to Ahmednugger. The "marching-out" strength was 33 officers, 650 non-commissioned officers and privates, and 698 troop horses, all Arabs. We had only fourteen sick—something like a regiment, and in the finest order. Our immediate destination was Agra, distant 751 miles.

Starting in indifferent health, I soon found this march very trying, and indeed I have always thought marching in India very disagreeable and fatiguing. It goes on

something in this way: After a short and restless night, disturbed by the groaning of camels, the kicking and screaming of horses, the barking of dogs, perhaps the dismal howls of jackals, and always the incessant chattering of the native followers, at, say, 3 A.M., the *réveille* sounds; the whole camp is astir, and just as perhaps you are falling into something like a quiet sleep, you find your tent coming down about your ears. Hurrying through a scrambling dressing, your horse is brought to you, and in the pitchy darkness you make your way as best you can, among tent-ropes, pegs, articles of baggage, and obstacles of various kinds, to where a dull noise and a tinkling of sword-scabbards tell you must be the regiment. Being formed more by instinct than anything else, you move off, probably with torches in front, and for miles you go stumbling along over infamous roads—if, indeed, there be any at all—until increasing daylight shows the column already smothered in dust, and so on until the blazing sun, for which you have not long to wait, bursts forth to add to your discomfort, and to make you long for the shelter even of a stuffy tent. Unless obliged by duty, I never left mine during the whole day, nor did I dine once at mess. There is very seldom anything in the country through which you pass to interest or to enliven the route, which, for the most part, is a dull and lifeless monotony of ugliness.

On the 23d of December we reached Ahmednugger, where we spent Christmas-day, resuming our march on the 26th to Salampoor. On the 1st of January 1846 we were at Sowergaum, and on the 4th I fairly broke down, and found myself in my palanquin by the road-

side, with all my establishment round me, the regiment of course proceeding on its way to Malligaum, where also, later in the day, I arrived, and was compelled to remain, until, in about a fortnight, my illness—a happy compound of fever and cholera—so far subsided as to enable me to return to Bombay, whence a medical certificate sent me at once to Europe.

This march of the 14th Light Dragoons, which, having received further orders at Agra, extended altogether to 1008 miles seven furlongs to Umballah, where they remained two years, was not without interest and incident; and although I saw but little of it, many details have been given me by brother officers who witnessed them, beginning with the terrible cholera, the first case being that of a dragoon, on the 12th January, at Sixpoor, of which he died the following day. Between then and the 19th six more men were carried off, including the trumpet-major, young Linz, a great favourite of Colonel Townsend. It continued to increase among the native followers, and seems to have stuck more or less to the regiment until their arrival, on the 27th February, at Agra, where they exchanged the Bombay followers and camp equipage for those of Bengal. At Indore, on the night of the 25th January, in consequence of a display of fireworks, of which the natives are so fond, on the occasion of the young Holkar's state visit to the Resident, Mr Hamilton, and in compliment to the arrival of the regiment, a number of sky-rockets falling into the camp, although at a considerable distance, so frightened the horses that 200 broke loose, of which in the morning 105 were missing, and were not recovered for a

week afterwards—one at a distance of 58 miles, in the direction of Kirkee. One horse only was lost, having been kicked to death by the others on the night of the occurrence.

At Dakatchka, thirteen miles from Indore, as the regiment was marching off, Mr Gall, one of our lieutenants, was seized with cholera, and being taken back to Indore, was there, together with Mrs Gall, most kindly received by Mr Hamilton, and, after a narrow escape, recovered sufficiently to go to England; but what was very singular, in returning to the regiment a year or so after, and travelling by this same road, he was again attacked by the disease at the same place, and for the second time nearly died, being saved, when almost at the last gasp, by drinking champagne, as in the first attack he had been by beer.

On the very next day, being the 29th January 1846, Delaval Gray, a lieutenant who had joined us from the 12th Lancers, was seized by this awful malady at 8 A.M., as the regiment arrived at the end of the day's march, and at 2 P.M. he was dead. This happened at Tonk, about thirty-five miles north-east of Indore, where he was buried, wrapped in his cloak, on a mound facing the road a little to the north-east of the village. It was related to me that at the funeral a recruit, who was one of the firing-party, in one of the volleys accidentally fired off the ramrod of his carbine, which made a "strange whirring sound in the air." A tomb has been placed over the grave of poor Gray, who left a pretty and interesting young widow.

The 14th reached Umballah on the 16th of April

1846, and there remained, as I have stated, two years ; and among the reminiscences of my old corps, I must not forget an article forming part of the mess plate, which, if not always presentable, was not without its merits. It had been captured by the regiment after the battle of Vittoria, when the entire baggage of the French army fell into the hands of the British, and had belonged to no less a personage than his Majesty King Joseph, being an indispensable convenience made of silver, and of unusual dimensions.

Meanwhile I was on my way to Europe in very shattered condition ; and partly for rest, partly to see something of a place now much more generally known, I made a stage at Cairo, where I got a tolerable idea of its streets, its mosques, the palace and gardens of Schubrah, the Pyramids, and other localities of easy access. The climate at this season—the month of March—was delightful.

In what manner, before these days of railways, I journeyed to Alexandria, I have totally forgotten : but from there, steaming to Marseilles, I went through the now obsolete discomforts of, I don't remember how many days' quarantine, and thence travelled by Aix in Provence to the Hotel du Forum at Arles, justly celebrated for its Roman and other antiquities—for the cathedral of St Trophinius, of the seventh century, with a splendid doorway and ancient cloisters—and for the fine ruins of the abbey of Montmageur, of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, a drive of about two miles ; but by no means with equal truth for the beauty of the Arlasiennes, who wear a peculiar and rather becoming head-dress. Thence to Nismes, where are the beautiful "Maison Carrée," and other interesting

Roman remains; among which is the famous Pont du Gard, 18 miles away, but well repaying the journey. From here to Avignon, full of attractive associations, ancient and modern—of the more recent being the room in the Hotel du Palais Royal in which, in 1815, Marshal Brune was assassinated, and afterwards thrown into the Rhone. Eighteen miles away, in a rocky gorge, are the Fountain of Vaucluse and the site of the house of Petrarch, whose memory in this country, of course, holds a first place.

At Avignon I took the steamer on the Rhone, the better to see the beauties of a river so much less known than the Rhine, but which equally abounds with romantic scenery, and in picturesque old towns and ruins of even greater antiquity. At Valence, where I stayed, I think, a day and night, a charming little episode awaited me.

At breakfast in the *salle-à-manger* of the hotel, the only other persons were a pretty young lady, with a little girl, when, some favourable opening for conversation presenting itself, I learnt that she was with her husband, a lieutenant in a regiment of Engineers on its way to Algeria; that he was spending the day with the officers of the artillery quartered in Valence; and that, by way of passing the afternoon, she proposed crossing the Rhone to visit the vineyards of St Péray. Upon this I ventured to offer my services, and in a few minutes we started, quite a little family party, I carrying the lady's shawl, as though we had been old friends. In the streets of St Péray we met the lieutenant with his companions, who kissed his hand gaily to his wife, not seeming in the



least surprised at seeing her with a perfect stranger. We spent a charming afternoon, dined together, and her husband returning, I must do him the justice of saying, in good time, from a *repas de corps*, I took my leave; and in the morning we each went on our separate ways.

At Lyons, whither I continued still by steam, I had meant to have stayed twenty-four hours, whereas, being very comfortable in the hotel—at that time, I think, “Des Ambassadeurs”—on the Place Bellecour, and finding the place cheerful and pleasant,—being, moreover, reluctant at this early season to quit the influences of a milder climate,—I lingered five weeks, and then going on to Geneva, the first view of which city, on a delicious morning in the beginning of May, drove me almost wild with delight. What, in truth, could exceed the beauty of that magnificent panorama? The splendour of the range of Alps, their lofty summits glistening with eternal snow; the luxuriance of the blossoms and tender foliage in all the opening charms of spring; the calm expanse of the glorious lake; the deep blue of the “arrowy Rhone;” the sweet freshness of the air,—imparting altogether a kind of delirium to the senses.

My next stage, by Lausanne, Kiel, Soleure, Basle, and Strasburg, was Baden-Baden, whose waters had been recommended for me, where, Lady Sarah joining me from England, we established ourselves for five months, during which we received accounts of the death at Holyrood Palace, on the 27th of August, of her father, Thomas, eleventh Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne.

On the 8th of September 1846, Major Archer exchanged to the 5th Dragoon Guards with Major King



who, obtaining the second lieutenant-colonelcy of the 14th on the 25th of April 1848, by the retirement on half-pay of Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, died at Lahore on the 6th of July 1850, under circumstances peculiarly distressing, which I will briefly relate.

In the affair of Chillianwallah, on the 13th of January 1849, the 14th, under Lieutenant-Colonel King, had shared in that unfortunate movement of the cavalry which had caused a general and strong feeling of dissatisfaction. Of the character of the regiment, it had not been left for that day to decide; nor was there ever a man more personally brave than John King, who upon that occasion had used every endeavour, but in vain, to persuade the infirm and superannuated Company's officer who commanded the 2d brigade—consisting of two squadrons 9th Lancers, a squadron or two each of the 1st and 6th Bengal Light Cavalry, and the 14th Light Dragoons, four squadrons, such being the order in which they stood in line—to give the word to “charge,” which, had it been done, the result would have been very different. The incapacity of the brigadier, and the flight of the native cavalry in the centre of the brigade, and by whom the line was directed, were no doubt the causes of the hesitation and uncertainty, ending in the retreat of the whole brigade, to the astonishment of the Sikhs, of whom, it afterwards appeared, there were very few in front of them.

At a subsequent inspection of the 14th at Lahore by General Sir Charles Napier, Commander-in-Chief in India, his Excellency, in addressing the regiment, observed, alluding to a conversation he had previously had with

the commanding officer: "Colonel King tells me you have the old-pattern swords, and that they are blunt; but you are a fine, broad-chested set of men, with strong arms, and all you want is to be well led." These offensive insinuations so stung poor King that he shot himself immediately afterwards. He had been very popular, both with the 5th Dragoon Guards and in the 14th, and a monument has been placed to his memory in the church at Maidstone.

While at Baden, I had occasion to go to England on regimental business, making, during my stay, a visit to the depot of the 14th at Maidstone, under the command of Captain Tonge, lately married to a charming and accomplished woman, who gave me a pleasant dinner, and of whom more by-and-by. I returned by Paris, Nancy, and Luneville, where I attended the manœuvres of four regiments of cuirassiers in presence of his H.R.H. the Duc de Nemours, the result being my publication of a new system of drill I saw practised there, and which was to prove during, I may say, many years, a source of disappointment and mortification to me, as I shall show in due course.

As winter came on, we removed from Baden to Frankfurt; and here Lady Sarah's health, which had been indifferent ever since her return to me, quite broke down, and after several months' suffering, endured with perfect calmness and resignation, she died on the 6th of June 1847, and was buried, by her own desire, in the cemetery of that place. Her last day in this world I am not likely to forget. She expired late on that warm, quiet summer evening, her hand clasped in mine, her last

words being, "Open the window." Did she mean that her soul might thus flee away in the darkness to its Creator? I left the house immediately, spending the rest of the night with our good clergyman, Mr Bolton, who, as well as the physician, Sir Alexander Downie, and his amiable wife, had been unremitting in their kindness throughout her long illness. She had her faults, her sins, alas! poor Sarah; but we had gone through a great deal for and with each other, and I felt her loss bitterly; nor do I ever visit that distant grave, as I always have done as often as circumstances would allow, without a thrill of tender and sad recollections.

I was myself a good deal harassed and unnerved by these painful doings, and my health, moreover, had by no means recovered India; so returning to England, in my turn I went down to the good old Countess at Holyrood, who received me with every sympathy and affection. She, too, has been long dead, and lies in the chapel of the palace.

I have not mentioned that from the date of my leaving England for India the intercourse with Sir Thomas Bradford had almost entirely ceased: his conduct, especially after Lady Sarah's death, I certainly felt to be harsh and unforgiving.

## CHAPTER XI.

PARIS RECOLLECTIONS—CLERMONT—GOODERICH COURT—  
 7TH “PRINCESS ROYAL’S” DRAGOON GUARDS—BRIGHTON  
 —DIFFICULTIES IN THE REGIMENT—MOVE TO IRE-  
 LAND—NEWBRIDGE—DUBLIN—BALLINCOLIG—CAHIR.

MY application for an unattached Lieutenant-colonelcy had for some time been submitted to the Commander-in-Chief, then the Duke of Wellington ; and while expecting it, and having settled my affairs in England, I went back to the Continent, crossing over from Shoreham, whence at that time there was a line of steam communication to Dieppe. On the 18th of August, being at the Hotel Royal, where apartments had been engaged for the Duc and Duchesse de Choiseul Praslin, accounts came of the shocking murder of the Duchesse in Paris. She was a daughter of Count Sebastiani, one of the well-known generals of the First Empire, and no tragedy of modern times excited more intense and universal sympathy. The Duc de Praslin at the first interrogatory had found means to take a strong dose of arsenic, and although arrested, he died ere it was possible to bring him to trial.

From Dieppe going to Paris, I attended some man-

œuvres at Compiègne, putting up there at the Hotel de la Cloche, where I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Major-General Fox, then, I think, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, a tall handsome man of agreeable manners, who had a charming residence in Addison Road, Kensington, where afterwards I was presented to Lady Mary, by birth a Fitzclarence. The military operations were upon a small scale, and I forget who commanded, but their Royal Highnesses the Ducs de Nemours, d'Aumale, and I think de Montpensier, were present.

Compiègne possesses many objects of interest. The fine chateau, where in 1810 was celebrated the marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise ; the scene, close to the old gate of Vieux Pont, of the capture of Jeanne d'Arc on the 24th of May 1430, in a sortie against the united forces of England and Burgundy ; the noble forest, and the chateau of Pierrefonds, beautifully restored by Napoleon III.

During my residence in Paris, his Majesty Louis Philippe, to whom, as well as to several of the royal family, I was presented by General Fox, honoured me with more than one invitation, both to the Tuilleries and to St Cloud. Dining one day at the former, I was told, by one of my neighbours at table, that his Majesty was very fond of carving, especially a ham, which happened that day to be placed before him, and that I should do the King a pleasure by asking for a second slice, with which, seeing that it was an excellent Westphalian, I willingly complied.

At Baden we had made the acquaintance of an Aus-

trian lady, the Baronne de Lowenberg, settled in Paris with her two charming little girls, who subsequently became two pretty, agreeable young ladies, one of whom married an officer of the 60th Rifles, and died, I think, at Winchester. Without being pretty, Madame de Lowenberg was a very elegant woman, with attractive manners, clever, and accomplished. Her husband had an appointment, I believe, at the little Court of Parma, and her sister, an Italian marchesa, with a name I forget, lived in Italy. In her society I now passed much of my time, especially in those evenings *sans façon*, so pleasant abroad, and of which in England we have no idea. I kept up this intimacy for several years, and shall again speak of it; but the Baronne went to Italy before the Franco-German war, with her only remaining daughter, and it is very long since I have heard anything of her.

Prince Soltykof, the Russian friend of whom I have before spoken, was also at this time in Paris, and by his introduction I occasionally joined an agreeable Russian society, who dined usually at the "Maison Dorée," where also certain Russian dishes appeared sometimes on the table. A brother of my friend Prince Pierre Soltykof, one of the Princes Lieven, and Count Fersen, I think a Swede, are the only names I can remember of these parties.

On the 22d of October 1847, I saw myself in the 'Gazette' as Lieutenant-Colonel, Unattached, "by Purchase."

In Paris there are many worlds, and among them what may be called the *monde galant*—which is by no means to be confounded with the *demi-monde*, that



"*panier de pêches à 15 sous*," but is rather composed of the "*Dames aux camélias*"—"aux perles," the "*Brins d'amour*," some fashionable actresses, and a variety of celebrities, and ladies living in *liaisons* more or less permanent. In this line, taste, luxury, and refinement are carried to their utmost limits, and vice appears, unhappily, in its most seductive colours.

The Frenchwoman, of whatever class, but especially of that which lives by the pleasures of others, is undoubtedly the most agreeable, exhilarating, and sympathising of companions, and while always of manners and appearance irreproachable—I speak naturally only of the best sort—is generally also sensible and intelligent. Natural quickness and apprehension make up for the deficiencies of education. In the light literature of the day; in affairs of the theatre, always of such moment in Paris life; in passing events, even political (these ladies are often strong in that line), they are generally well informed and able to give no bad opinion. If they acquire tastes and habits of expense and *luxure*, it is, after all, because these have been given to them and encouraged; for, if the truth may be spoken, it is this very luxury to which the Parisian *coquette* owes so much of her influence. Besides that their ideas are innately more refined, more elegant, it cannot be denied that the pretty, well-assorted costume, so perfect in all its details; the apartment, furnished with so much harmonious freshness; the profusion of flowers; the *cabinet de toilette*, exquisite in all its arrangements; the *petit dîner fin*; the *avant scène* at the play,—all these accessories, in short, invest Parisian *galanterie* with a charm luckily, perhaps, to be found



nowhere else. Having, then, skimmed the surface of this dangerous navigation, I am far from recommending the experiment to others, for it may be relied upon that, the ice once broken, there is no saying how deep you may go down.

The grand object of my ambition being now the command of a regiment, I returned to England in order to take advantage of the first opportunity of exchanging to "Full pay," with which view I remained chiefly in London. I don't know what made me particularly choose the famous 10th of April 1848 for going to Clermont to pay my respects to his Majesty Louis Philippe, now deposed and exiled by the Revolution in Paris of the 24th of February preceding, when by rights I suppose I ought to have been at some street corner with a constable's staff in my hand; but so it happened, and having been very kindly received by the late King of the French, and H.R.H. the Duc de Nemours, I returned to town, there to find that if I had come away without difficulty, such was by no means the case on my wishing to re-enter, for at Vauxhall Bridge was stationed a strong detachment of police, who absolutely refused to allow me to pass, as well as a French gentleman, who, having also been at Clermont, was intending to go back to Paris the same night. After long waiting in vain for some lucky chance, there drove up at last a hansom cab, and in it a gentleman, who, after a few words with the police officer, was allowed to pass. Upon my inquiring who this favoured individual might be, and being told that he was a Member of Parliament, I observed that I was a lieutenant-colonel in the army; but as I wore moustaches,

at that period very uncommon, and confined almost entirely to the officers of horse-artillery and cavalry, my policeman was still doubtful of my belonging to the British service : it ended, however, in his allowing me to proceed with my French companion, much to our mutual relief. It is seldom that military rank goes for anything in England, but in this case it served me well.

Except in the hunting-field, I am nowhere so little at home as at a race ; nevertheless, in my time I have gone through several "Derbys," that of the present year for one, and in a fashion then common enough, though now long out of date. The start by the road on one of those sweet May mornings there used to be thirty years ago ; the carriage and posters ; the flowers ; the champagne ; above all, the fresh bonnet and pretty spring dress sitting beside you, made up really a pleasant excitement, and you thought the whole thing most enjoyable, as in truth, with youth and good spirits of the party, it was.

I spent a month this summer very pleasantly in the Isle of Wight, where, at Ryde, looking out of my hotel window one stormy morning, I observed a bathing-machine very far out, which, after making several heavy rolls, went fairly over, when, in a minute or so, the unlucky individual inside, emerging in the simple costume of Adam before the Fall, made naturally for the nearest refuge, being another machine farther inshore, and containing, as it presently appeared, two ladies, who instantly set up a hideous outcry ; and the shipwrecked one, being denied hospitality, had nothing for it but to hide himself among the waves until a boat with some kind of covering put off to his rescue.

My brother Ralph was at this time adjutant of his battalion of the Grenadier Guards, stationed at Chichester, whither I went to him for the Goodwood week, a very cheery one there as usual; but it will hardly be credited that, for my part, I never once went to the races, which, although caring so little for amusements of this kind, I have nevertheless ever since regretted. An absurd adventure befell me one day when, having gone to Brighton, intending to return for the mess-dinner, I fell asleep in the train, and, waking up in darkness, and with a decided marine taste in the air, I found myself at Havant, close to Portsmouth, where I was compelled to remain the night. To make things worse, I had only as many shillings in my pocket as sufficed to pay for a jug of capital egg-flip and a blanket on a sofa in a sailor's pot-house, as, in the course of the evening, I discovered it to be, when these gallant mariners dropping in, accompanied by a sufficient number of partners in petticoats, were speedily set in motion by the strains of a fiddle, while I lay there watching the fun, which, notwithstanding that it presently grew to be "fast and furious," did not prevent my falling into a sound sleep, "aided and abetted," probably, by the flip, from which I was roused to take the earliest train back to Chichester.

Making a visit afterwards in Devonshire, at Haldon,—the fine place of Sir Laurence Palk, Bart., M.P., an old "Royal,"—I there became acquainted with Lady Palk's brother, Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart., and Lady Arabella, at whose house—Rufford, in Lancashire—I was for some years a frequent visitor.

Before the end of this summer I found an opportunity

of seeing a place of which visions had long been tempting me,—Gooderich Court, in Herefordshire, four miles from the pretty town of Ross, and on the banks of the pleasant Wye. It belonged to Lieutenant-Colonel Meyrick of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who had inherited the estate on the death of his uncle, Sir Samuel Meyrick, K.H., on the 10th of February 1848, whose name is intimately connected with archæology in general; but more especially was he known as the possessor of the finest private collection of arms and armour in Europe,—indeed, after those of Dresden and Vienna, it took the third place. Sir Samuel published a splendid work on these subjects, which is of standard value. Soon after the accession of King William IV., and, I think, in the year 1831, Sir Samuel, who was a personal friend of his Majesty, received the distinction of knighthood, together with the decoration of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order; and when, on the 30th October 1841, at the fire in the Tower of London, the armoury there was greatly injured, it was Sir Samuel Meyrick who rearranged it. He died, as related, at the age of sixty-five, and was buried, by his express desire, quite privately, in the churchyard of Gooderich.

Independently of the Court itself and its rare contents of various kinds, the account given me by the house-keeper of its origin, and of the founder himself, had in it a peculiarity and romance, adding, I thought, greatly to the interest of the place. The first purchase of a mere field or two gradually increased until they grew into a fair estate; the building of the Court in a style so ancient and gloomy, that of the reign of Edward II., or about

the beginning of the fourteenth century — one of the towers is an exact facsimile of the “Eschenheimer Thor” at Frankfurt-sur-Mein, 1346-50; the appearance in due course of long trains of waggons and other conveyances, laden with huge cases, out of which came antique furniture of shapes long gone by; articles of precious materials and unknown form; lastly, the magnificent collection of armour and strange weapons,—all this, in a neighbourhood remote and little frequented, had about it an air of mystery that impressed the imagination. Further, the housekeeper told me that, the house completed, there came in the November of each year four friends of Sir Samuel, who, having spent the month with him, disappeared. These were: Martin, “Clairencieux King-of-Arms;” Shaw, architect, of Saddleworth, Yorkshire; Parkman, barrister; and King, ‘York Herald.’

Besides the splendid galleries of armour, the house contained a variety of objects of interest and value; but since the days of my visit the place, with all its treasures, has passed into other hands, having been sold by my friend, now Major-General Meyrick, in 1870.

In the pleasant grounds of Gooderich are the picturesque ruins of the old castle, which, having been possessed by the Shrewsbury family from the reign of Edward III., was occupied during the civil wars by both Royalists and Parliamentarians, but, surrendering ultimately to the latter on the 3d of July 1646, was shortly afterwards dismantled by order of Cromwell.

In the course of this winter, 1848-49, I paid my first visit to Sir Thomas and Lady Arabella Hesketh, at Rufford, whence we all went one night to a ball given at Orms-

kirk by Sir John Gerard, Bart. — a brilliant affair, all the guests who could appearing in uniform, especially the officers of Sir John's regiment of yeomanry, in which matters, although never in the army, the Baronet was an enthusiast. Among them was my old companion in the Royal Dragoons, Billy Yates, gorgeous in a pair of crimson overalls. Poor Billy, having got a troop, left the service, and has been long dead.

A great fuss was made some few years back about a joke played in one of the Household regiments of cavalry at Windsor, which reminds me of one precisely similar at Glasgow in 1840 or 1841, in which Yates was the victim, but of which he took no other notice than entertaining us with an account of the circumstance, which took place as he was driving back one night from dining at Hamilton.

Rufford and its neighbourhood cannot be praised for beauty; the country is extremely flat, but in the park are fine trees, and the "old Hall," which has stood there certainly 700 years, and is still occupied by Sir Thomas Hesketh's mother, is one of the best specimens of the black-and-white houses, called "half-timbered," peculiar to this part of England.

On the 23d of February 1849 I exchanged, "paying the difference," to the full pay of the 7th "Princess Royal's" Dragoon Guards, lately returned from the Cape of Good Hope, and then quartered at Brighton, where, on taking command the following month, the state in which I found the corps surprised me not a little, and was indeed deplorable. Some idea of it may be formed when I relate that a considerable proportion of the old soldiers,



and good men, had either settled at "the Cape," or had been discharged on their return to England, while the recruiting had not been advantageous. The non-commissioned officers were generally indifferent; the adjutant and regimental sergeant-major were slow and old-fashioned; and their service abroad had not improved the tone and habits of the officers. The mess fund, in particular, of the latter was heavily in debt, while that establishment required a complete renovation. We had been mounted by drafts from the cavalry generally, which of course was not favourable to uniformity; and though the horses were trained, the greater part of the men had been imperfectly drilled, or were recruits and could not ride them,—so that one of my first steps was to report the impossibility of our working in the field. The interior economy of the regiment also was in very bad condition. All these things the Inspector of Cavalry, the late General Sir Thomas Brotherton, saw for himself at his first inspection shortly after my arrival with the corps, and expressed himself respecting them in language the most energetic, if not equally gratifying to hear. For myself, however, I was not in the least discouraged; and although seeing that the task before me would prove neither easy nor short, I felt nevertheless pleased at the idea of bringing matters, as I hoped to do, into a very different condition, little imagining that my difficulties would lie, not in the regiment, but in the General, from whom I expected support, assistance, and encouragement. From the very commencement, Sir Thomas Brotherton persistently carried on against me a system of harshness, opposition, and vexatious interference, which necessarily to a great extent paralysed my endeav-



ours, and rendered the whole period of my being under his command one continued struggle.

From the Horse Guards I received at once the valuable and unprecedented assistance of Major Meyer, my old instructor at St John's Wood, who still conducted the riding department of the army, now at Maidstone, and of his excellent first Assistant-Sergeant Raiker. We had also an admirable riding-master of our own; and when I say that for six months every officer and dragoon attended riding-school six days in the week, it may be conceded that with such advantages they attained a proficiency in equitation that I am proud to know has ever since been kept up. I cannot help adding that in the performance of his duty my friend the Major made himself particularly disagreeable, while to Sergeant Raiker the officers presented a handsome riding-whip as a mark of their appreciation of his conduct and services.

I am not going to attempt even a sketch of the annoyances I suffered throughout upwards of a year that we remained at Brighton; but I may mention, among many other traits, and as a specimen of the kind of *espionage* carried on, that some ladies having done me the honour, with one of their husbands, of dining at mess one day, after which they saw a "ride" in the school, lighted up for the occasion, there came to me immediately afterwards a letter desiring to be informed "upon my honour," for the Inspector of Cavalry's information, whether it was true that some "women" had dined at the mess, the General having "heard so at the club"! So antipathetic was the feeling shown by Sir Thomas Brotherton, that, far from dining with the 7th Dragoon Guards, as is cus-

tomary at inspections, I have known him actually to sit in his carriage rather than enter the mess-room.

In the middle of these troubles the colonel of the regiment, Lieutenant-General the Honourable Henry Murray, C.B., came to see us, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that he quite entered into and approved my views, observing, however, that he "did not think they would give me time."

While at Brighton, we received new helmets of a pattern which, with some modifications of ornament, has continued pretty nearly the same ever since, and is both handsome and comfortable. Since leaving the Heavy Cavalry in 1843, I found the uniform much changed for the better. The long skirts had been curtailed; we had new epaulettes of a very handsome pattern, and the policeman's blue frock-coat had made way for one richly laced and a very becoming dress. The stable-jackets had been restored to us, I think in 1842, and the ugly horse-furniture of that period had been suppressed.

Returning one night to barracks after dining in the town, I discovered that my dressing-case, trinkets, watch, &c., had disappeared. The case, which I have still, is bound with and has a lock of silver; but the thieves, imagining it to be brass, after rifling the contents, threw, it over the barrack-wall, and in the morning it was found on the road. The watch also I recovered oddly enough about three weeks later, when the barrack-sweeper one day observing a black ribbon hanging from the roof of one of the troop stables, and drawing it out, my watch appeared at the end of it. This was by no means the

only robbery in the regiment about this time, of which more by-and-by.

A circumstance I will now relate of another kind, which, as I am making a "clean breast" of all my "shortcomings," ought to have a place here ; and if such things ever can serve as cautions, this little episode might assuredly do so : unluckily, I fear it will be always the same old story over and over again.

While upon half-pay, and idling in London in the course of 1847-48, I was weak enough to fall into one of those connections, objectionable in themselves, easily formed, often so difficult to break off, but which notwithstanding have such attractions for men who, like myself, are miserable alone, and who feel that the only suitable companion for their solitude, if one may so express it, is a woman. This intimacy went on until my appointment to the 7th Dragoon Guards, nor did it indeed cease during my earlier residence at Brighton, though of course I saw much less of the lady. Now it so befell that about this time I made an acquaintance in quite another sphere of life, with whom, as it acquired a tenderer interest, and as invariably is the case, I occasionally corresponded. One unlucky day, while engrossed by the happiness of the moment, and little dreaming of the catastrophe that was at hand, my valet, who knew my whereabouts, came after me in "hot haste," with the intelligence that Mrs S. had arrived from London, and was then in my rooms in the barracks. To return there immediately was out of the question, and when in the evening I flew back, it was to find my visitor gone ; and from my servant I learnt that Mrs S., wishing to write a note, had found in my writing-

case—as ill luck would have it, unlocked—certain letters, which, having read, she instantly carried off in a transport of passion to London.

After six weeks' fruitless negotiation, I recovered these letters through my lawyer, on payment of £500. The most remarkable feature in the case was, that the lady who had written them to me, having been equally threatened, actually had an interview with Mrs S. in the house of the latter in London, saw her own letters, calmly refused all compromise, telling her to “do her worst,” and afterwards assured me that had she been aware in time, she would not have allowed me to pay a shilling.

Some little while after these events, Mrs S. was killed by a fall from her horse, I think at St Leonards.

On the 3d of October 1849, Captain Schonswar died in the barracks, and was buried in the same pretty little churchyard of Preston, whither, in 1834, I had followed to the grave the adjutant of the Royal Dragoons.

Matters at length culminated between the Inspector of Cavalry and myself by his making a report of me to the Duke of Wellington, which his Grace referred to myself for an answer—the result being, that we neither saw nor heard more of Sir Thomas Brotherton; and on the 5th of April 1850, the 7th Dragoon Guards left Brighton for Liverpool, there to embark for Dublin, where, headquarters landing on the 25th, we marched direct to Newbridge, occupying those barracks with the 17th Lancers, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel St Quentin.

Although now removed from all military connection with Sir Thomas Brotherton, he nevertheless carried a feeling of animosity so far as to “cut” me, as the phrase

goes, upon two or three occasions, and so pointedly one day at the United Service Club in London, that although this same “cutting” may be often a matter of small consequence, such I felt was not the case in the present instance, and I called upon the General for an explanation, when, by the kind offices of a military friend, the affair was satisfactorily arranged. I regretted all these disagreeables the more, that in private life Sir Thomas Brotherton was a man of pleasing manners, accomplished, and, I have heard, a superior musician, and I am glad to think that in the end we became good friends. He died January 20, 1868, general in the army, G.C.B., and colonel of the “King’s” Dragoon Guards.

It is, I know, the fashion to speak of the late Lord Fitzroy Somerset in the most laudatory terms; but if such were in general deserved, I can only say for my part that I invariably found him, and especially when circumstances would have made his advice, assistance, and friendly offices of peculiar value—and these, I conceive, an officer of my rank and position was justified in seeking from the military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief,—at such times, I repeat, his lordship was to me distant, ungracious, and far from kindly disposed, which I felt all the more that, having been a brother officer of my father in the 4th Dragoons, I might have expected from him a certain sympathy and consideration.

Under a new master, Major-General H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge, who commanded the Dublin district, Sir Edward Blakeney still commanding the forces in Ireland, my difficulties, I was soon to find, were far from being at an end, and in fact reappeared in a shape

wholly unexpected. At the first inspection at Newbridge by the Prince on the 21st and 22d of May 1850, little exception could be taken to the appearance of the regiment in the field, or to its performance, although in this latter respect by no means up to the mark I proposed. I have already explained the chief cause of our field-drill having been so much kept back. It now appeared, however, that there were complaints and grievances among the men, discontent among the officers, of all which I was profoundly ignorant, none of the former having been brought forward at any of our previous inspections—nor had I, as is usual, even thought of inquiring if there were any; and with respect to the officers, I rather believed that, however they might dislike my system of command, rendered more stringent by the circumstances in which I had found the corps, I was personally popular rather than otherwise. Respecting the grievances alleged to exist among the men, I may mention that I received an anonymous letter on the subject, gravely compromising the conduct of one of the elder officers, which I immediately placed in his hands in the presence of the major, desiring him, when he had read it, to throw it into the fire. Like every other gentleman, I fancy, I have the greatest horror of anonymous attacks and accusations. This inspection was not completed without the occurrence of scenes and circumstances of a very unsatisfactory and painful nature, and at its close I was left in a peculiar and far from agreeable position.

Meanwhile, having now been uninterruptedly at my duty for fifteen months, and gone through no little



anxiety, I found it absolutely necessary to make a change: so, going to England, I think for a month, I made a little tour in Wales under circumstances particularly agreeable, though with the country in general I was much disappointed; and returning to Newbridge, I there found, to my infinite gratification, that a complete reaction had taken place. I was welcomed back with every mark of unaffected pleasure—all traces of late vexations had disappeared; a party, which for some time had been working against me, gave way, and from that moment to when I left the corps, nearly four years later, I found nothing but happiness and satisfaction. Everything prospered with us, and among other good fortunes was the discovery and getting rid, in the following curious manner, of the band of thieves, as in truth they were, who had done so much mischief at Brighton, as well as since our coming to Ireland.

I had gone to spend the Christmas week of 1850 in England, leaving behind my valet, William Stretford, when, on Christmas night, very few officers dining at mess, he observed a light in the room of poor Goff, one of our lieutenants, since dead, whom he knew to be in Dublin. Instantly giving an alarm, the officers, headed by old Liston, the paymaster, proceeded up-stairs, while my servant, arming himself with a pistol, took post at the bottom. Arriving at the door of Goff's room, the officers called upon whoever might be inside to open it, when, after some delay, out rushed a man, holding in front of him a chair, with which he dashed into their midst, and charging down the stairs, which were in perfect darkness, he fell over Stretford's outstretched leg,



who instantly threw himself upon him, and further assistance arriving, the individual turned out to be a dragoon of the name of Jackson, a notoriously bad character, who had been a prize-fighter. This man was tried by a general court-martial in Dublin, and transported; and some other scoundrels, believed to belong to the gang, deserting about the same time, among them one Marlay, of whom more hereafter, we had no further robberies. For his conduct in this matter, the officers presented my valet with a silver cigar-case.

Early in 1851 the 17th Lancers left us for England, and on the 17th of April the 7th Dragoon Guards marched, the whole regiment together, for Portobello barracks, Dublin, arriving there the same day. We found here the 5th Dragoon Guards, Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable J. Y. Scarlett; the 7th Hussars, Lieutenant-Colonel Shirley; and the 12th Lancers, about to embark for the Cape, under Lieutenant-Colonel Pole.

There I received accounts of the birth of sweet little Florence, at whose christening I was afterwards present in London. Her acquaintance, poor child, with this world, as we shall see, was a very short one.

I always liked Dublin, and found it now as agreeable as ever. The Arthur-Shirleys had a house near the Island Bridge barracks, in which were quartered the 7th Hussars, and Mrs Shirley being an old friend, I saw a good deal of them. She was handsome, with a tall fine figure, and besides being an accomplished rider, she drew horses and animals very well. The colonel was a distinguished-looking man, a capital officer, splendid horseman, and a very pleasant companion. He retired

upon half-pay 31st October 1851, after which I paid a visit at Lough Fea, county Monaghan, a fine property, and the Irish residence of Mr and Mrs Shirley.

This year, 1851, saw in England the creation of the first International Exhibition, an original and excellent idea of H.R.H. Prince Albert, but the precursor of far too many others in every part of the world, and almost in every town of consequence. It was a beautiful, interesting, and amusing spectacle, with all the charm of novelty, and nothing in its way has exceeded the effect of the original and “unique” Crystal Palace, afterwards removed to Norwood.

That fine old soldier, Viscount Gough, who had the good sense and taste to settle in his own country, where he was universally appreciated and respected, had a place near Dublin called St Helen’s, where I had more than once the honour of dining with him; and a more genial and kindly host could not be.

In the course of the autumn I went to Paris for some interesting military operations, under Marshal Magnan, commanding the 1st Corps d’Armée, particularly at St Germain, the passage of the Seine, &c., which gave me an opportunity of spending a few charming days there with Madame de Löwenberg, who afterwards gave me the use of her pretty apartments in the Rue Mont Thabor in Paris. Marshal Magnan was a fine soldier-like man, very pleasant and good-humoured, who showed me much hospitable kindness. He had served in the Peninsular war, and was full of anecdote; and among others he related that upon one occasion in Spain, on the line of march, there suddenly appeared a British cavalry officer

attended by an orderly dragoon, who, dashing up to the column and seizing one of the soldiers by his cross-belts, proceeded to drag him out of the ranks. In the surprise and confusion of the moment it was not at first distinctly seen what was taking place; but the officer was speedily secured, when he proved to be Captain Percy of the 14th Light Dragoons, who, it appeared, had actually made a bet that he would, single-handed, take a French soldier out of the ranks and bring him in a prisoner.

I attended also some cavalry manœuvres at Satory, under General Körte, an officer of much note, who invited me one day to an agreeable and excellent breakfast, at his apartments in Versailles, where likewise I was myself staying at the comfortable Hotel des Reservoirs.

One of the most important duties of an officer commanding a regiment of cavalry is the purchasing of the troop-horses, which, however, he is at liberty to delegate to any one else, retaining himself always the responsibility. The fair of Ballinasloe, in the county Galway, taking place generally in the beginning of October, is perhaps the most celebrated, at any rate for horses, in Great Britain; and going there upon one occasion, accompanied as usual by the veterinary surgeon of the regiment, we went to work for several hours in the midst of a scene such as pens far more graphic than mine have often described. In mud above the ankles; covered by the dirt thrown about by thousands of horses galloping, plunging, and kicking in all directions; hustled by a steaming and vociferating crowd of the "finest pisantry in Europe," and chilled to the bones by the never-ceasing

rain, I at length signified to my companion, who looked as miserable as I am sure I did myself, an intention of making for the inn and a glass of hot brandy-and-water, advising him the same course. Now Mr E. was of a nature strictly economical, and not fancying the outlay of a shilling upon this refreshment, he declined, the result being, that while I was at once set to rights, he almost immediately, upon our return to Dublin, was seized with an illness of which he died shortly after. A timely "shilling's worth" has, I firmly believe, saved many an illness and death.

A leading character in the Portobello barracks was "Waterloo," the carman. Why so called, I never heard, for certainly he had never seen the battle of the 18th of June 1815. He was an excellent specimen of that mixture of originality, humour, shrewdness, lying, and impudence that made up the Dublin carman. Poor Lambe of the 7th once tossed him £10 against his horse and car, and Waterloo's face and language when he lost were indescribable. Having kept him for a whole day in agony, Lambe restored to him his lost property, with a suitable lecture upon the enormity of gambling.

The *coup d'état* in Paris of the 2d December 1851, as all the world knows, changed the French republic into the empire of Napoleon III., and being there shortly afterwards, I was presented, at one of the evening receptions at the Elysée, to Prince Louis Napoleon, ere from President he became Emperor of the French. Among other acquaintances of the day was the Comte de Rochefort, a distinguished and accomplished officer, commanding

the 1st Lancers, a very fine regiment quartered in the École Militaire, and whose elegant uniform, with yellow facings and silver lace, reminded me of the old 4th Light Dragoons. The Countess was a charming woman, and they were good enough to ask me to a very agreeable breakfast, where, among other guests, was Colonel Férey, commanding the 7th Lancers, a son-in-law of Marshal Bugeaud. Both my host and Férey, on becoming general officers, were successively commandants of the cavalry school of instruction at Seaumur. In my visits to Paris I rarely failed to meet Gronow, the smart little captain so generally known, and who published a collection of amusing anecdotes, of which his life had seen a great variety.

The last duty the 7th Dragoon Guards performed in Dublin was, I think, to line the streets on the 27th February 1852, for the reception of the new Lord-Lieutenant, the Earl of Eglintoun, who came to relieve the Earl of Clarendon. We were inspected in the Phoenix Park for the last time by H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge, on the 5th of March, when his Royal Highness took the trouble of riding up to the Portobello barracks after the review to tell me that not only was the regiment in "admirable order," but that he "believed it never had been so good." On the 12th the headquarters left for Ballincollig and Cork, arriving there on the 22d, where, until my rooms were ready at the former place, I put up for a few days at the dirty Imperial Hotel in Cork, as did also the paymaster Liston, who, by-the-by, I may mention, was son to the best comic actor the Eng-

lish stage has ever, I fancy, produced. Here an amusing incident occurred, inasmuch that, having never tasted Irish whisky-punch, I took the opportunity after dinner of ordering some, as did old Liston, who for some reason had dined at a separate table. We both found this tippie extremely pleasant, and much to the amusement of a third party in the coffee-room, we continued "tumblers of the same," until I felt it to be high time to retire, which I did with great propriety as far as my bedroom, where, I am ashamed to say, all consciousness left me until far into the following day. It afterwards came out that if I had sought safety in flight, the paymaster had been in a totally different condition, and could by no means trust himself to move until carried off by friendly assistance. Thus ended my first, as it assuredly has been my last, acquaintance with the "potheen;" and here I may observe, that while no man is more open to the enjoyment of the "social glass," any excess in that way, so far from exhilarating, depresses and makes me ill, having rather, as the French express it, "*le vin triste*."

Ballincollig is a poor place, five miles from Cork. The barracks, in which we had also some artillery, are pretty; and upon the whole, the summer passed pleasantly enough. Our General in this district was kind-hearted, friendly Mansel, whom we had known in Dublin as Deputy Quartermaster-General. He had a charming family, his aide-de-camp being the present Major-General Conolly, C.B. The good General's old-fashioned black neckcloth up to his ears, with his manner of carrying his head on one side, was a fine sight. Here also, as Assist-



ant Quartermaster - General, was Colonel Pennefather, afterwards the general so well known, whom I had before met in India with his regiment, the 22d Foot, where I saw him conduct a very disagreeable court-martial upon an officer, with an ability and temper I have never forgotten. He had, by the way, commenced his service in the 7th Dragoon Guards.

Not far from Cork is Castle Cor, a good property, then belonging to Mr Deene Freeman, formerly of the 3d Dragoon Guards, who had married my cousin, Miss Allen of Errol, and left the army. In 1852, however, the place was occupied by an old brother officer of his, well known in those days as "Kit" Teesdale, a very agreeable and accomplished companion, being, among other things, a charming pianist. To him, living there in a strange kind of isolation, but always with a certain amount of comfort, which no one understood better than poor "Kit," I paid a cheery visit of some days. Having risen to the majority of the 3d Dragoon Guards, and got the better of a handsome fortune,—as much, I believe, as £50,000,—he sold out, turned farmer, and when butter sold well in Cork market, he put the proceeds into his pocket and went over to spend them in London—which, with his fatal gambling propensities, was soon done. Since those days he has gone for ever, dying, I am told, in London, in very distressed circumstances. My cousin and her husband are also dead, but not before having been obliged to sell Castle Cor. One of their two daughters married a captain of French hussars *en retraite*, and is settled in France.



At Mallow resided an old friend of the Allens, Sir Denham Norreys, Bart.,—member, I think, for the place, —whom I also visited ; but I don't remember any other particular hospitalities.

Being desirous of attending the Austrian manœuvres this year in Hungary, I sailed from Cork for Bristol the day after a very successful ball we had given ; when, having got on my journey as far as Frankfür, where, to my great pleasure, I found living Edmond Mildmay and his pretty wife, I received intelligence which brought me at once back to England. Dear little Florence, after being the joy of her parents for but seventeen short months, was taken from them for ever on the 3d of September 1852 ; and when I had seen her tiny white coffin placed in the ground, and received from her mother one of the fair soft curls which had shaded her pretty head, I once more started for Vienna.

This time I went by Brussels, Cologne, Leipsic,—where I have a recollection of a scene at the station with an insolent waiter,—and Dresden, to be there provokingly detained by the absence of one of my portmanteaus, which, being recovered, I continued by Prague,—at the “Étoile Bleue,”—one of the most picturesque and interesting cities in Europe, to Vienna, arriving there on the 16th of September, and putting up at the “Goldenen Lamm,” in the Leopoldstadt, not at that time a very good hotel.

Here I received much kindness from the British ambassador, the Earl of Westmoreland, from whom also I learned the terrible blow which had fallen upon Eng-

land by the death of the Duke of Wellington on the 14th of September.

The manœuvres, to commence on the 19th September, were in the neighbourhood of Pesth, whither I presently repaired to the fine hotel of the "Archduke Stephen;" but of these, as of all that befell myself personally, I published an account in the 'United Service Magazine' of January 1853.

My impressions generally of the Austrian troops were, that although of good material, they were slow, badly armed and equipped, and old-fashioned,—in all which respects, I fancy, they have since vastly improved. Besides myself, the only British officer present was General the Earl of Westmoreland; but among the other military, I was pleased to meet General Count von der Gröeben, whom I had known in Berlin in 1832, and his son, a captain in the Dragoons of the Guard, who had made the Sutlege campaign of 1846, under Lord Gough. At Pesth the good looks of the Hungarians, of the women especially, struck me very much—one lovely specimen in particular. Returning to Vienna at the conclusion of the operations, on the 27th of the month, one of my companions in the train was the young, clever, and amusing Charles III., Duke of Parma, who was afterwards murdered in his own little capital on the 26th of March 1854. Some accident *en route* delaying us at a kind of farmhouse, Stretford made an excellent omelette, which the Prince and I shared with much satisfaction. I may add, that when in 1855 the British Italian Legion was quartered at York, under the command of Colonel Bur-

naby, he pointed out to a friend of mine a soldier in the ranks who was said to have been the Duke's assassin.

In Vienna I now changed my quarters to the more comfortable "Hotel Munsch," and remained there long enough to see everything that chiefly interested me, including Schönbrunn and Laxenburg. I had also sufficient occasion to know that the Austrian capital quite deserves its reputation for *l'amour facile*, which seemed to flourish there in very easy circumstances. In every respect it is no doubt a charming residence, and the environs are delightful.

I resumed my journey homeward by the Danube as far as Linz; thence to lovely Ischl; and so by Laubach, the Falls of the Traun, Gmunden, and through the exquisite Salzkammergut to Salzburg. Again Munich,—of whose many attractions I attempt no description, thousands having been given far better elsewhere,—Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, Strasbourg, and Paris. There, at the "Hotel Castiglione," I had some kind of illness, bad enough while it lasted, which was not long, and which brought me a compensation, when, awaking suddenly one night,—as I supposed, by a dream,—I saw by my bedside a charming reality, sparkling with jewels and satin, which, coming from the opera, had contrived to find its way to my room to inquire after the invalid. When shortly afterwards in London for a few days, to my infinite astonishment this same fair creation again appeared; but there I was obliged to leave it and continue my route to Ireland, making on the road the first of many subsequent visits to Ombersley Court, near Droitwich, in Wor-

cestershire, the residence of Major-General Lord Sandys, who had recently been appointed to the colonelcy of the 7th Dragoon Guards.

As Lord Arthur Mill, "the Baron,"—as he was called in his own neighbourhood,—had been one of the "elegant extracts" of the 10th Hussars, when, at the termination of the court-martial upon Lieutenant-Colonel Quentin in 1814, twenty-one officers of the regiment, I have heard from Lord Sandys, were at once removed from the corps. He was one of the Duke of Wellington's aides-de-camp at Waterloo, and served afterwards many years in the Scots Greys, which distinguished regiment he for some time commanded. His lordship was a kind friendly man, whose pleasant bachelor house was always hospitably open; and many happy days have I spent there, occupying generally a room with yellow furniture, brought, it was said, by the late Marchioness of Downshire, Lord Sandys' mother, from some hotel in France. "The Baron" had a certain breed of "blue" roans, of which he thought a good deal; and many a pleasant ride have I had with him about this sweet country,—quiet, pastoral, and when the apple-tree blossoms were out, quite lovely. It has also much historical interest, connected especially with the Gunpowder Plot of 1605. Hendlip, the residence of Viscount Southwell, was for some time the hiding-place of the Jesuit fathers Garnet and Runcorn; and on the way there, we used to pass a public-house, with a bowling-green, said to have been a rendezvous of the conspirators. The fine old place of Westwood, belonging to Lord Hampton, has always been

considered to have been the original of Sir Roger de Coverley's house in the 'Spectator.'

At Ombersley, on this occasion, I made the acquaintance of the vicar, the Hon. and Rev. William Talbot, and Mrs Talbot, which led to one of the most valued intimacies of my life, and of whom I shall speak again.

My leave had now expired, and rejoining the regiment at Ballincollig, the remainder of our stay there passed without incident, except that I remember being upset in my dogcart going one day into Cork, and that we lost a young dragoon in the following singular manner, who, one "evening stables," suddenly rushing past the sentry at the barrack gate, ran along the Cork road, and was soon out of sight. Meanwhile a corporal and private, throwing on their pouch-belts and seizing their carbines, were after him in a moment; but having gone some distance in vain, were on their return, when, the moon having meanwhile risen, they caught sight of the fugitive, and immediately gave chase across the fields. In front of him was a low wall, and the party saw him distinctly in the moonlight turn round to look at them as he was in the act of springing over it. But on the other side of this wall there was an abandoned quarry full of water, into which he plunged, and sank to rise no more. His body was brought the next day into barracks, when we learnt that he had arranged to meet a young woman and her friends that same evening, and go with them to America.

There is another individual to whom this episode, if,

as is not, however, likely, he should ever read it in these pages, may recall the circumstance, with which no one is better acquainted, seeing that he was what soldiers call the "comrade" of this ill-starred youth, and his confidant,—for be it known that a certain Charles Bradlaugh, who goes about the country seeking notoriety, and, I am told, even a seat in Parliament, was a private in the 7th "Princess Royal's" Dragoon Guards, under my command, from the 17th December 1850, when he enlisted, and shortly afterwards joined the regiment at Newbridge barracks in Ireland, to the 14th December 1853, when he purchased his discharge. His military career was by no means brilliant, for it very soon appeared that his qualities did not lie in that direction, especially as a horseman, since it was the month of October 1852 ere he could be dismissed the riding-school,—nearly two years! Being so poor a dragoon, and possessing a fair classical education, he was employed for some time in the garrison school at Ballincollig, and subsequently in the orderly-room at Cahir; and if I have given Mr Bradlaugh a place in these regimental reminiscences, it is because, in putting himself before the public, his military antecedents have come to mind, and it is as well to record them.

In January 1853 the Earl of Eglintoun was replaced as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland by the Earl of St Germain; and on the 12th of April following, the 7th Dragoon Guards left Ballincollig for Cahir, a march of only three days. But in taking leave of these quarters, can I forget nice, pretty, gentle Harry, who lived a little way out of



Cork, I think on the Glanmire Road, where, on my opening the garden gate for the first time, she exclaimed, "Oh, Colonel A——, you are the very last person I ought to see." Again and again, however, did I return to that little green gate—and no harm, I trust, came of it; but poor Harry was consumptive, and after my departure, and ere we could settle a trip we had projected to Killarney, I received from her at Cahir a plaintive and touching letter, telling me, to my infinite concern, that she was "very ill," and "preparing," she wrote me, "to die in peace." And die she did, poor girl! very soon after. Such things, I suppose, are all wrong; but while they lasted they were sweet. The recollections they leave behind are tender, and if I relate them, it is because I am writing, not a book of divinity, but of nature,—such, at least, as I have found her; and besides, if in doing so I be to blame, "ask," as that exquisite moralist Sterne says,—“ask my pen. It governs me; I govern not it!”

Cahir I found an odious place; and in truth, with the exception of Dublin, Ireland by no means suited me, for in that country especially one needs those tastes for sport, in which, unluckily, I have always been so deficient. We took over here from our predecessors a pack of hounds, which each regiment had kept in succession, and which, oddly enough, brought about a little tragedy, ending in the death of the only dog I ever possessed, and which indeed I had inherited from Lady Sarah, who had been much attached to it. I had always been particular in the matter of dogs, which in a barrack are often great



nuisances ; and the adjutant coming to me one evening with a report that madness had shown itself in the kennels, I ordered that any dog found loose about the barracks the following morning should be instantly destroyed—when the first, and I believe the only victim, was my poor little Frenchwoman.

## CHAPTER XII.

CHOBHAM—FOUR OAKS—CAHIR—OMBERSLEY COURT—  
 DEATH OF SIR THOMAS BRADFORD—HALF-PAY—  
 LITTLECOTE HOUSE—CHIRK CASTLE—PARIS AND THE  
 QUEEN'S VISIT THERE.

ON the 20th of June, the regiment receiving new standards, one of the old ones was presented to me, which I sent to Lord Sandys; and in the hall of Ombersley it hung, as no doubt it does still, a “pendant” to one of the “Greys’.”

My sister, Barbara Bradford, was married on the 30th of this month in St Peter's Church, Eaton Square, London, to Lieutenant-Colonel Hew Fanshawe, formerly of the 52d Light Infantry, son of Lieutenant-General Fanshawe, C.B., of the Royal Engineers. They have lived for many years at Henley-on-Thames, where, buying some land, they built a house called Friar's Field.

Of course I took an opportunity of going this year to see the camp at Chobham, the original of those military concentrations which upon a more extensive scale have since become permanent at Aldershot, Shorncliffe, and “the Curragh;” nor during all these years had I neglected

any opportunity of endeavouring, but in vain, to bring forward the French system of drill which I had seen at Lunéville in 1846, and of which luckily I had published an account in 1847. I say "luckily," because had I not done so by the advice of poor Ross of the Horse Artillery, killed by the falling of his horse in the barrack-yard of Newcastle-on-Tyne, my claims to the original suggestion of this vast improvement would have stood little chance of acknowledgment. As it is, after long years of useless attempt to obtain a public trial, and notwithstanding that in some partial and imperfect endeavours to show its merits it had been warmly approved, I have had the mortification of seeing this system at last adopted in all its leading principles, at the recommendation and by the superior influence of others, but against whose pretensions I never ceased to remonstrate.

In London this season I made an acquaintance, soon, happily for me, increasing to intimacy and attachment, and creating for me, I may truly declare, a new family, new ties and affections. When it was that I first went to "Four Oaks," in Warwickshire, and about nine miles from Birmingham, I do not exactly remember; but there, surrounded by all the blessings of life, resided Sir William and Lady Hartopp, the youngest of their two sons, and the three unmarried of their six daughters, who have long since followed the example of their sisters, and by each kindly fireside have I for many years found ever a home and an affectionate welcome.

It must have been about this time that I received a letter from Mrs Ainslie, which could not fail to be highly gratifying to me; and we continued to correspond, I may

say, upon affectionate terms, till the end of her life, which took place in London on the 4th of March 1873. I also became once more upon a friendly footing with my brother-in-law, who, notwithstanding his succession to the title and estates on the death of his father in Edinburgh on the 2d of August 1842, had continued to live chiefly in Paris.

The Coventry Club was dissolved, I think, in June this year—really, as I have understood, for very insufficient reason, which I regretted extremely; for although not, as Dr Johnson says, a “clubbable man,” I found this, of which I had been member for some years, very agreeable. There were not, I think, more than 400 members; and in Coventry House, Piccadilly, where it was established, everything was remarkably well done.

We had here the advantage of Lord Glengall’s fine park, where, however, there was never any one at home; and among the houses at which I visited was that of my old companion in the 14th, Massey Dawson, who had an extensive property in Tipperary, called Ballinacorthy. With him I found living worthy old Rofe, who had been time out of mind our paymaster in the 14th, and was about the last of the civilians holding those appointments.

The Vicomte de Chabot invited me also to his place, of which I have forgotten the name—a gentlemanly and interesting person, married to a sister of the Duke of Leinster, at whose house, Carton, I had made his acquaintance. Having served many years in the British army, during which he for some time commanded the 9th Light Dragoons, the Vicomte eventually retired as a lieutenant-general, and returning to France, died in Paris,

I think in 1877, at a very advanced age. He was father to the Comte de Jarnac, sometime French Ambassador in London. Not far from Cahir lived a hospitable and agreeable lady, Mrs Maher, widow of Val Maher, a sportsman well known at Melton in former days. The eldest son of Viscount Gough lived at Rathronan, between Cahir and Clonmel, where I received from him and Mrs Gough a continuance of the same kindness as had been shown to me by the good old Field-marshal in Dublin. Nothing at the time made a greater sensation than the extraordinary attempt of Mr Carden of Burnam, a gentleman of family and position in the county, to carry off Miss Arbuthnot, Mrs Gough's sister, a charming young lady with a considerable fortune. When staying at Rathronan, I have more than once accompanied Miss Arbuthnot to and from church by the road which, on Sunday the 2d July 1854, was the scene of this revival of Irish manners, for which Mr Carden, having been lodged in the prison of Cashel, was tried on the 24th of the same month, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

In this district our general was Major-General Fleming, C.B., an amiable man, who lived at Limerick, where we had a troop, which gave me occasional opportunities of judging of the excellence of the salmon there, the best I ever tasted.

In the course of the summer, I paid frequent visits to Dublin, the oftener that my friend Douglas was there with the 11th Hussars, of which he was then major. Of these trips one was particularly agreeable, spending the day on board Lord Cardigan's yacht, the *Enchantress*,

with Douglas and pleasant Bob Williams, when we fished in the Bay, and explored "Ireland's Eye," a little island recently made famous by the murder there of a lady, Mrs Kirwan, on the 6th of September 1852, in circumstances unusually dramatic, and which, in consequence of the verdict of the jury, and the sentence, caused universal sensation and wonder. Returning to the snug anchorage of Kingstown harbour, our pleasures wound up with an excellent dinner in the yacht.

Being at Ombersley on the 20th September, I made one of a pleasant party—the William-Talbots, and an old "Grey," Lieutenant-Colonel Wyndham, with his wife and daughter—to Sherridge, near Malvern, a quaint old place, belonging to the family of Norbury, who upon this day have an ancient and annual custom of dining upon ducks, which appeared on the table in every variety of preparation. Of Wyndham, many will remember him as one of the handsomest and finest men of his day—King George IV. said, "the handsomest he had ever beheld." Having served with the Scots Greys at Waterloo, and subsequently commanded the regiment—being, moreover, one of the best horsemen in England—he finally left the army, and died holding the situation of "Keeper of the Crown Jewels" in the Tower. Mrs Wyndham and her daughter were subsequently accommodated with apartments in Hampton Court Palace.

At Sherridge also, on the 25th of October following, I assisted at the marriage of one of the Miss Norburys with the Hon. and Rev. T. A. Gifford, whose brother, Lord Gifford, I had known in the "Carabineers," in which regiment also the bride's brother was then serving.



The Arthur-Shirleys were then living at "The Hill," close to Lutterworth, and to them I went about this time, making also my first visit to Lord Cardigan at Deene Park. We went on Shirley's drag, and spent a very pleasant few days there, as often I have done since; but death and disaster have put an end to many of the intimacies of those cheerful times.

On the 28th of November this year, died in Eaton Square, London, General Sir Thomas Bradford, G.C.B., G.C.H., K.T.S., and I went to Angerton for the purpose of seeing him laid in the vault of Hartburne Church, beside my mother, whom he had so dearly loved and tenderly cared for. I had for a long period seen scarcely anything of him, his health having completely broken down some time before his death. He had married, secondly, an amiable and handsome widow in very comfortable circumstances, who has also followed him to the grave, having died abroad. Besides the orders above mentioned, the General had received the Gold Cross with one clasp, for battles and sieges in the Peninsula; and he was colonel of the 4th or "King's Own" Royal Regiment of Foot.

It was, I think, somewhere about this time that a struggle which had been going on, one might say, for years, on the subject of wearing uniform, ended at length in the universal discontinuance of it, except in barracks or on duty,—an innovation I have always regretted. Uniform ought to be the habitual and ordinary dress of an officer. It creates and keeps up not self-respect alone, but the respect of others; it has naturally great attractions for the young man entering the service, while

to the older it has the *prestige* attached to his profession, of which it is the distinctive mark. A boy joins his corps proud in anticipation of his costume; when lo! nowadays, the first thing he hears is, that beyond the barrack wall it is perfectly inadmissible, and that he must be content to subside into the crowd of grooms' "strap-ping-jackets" and soft hats, of "waiters' ties" and the "customary suit of solemn black," by which falling-off the army may rest assured they are socially infinitely the losers. "Fine feathers make fine birds" may be a homely way of putting it, but none the less true for all that. In former days, except for sporting purposes or country exercise, "plain clothes" were never heard of, nor did any one dream of complaining of his uniform, which we wore constantly,—the only way, be it said, of wearing it well and like a soldier. Its appearance not only added immensely to the consequence and liveliness of garrisons and quarters, but maintained a sense of military importance, or *amour propre*, if you like the word better. When Sir Thomas Bradford commanded in Scotland, 1819 to 1825, he never sat down to dinner but in uniform; and I remember that, dining in the same old Dean House with his successor, Major-General the Hon. Sir R. O'Callaghan, on my way to join the Rifle Brigade in 1825, I found the General and his aide-de-camp, who were quite alone, in their red coats, so completely was uniform at that period the customary dress of the service. I may observe, further, that since an officer is now expected to keep pace with the fashions of the day in private costume, his wardrobe and the expenses of it are of course considerably increased.

In March 1854 the 11th Hussars embarked at Dublin for the Crimea, under Major Douglas, of whom I did not fail to take leave, with all my best wishes for that distinction which he there acquired. I was at Rufford for the Liverpool meeting, and saw the race for the cup on the 12th of July; and during my absence in England, the 7th Dragoon Guards having moved to Longford on the 14th of June, and thence on the 21st of July to Dublin, I rejoined them there in the Island Bridge barracks, in which also at the moment were the Northamptonshire Militia, commanded by Colonel Loftus—an excellent corps, in which we made many pleasant acquaintances. The cavalry with us consisted, I think, only of a squadron of the “King’s” Dragoon Guards, and the 3d Dragoon Guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dyson.

My summer and autumn were greatly enlivened by the pleasant society of pretty Kate J——, with whom I made various excursions in this attractive neighbourhood: the Dargle; Bray; the Wicklow mountains, with the “Meeting of the Waters;” Malahide; and others,—all names recalling hours of quiet enjoyment with a companion intelligent and always good-humoured. Poor Kate, having married a gallant Lancer with a title, went to India, and has been long dead, like so many others, alas! but whose memories have left a perfume that never dies.

In the month of September I was again at Ombersley, for the musical festival held in the cathedral of Worcester every third year, alternating with Bristol and Gloucester. We had in the house a small but lively party, of whom I recollect chiefly Earl Talbot, the admiral, afterwards eighteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, and

his two daughters, Ladies Victoria and Constance Talbot, the latter of whom afterwards married William, eighth Marquis of Lothian.

For some little while I had been contemplating a return to half-pay. There was nothing further to be gained by continuing with the regiment. Like most others in my position, I had a large sum of money vested in my commissions, which I could not afford to lose; and thus, having become colonel in the army by the brevet of 28th November 1854, I retired from the "Black Horse," not without sincere regret, on the 8th of December following, having commanded the regiment nearly six years.

At the date of my retirement I happened to be staying with Colonel, now General Hankey, and Lady Emily, near Hungerford, in Berkshire, in which neighbourhood stands Littlecote House, the residence of the Popham family, where, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the estate then belonging to the family of Darrell, that shocking murder was committed which is fully related by Sir Walter Scott in the notes to 'Rokeby.' The place lies low and retired, the house being approached by a fine avenue of elms, upon one of which, in later days, a love-lorn butcher of Hungerford hanged himself. But independently of these tragical associations, Littlecote is, I fancy, one of the most perfect specimens in existence of an English country-house between three and four hundred years ago. The traces of the event I have mentioned were as far as possible removed, I believe, by a General Popham; but the room in which it occurred, and in it a bedstead, are still shown; and in the gallery of pictures hang two portraits—one of "Wild Darrell," as

he was called, the other of the lovely creature whose frailty led to the cruel deed. More than once did I wade through the snow and mud and rain to gaze upon that sweet face, beautifully painted, and upon the proud, ominous features of her desperate lover, who, having been tried for the murder by Sir John Popham, and acquitted, was shortly afterwards, while hunting, killed by a fall from his horse, at a spot still called "Darrell's Stile," when the property came to the Pophams.

Early in January 1855 I went to Worcester, lodging there at the "Star," for a ball and other gaieties, among which, on the 10th, was a concert, Mrs Talbot being one of the performers on the piano, in which she excelled. We had an afternoon party at the Deanery, and after the ball in the public rooms, which was a very good one, I have a recollection of mutton-chops in the kitchen at the "Star," with Lord Ward and Henry Coventry, a rough sort of feeding which I never appreciated; and the old cook, turned out of bed at four in the morning, by no means added to the charm.

On the 17th of January died, at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, of which he was Governor, that fine soldier and highly bred gentleman, General Sir Andrew Bernard, G.C.B., Colonel of the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade, in which corps had been passed all the more active portion of his remarkable military life. He had also for many years held an appointment in the household of his Majesty George IV. Accompanying Lord Sandys from Ombersley to London, where the Baron was going to attend Sir Andrew's funeral, by some carelessness of the railway people, I think at Oxford, we missed the

train, when a "special" one was, however, immediately provided for our use.

In this month also I made one of a pleasant party at Chirk Castle, which, for its antiquity, history, and situation, is certainly among the remarkable residences of England. A drive of about a mile through fine old oaks and fern brings you from the station of Chirk to the Castle, which, commenced in 1011 and finished in 1013, appears to have gone through various hands, and at one time was the property of the Earl of Leicester, to whom it had been given by Queen Elizabeth. Having been purchased from Lord Bletsoe in 1595 by Sir Thomas Myddleton, during the civil wars it was besieged by the army of Cromwell, who destroyed three of the towers; but it was gallantly defended by Sir Thomas Myddleton, to whom King Charles II. afterwards presented £30,000, and offered a peerage, which was declined. The mother of my host—Colonel Myddleton Biddulph, M.P. for Denbighshire, and colonel of the militia—was one of three Miss Myddletons, the surviving representatives of this ancient and distinguished family, who, agreeing to draw lots for their large possessions, the Castle of Chirk fell to her share. The Biddulph family, I believe, is from Herefordshire, my hostess having been a Miss Owen of Wodehouse in Shropshire, and sister to my old companion Billy Owen of the Royal Dragoons.

Of our party, assembled a good deal, if I remember right, for a ball at Wrexham, there were particularly Mr Reynardson and two daughters, of whom the eldest became the wife of John, 6th Earl of Hopetoun—these young ladies added much to our pleasures by their



delightful singing; the Honourable Caroline Wrottesley; one of Mrs Biddulph's sisters; and Mountjoy Martyn, of the 2d Life Guards. It was not weather for excursions, but nevertheless I saw Llangothlin, ten miles from Chirk, once the residence of the "Maids of Llangothlin," and now belonging, as I have said elsewhere, to General Yorke, uncle to the Miss Reynardsons just mentioned; and I likewise made a shorter journey of two miles to Brynkynart, lovely even in winter, and the property of Lord Dungannon.

Once more my own master, I was by no means disposed to remain idle, and the less so that the Crimean war gave me strong hopes of employment in some shape or other. Indeed, ere finally leaving the 7th Dragoon Guards, I had tried earnestly, but in vain, with Lord Hardinge, then at the head of the army, for permission to accept an arrangement kindly and liberally proposed to me by Colonel Scarlett of the 5th Dragoon Guards, which would have met all my wishes; but neither in that case, nor in any of the repeated applications I made for service of any kind, could I succeed, although I had the vexation of seeing others provided for whose superior claims I could not comprehend. I may relate, incidentally, that Lord Hardinge observed the singular and very disagreeable practice of having one of his staff always present at the interviews with him. It will be easily understood that in waiting upon the Commander-in-Chief, one desired to speak to him frankly, and often upon subjects that one wished to be strictly private, which could not be the case in the presence of a third person.



Attending a levee in the very ugly tunic lately introduced into the army, led me to consider the many changes I have seen in our military costume, some of them possibly improvements, in respect to convenience and economy, which, however, though two important questions, need not altogether put aside that of appearance. Before the reign of William IV. we had a great variety of uniforms, which were also, in general, much handsomer. In the infantry especially, many corps had their regimentals richly laced or embroidered, while others were perfectly plain. Uniformity in this respect was very desirable; and although regiments regretted the loss of their silver-lace, the universal adoption of gold for the regular army was wisely ordered. Since those times our military dress has gone through various phases, until at last it has completely changed its character, while almost everything in the shape of distinctions, ornament, or elegance has either been greatly modified or suppressed altogether. The same style runs through the whole service, without any regard to its being appropriate or otherwise to the particular branch or corps. This latest introduction, as usual from the Continent, is in my opinion both unbecoming and inconvenient—for the cavalry particularly so. With overalls or trousers it is very unsightly, and looks well only with tight pantaloons and jack or Hessian boots.

On the 18th of May this year, upon the Horse Guards parade, her Majesty the Queen presented the first Crimean medals to their recipients, the chief feature upon which occasion being the appearance of Lord Cardigan,

who at the moment was the special object of popular ovation.

As usual, I went to Paris, being for a short time the guest of my cousin, Sir Henry Hoare, in the Rue Mont Thabor, where, on the night of my arrival, some one's cook poisoned herself. I saw the beautiful Exhibition in the "Palais de l'Industrie," the first held at Paris; and her Majesty Queen Victoria, with H.R.H. Prince Albert, arriving from England on Saturday the 18th of August, at 7.30 P.M., I witnessed something of the splendid *fêtes* offered to them by their imperial hosts Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie.

Of these, the first I attended was the review in the Champ de Mars, on Friday the 24th of August. The troops, commanded by S.E. le Maréchal Magnan, and amounting to about 40,000 men, were composed as follows:—

The infantry, commanded by General Regnault, comprised: 1 Special division; The Imperial Guard; 3 Divisions of the Line; the Garde de Paris; the Sapeurs Pompiers. The cavalry, under General Körte: 1 Special brigade; 2 Divisions. Artillery, General Auvity: 10 batteries, of which 3 Horse Artillery.

The review began at 4.30 P.M., and the Queen of England, going down the ranks in a carriage, afterwards saw the *défilé* from the "Grand Pavillon" of the "École Militaire." The infantry marched past by divisions and by battalions *en masse*; artillery by batteries at "a walk;" and lastly the cavalry, in close columns of regiments, also at "a walk." The whole looked and moved remarkably well,

the affair ending at seven o'clock. I rode a troop-horse sent by the obliging attention of the "État-Major."

There now occurred certainly the most interesting and impressive circumstance of her Majesty's visit, which is so graphically related, and with so much good feeling, in the 'Moniteur' of the time, that I have copied out the whole of this beautiful passage as follows:—

"La Reine a visité avant hier le tombeau de l'Empereur. Aucune autre de ses visites n'a produit une plus vive impression. Comme la revue s'était prolongée fort tard, Sa Majesté n'était plus attendue à l'Hôtel des Invalides: cependant malgré l'heure avancée elle tenait à s'y rendre. La Reine arriva donc à la tombée de la nuit suivie d'un nombreux État-Major: entourée de nos vétérans de nos anciennes guerres accourrus sur son passage, et elle s'avanca avec un noble recueillement, vers la dernière demeure de celui qui fut l'adversaire le plus constant de l'Angleterre. Quel spectacle! Que de souvenirs avec tous les contrastes qu'ils évoquèrent! Mais, lorsque à la lueur des torches; à l'éclat des uniformes; au chant de l'orgue jouant le 'God save the Queen,' la Reine fut conduite par l'Empereur dans la chapelle où reposent les restes de Napoléon, l'effet fut saisissant et immense: l'émotion profonde, car chacun vint à penser que ce n'était pas le simple hommage au tombeau d'un grand homme, mais une démarche solennelle attestant que les rivalités du passé étaient oubliées et que l'union entre les deux peuples avait là, désormais, sa plus éclatante consécration."—Moniteur, Août 28, 1855.

An affecting and memorable event could scarcely be told in language more appropriate.

On the following night, the 25th, was given by the Emperor and Empress to their illustrious guests, that magnificent entertainment at Versailles, which, I fancy, has never been surpassed, assisted as it was by the peculiar advantages of that unrivalled locality, and which unquestionably had been made the most of. It was really a privilege to have been present on this splendid occasion.

Their Majesties and the Imperial party arriving at ten o'clock, immediately entered the "Salle des Glaces," which never surely could have reflected a more brilliant company: Queen Victoria, conducted by the Emperor; the Empress, by H.R.H. Prince Albert; H.I.H. the Princesse Mathilde, by H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Bavaria; and H.R.H. the Princess Royal of England, by H.I.H. the Prince Napoleon. At half-past ten the ball was opened by the Emperor dancing with the Queen. I must confess to a feeling of disappointment at the appearance of her Majesty's suite, who, in their slovenly tunics and dark trousers, contrasted very unfavourably with the showy uniforms of the French, who, by the way, had just resumed, for Court occasions, the knee-breeches, with shoes and buckles. Prince Albert wore the dress of the Rifle Brigade, which does not add to the liveliness of a ball-room, and I could not help remarking that his Royal Highness seemed, in preference, to occupy himself during the evening rather with Ministers and other dignitaries than with the many charming and lovely women by whom he was surrounded.

If the decorations, the flowers, the illuminations, were all of the most exquisite description and taste, the music

had been equally attended to; and in the "Salle des Glaces," where the dancing took place, four orchestras, under the superintendence of Strauss and Dufresne, completed the charm of this scene of enchantment. Of the grace and unapproachable elegance of the Imperial lady who shed such lustre upon these splendid halls, filled with female charms, arrayed in such toilettes as Paris only can produce, I do not attempt any description. At eleven o'clock the Imperial party went to supper, of which it is needless to sound the praises—afterwards, at I forget what rational hour, returning to Paris.

Major-General Sir Arthur Torrens, K.C.B., British military *attaché* in Paris, an old Sandhurst companion, dying here on the 24th of August, I made an unsuccessful application to succeed him.

On Monday, 27th of August, the Royal visit came to an end, when her Majesty, leaving Paris at 11 A.M., embarked for England at Boulogne the same evening at 11 P.M., her short residence in France having left the most pleasing impression on all classes.

The fall of Sevastopol on the 8th of September brought rather suddenly to a close, although peace was not signed until Sunday, 30th of March 1856, what, in spite of the redeeming, and indeed rarely failing qualities of British courage and endurance, may actually be termed the errors, shortcomings, and disasters of the Crimean war; for assuredly, in the annals of military history, an episode of greater lack of preparation, and mismanagement from beginning to end, will not easily be found.

When that war broke out, the composition of the

British army was, regimentally, and as far as it went, admirable; but reduction had for several years been hard at work, utterly regardless of any consideration but that of economy, if indeed such a short-sighted system can be so called; and in consequence, the cavalry and artillery especially had been cut down almost to shadows, while the military departments, without which no operations can be attempted, or indeed an army exist at all, were wellnigh extinct. For some time previous to the war, certain changes in the administration of the service had been mooted, some of which about this period had even come into operation, when also the civil element began to acquire that influence in military affairs which has since so materially increased. Lord Hardinge commanded at the Horse Guards, whose career had been conspicuous in many parts of the world; but it cannot, I think, be conceded that the arrangements for the Crimean service were made with ability or judgment. Nearly forty years had been added to the age of those who had fought under "the Duke" at Waterloo, and the officers in the higher commands were most of them too old, though probably, as a Commander-in-Chief, it was natural to have selected Lord Raglan, who in truth seems to have played the delicate and often disagreeable part of a general of an allied force at least with prudence and tact. The arrangements for the cavalry, in particular, were bad; for if, to make up the paltry strength of two thousand horses, it was necessary as usual to resort to the objectionable system of volunteering, the sending out the mere skeletons of so many regiments, with their headquarters, was ineffective, and led to many inconveniences; while the



selection for the superior commands gave rise to disagreeables, and even embarrassment.

After my return to England I went for a week to an old friend, Colonel Griffiths, formerly of the "Queen's Bays," and now commanding the cavalry depot at Maidstone, where I witnessed as extraordinary and incomprehensible a humbug as can be imagined. A certain Madame Isabelle, a Frenchwoman, had actually been engaged for three months, at a salary of £40 a-month, to teach the British cavalry how, first to break their horses, and then to ride them ! I saw the so-called "system" of this absurd impostor, who, it was said, had come to London with recommendations from St Petersburg, which would have been in the highest degree ludicrous had one not been too angry with such folly. The dragoons riding quadrilles, with bows of ribbon on their breasts ! a young horse brought into the school with a drum ! and a variety of silly tricks not worth recollecting. The lady herself was never once seen on a horse, and an animal sent by Lord Hardinge to be trained, went back, I fancy, as wise as it came. The annoyance of my friend Griffiths, himself a very neat horseman, who was obliged to give up everything to this woman's vagaries, may be imagined. She went away at the expiration of her engagement, and of course nothing more was ever heard of her or her "system ;" but what can be said for those who countenanced such absurdity ?

At Maidstone I found as second in command my old friend Balders, and Lady Katherine, who gave me a pleasant dinner, and a long talk of other days.

One of the merriest parties I remember, was met this winter at Glavering Hall, in Suffolk, occupied for the

time by Mountjoy Martyn. Among the guests were Sir David and Lady Cunynghame, with their two girls; the Beresford Lowthers; Mrs Fitzgerald and her beautiful and amiable daughter, who married Colonel Steele of the Guards, and died so early (Miss Fitzgerald's shoes used to be shown in the window of the maker in London); Arthur Shirley, and others. We had a pretty dance one evening in the house, at which appeared a lovely Mrs Bond, wife of a clergyman in the neighbourhood. How is it that so many pretty women go into the Church?

Martyn had been all his life in the 2d Life Guards, which he commanded for some time before leaving the army on the 8th of March 1864. He had long been known in a certain world in London, where he had a house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, in which he gave extremely good dinners, music, and other entertainments. Having married early a handsome, accomplished, and agreeable young lady, they had nevertheless been long separated. He was a pleasant, good-natured little man, with much refined, cultivated taste, and, before an accident in shooting to one of his eyes, and the loss of his figure, had been very nice-looking. He died, January 24, 1874; but his luxurious hospitalities will not soon be forgotten by the many who enjoyed them.

It was this winter also, 1855-56, that I went down to Cocken Hall, Durham, belonging, as well as Duxbury Park, in Lancashire, to Mr Standish. The place is between three and four miles from the station of Fence Houses, and was formerly a convent, of which one of the original bells is still used for the welcome summons to

breakfast, dinner, &c. Through the pretty grounds runs the river Wear, upon whose banks, opposite Cocken, are the ruins of Finchall Priory, belonging to the Chapter of Durham. Mrs Standish, my hostess, a tall handsome woman, sister to Mrs Mountjoy Martyn, of whom I have spoken, was as dark as her sister was fair. Her three daughters—now Lady Tollemache-Sinclair, Mrs Charles Paulet, and Mrs Berkley Lucy—were all then in their unmarried youth, and their only brother was a cornet in the 7th Hussars at York, with whom I stayed a day or two on my return south. Here I found staying Miss Brandling, the “beautiful Fanny,” so celebrated in her day, who afterwards married Colonel Armitage. Cocken was the last, indeed I may say the only house, in which I remember supper being regularly served; and very sociable it was. I think I did not see my friendly host again, who died 9th of July 1856.

About three miles from Cocken stands Lumley Castle, a grand place, belonging to the Scarborough family, and well repaying the wintry walk I took to it. Even now I can remember the effect of the huge pile frowning grimly through the deepening twilight upon the bare and desolate landscape around.

On the 25th of April 1856, a naval review was held at Portsmouth in presence of the Queen, being, I think, the first of these displays, and a very fine sight it was. There was a squadron of sailing-vessels and one under steam, the beautiful appearance of the former being very conspicuous: the steamers smoked along in a kind of sullen grandeur. The operations were directed by Admiral Sir George Seymour.

In the summer of this year a most audacious robbery and murder were committed in broad daylight, in Parliament Street, Westminster, by an individual who, being instantly captured, proved to be the soldier Marlay, formerly of the 7th Dragoon Guards, already spoken of as having deserted in Ireland, and who had always been suspected of being implicated in those robberies in the regiment of which I have made mention. After his trial, which did not take place for many months, and his condemnation to death, it occurred to me, that in his present circumstances Marlay might be disposed to give some information on the subject; and I made an ineffectual application to the Home Under Secretary of State, Mr Waddington, for permission to see him in Newgate. Meanwhile, the man himself had expressed a desire to see me, and I received a communication to that effect from the governor of the prison, which unluckily reached me too late, for on going to Newgate, Marlay, I found, had been executed the day before, being the 15th December 1856. I was shown, however, the confession he had left, in which he declared himself to have been engaged in all those robberies, including my own, at Brighton; and disclosing, moreover, that two non-commissioned officers, who prior to my joining the corps had been tried by court-martial and convicted of embezzling public money, were entirely innocent, the money in question having been stolen by himself and his associates. This circumstance, of course, I instantly communicated to the officer commanding the 7th Dragoon Guards, when every possible reparation was made to these two men. Marlay was well born—a tall handsome man, a capital

horseman, and in every respect a smart dragoon ; but he was, I believe, one of the greatest villains who ever lived. I think he was the first individual executed with the new apparatus, whatever that may be.

On the 26th of June 1857, the Queen presented the Victoria Cross, lately instituted, to the first recipients of this distinction, at a review in Hyde Park, which I attended.

I had for some time discovered that, in consequence of a certain "warrant," by which I required a further service of nineteen months on full pay to entitle me to the rank of an effective general officer, it was absolutely necessary to make up this deficiency ; and after several attempted arrangements, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, then Commanding in Chief, offered, on my repaying the "difference," to replace me in my old corps, the 14th "King's" Light Dragoons, still in India, where the Sepoy Mutiny had lately broken out. Much as I detested that country, where my health also had a good deal suffered, and although my appointment was shackled by very unusual conditions, which, as it happened, materially compromised my position in India, the peculiarity of my circumstances determined me at once to accept this offer ; and I was accordingly gazetted lieutenant-colonel of the 14th on the 25th August 1857, proceeding without delay to my destination, and taking with me regrets, and the recollection of one parting in particular, on the 5th of September, so distressing, that one can only wonder at the resolution which supports one through scenes so agonising. On the point of leaving England my servant William Stretford, who for sixteen years had served me so perfectly, at

length broke down, and compelled me to discharge him at a moment's notice, for drunkenness and insolence. I supplied his place by a man, as usual "highly recommended," of whom more hereafter.

Upon this journey my companions in the train from Calais to Paris, and in the special carriage into which they obligingly invited me, were Mrs Howard and her niece, the former a lady at one time much *en évidence*, handsome, charming, and clever, at whose beautiful Chateau of Beauregard, near Versailles, I have spent many pleasant days. During my short stay in Paris, I had the comfort, all to myself, of Sir Henry and Lady Hoare's pretty apartment in the Rue St Arnaud. On one of the very few days at my disposal, going to St Germain for a farewell dinner at the Pavillon Henri IV., and strolling with a fair companion into the church, she suddenly exclaimed, "Mon ami, je vais faire une prière à Sainte Marie," and throwing herself on the stone floor in front of one of the altars to the Virgin, she lay for some moments as still as the marble image itself. Her eyes, on rejoining me, shone softly through her tears as she whispered, "Je l'ai prié d'avoir toujours soin de toi, et que quoi qu'il advienne, tu ne m'oublies jamais." I am not a Roman Catholic, nor have I any intention of leaving the faith in which I was born; but one cannot, I think, deny that, to female hearts especially, there is something very sweet and touching in this service to the Virgin—something that peculiarly invites to confidence and entreaty. Neither is it possible to live much abroad without feeling more or less the beneficent influence of finding at all times open the doors of the



house of God, which in Protestant communities are either hermetically closed, or to be entered only by means of the inevitable shilling.

Often and often have I found repose and consolation in the quiet and holy calm of a church, where I never failed to see others in search of the same comfort ; and it is to me perfectly incomprehensible the senseless obstinacy with which this privilege is denied in Protestant countries, and for which I have never heard the shadow of a rational excuse. Poor Irma's prayer, spontaneously offered, at the feet of her who represents all that we know of female excellence, was, I felt, a sympathetic and affecting "farewell," which I have never forgotten.

From Paris to Marseilles,—where, embarking in very poor spirits, I could not help being amused, nevertheless, by a conversation between two Englishmen in the boat taking some of us off to the steamer for Alexandria, one of whom was endeavouring to console his friend, who was of our Indian party and much "below par," with detailing, for his benefit, all the amusements he intended to have in Paris, whither he was returning with all possible expedition.

Arrived at Bombay, I lost no time in joining the 14th in their old quarters at Kirkee, having travelled from Bombay with the Commander-in-Chief, Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Somerset, K.C.B., brother to my old commanding officer in the Royal Dragoons, and whom I recollected to have stayed with us at Canterbury in 1832 or 1833 ; and Major-General Sir Hugh Rose, who had come from England by the steamer immediately preceding my own, and who now took command

of the Poona Division of the army. My arrival occasioned a certain embarrassment, for I was senior, I believe, to all the colonels in the Presidency; and the conditions alluded to connected with my exchange to the 14th preventing my going, as I should otherwise have done, to the squadrons of the regiment in the field, at that moment under Colonel Stuart, I was therefore detained at Kirkee, now constituted a separate command, with the rank of brigadier, and to command the whole of the cavalry intended to be there concentrated, comprising, at first, the 3d "Prince of Wales'" Dragoon Guards, still under Colonel Dyson, the headquarters of the 14th, and a regiment of Irregular Horse, which were presently augmented by the 17th Lancers arriving from England under Lieutenant-Colonel Benson, on the 24th and 26th of December 1857, and the 3d Bombay Light Cavalry. The 3d Dragoon Guards and 17th Lancers, however, had to be mounted; and as quickly as this could be done, and the horses to a certain extent trained, they were sent by detachments up the country. The Irregular Horse were removed; a large proportion of the horses of the 3d Light Cavalry were drafted by myself into other corps when the regiment went to Poona; and the headquarters of the 14th proceeding to join the rest of the regiment in the field, the actual strength under my orders was always fluctuating, and never considerable.

The winter of 1857-58 passed pleasantly enough for me—having, moreover, the advantage of the excellent messes of the 3d Dragoon Guards and 17th, with whom I spent many a social evening, while the military opera-

tions kept up of course an excitement. The cantonments had again made great progress since 1846: the trees were everywhere much grown; gardens had increased; fresh buildings sprung up; roads made, and in every respect Kirkee had flourished.

The Government of Bombay was at this time held by Lord Elphinstone, of whom I remember to have seen nothing whatever; and with the Commander-in-Chief I certainly had no reason to be pleased, for, from whatever cause, he showed any but friendly inclinations.

It seemed that in India I was fated to be unlucky in my stable, for my old acquaintance Mr Raiker, now the excellent riding-master of the 14th, came down one morning with my best charger, which had just cost me £150, and broke his knees all to pieces. I have already given my opinion of Arab horses. I began also to have trouble with my servant, by name Simpson, who eventually proved to be a drunken vagabond, of which some signs began now to appear.

On the morning of the 4th of June 1856, a young corporal of the 17th Lancers was found to have shot himself with his pistol, having written on the wall above his bed, "I do this for love." There are two axioms commonly received in which I cannot agree: one, that all suicides are committed under the influence of "temporary insanity"—the other, that "no man dies for love;" and I believe that this poor lancer destroyed himself simply because, being separated from all he loved and valued in the world, life had become intolerable to him.

In this same month of June, being the height of the rainy season, when all ordinary locomotion is suspended,

I received an order to proceed to Jhansi, one of the most unhealthy stations of Central India, and distant from Kirkee about 670 miles, there to take command, in succession to Colonel Stuart of the 14th, of what they called here a brigade, but which in fact was a small division, comprising troops of all arms, when of course I made the necessary preparations for this journey.

Returning one evening from mess, I saw lying on the matting of my sitting-room a good-sized snake, which disgusting and dangerous reptiles are common enough here, though one does not often see them ; but in the rains they not unfrequently crawl into the houses. This one, as I approached, glided off, as they generally do ; and if you have nothing ready to kill them with, the best course is to remain quiet and call for the servants, who are always at hand, otherwise the snake crawls away, and you cannot be certain where it goes to. This reminds me of an extremely unpleasant adventure which years before, at Kirkee, had befallen Captain Scott of the 4th Light Dragoons, who, going one night to bathe, discovered a large cobra coiled up in a corner of the bath-room. Calling out for the servants, he managed, by some awkwardness, to upset the lamp, and thus remained in total darkness, and undressed, shut up with this horrid brute, and not daring to move, until the servants, alarmed by his cries, came in and destroyed it.

The last duty I performed before leaving Kirkee, was that of attending, on the 13th of July at Poona, where he was on the staff, the funeral of Lieutenant-Colonel Morris, of the 17th Lancers, whose charger I bought on the spot, after it had followed its gallant master to the

grave. It was a dismal but a striking sight that funeral, on a horrible day; and I have never forgotten the effect of the squadron of Lancers dashing through the mist and the rain and the mud on their return to Kirkee. Mrs Morris, who was present on the occasion, was one of the daughters of Colonel Taylor, my old commanding officer at St John's Wood.

I set out on this long and solitary journey, of which the greater part by far was to be made in a bullock-cart, with a pretty large establishment, although I had been compelled to leave behind one of my best horses sick. In it was included a palanquin, that most useful article of an Indian travelling equipment,—all of which, in charge of an orderly dragoon of the 14th, preceded me to Ahmednugger, about seventy-five miles, whither I followed in a phaeton and pair of horses, dining on the road with Lieutenant-Colonel Tapp, commanding the Poona Horse at Seroor, about forty miles from Kirkee. At Ahmednugger, where I spent the Christmas Day of 1845 with the 14th on our march to Bengal, my journey really commenced, and went on for nearly three months, during which I not only suffered the discomforts, fatigues, and delays occasioned by the abominable weather, the miserable roads, and the disturbed state of the country, but I was detained for three weeks by illness at Mhow, uncertain whether I should be able to proceed, and where, in truth, but for the kind hospitality of Sir John Michell, the general in command there, and the friendly attentions of his aide-de-camp Captain Elrington, things would in all probability have ended badly; as it was, my death had actually been reported at the Horse Guards. A squad-

ron of the 17th Lancers was at Mhow, under Major Sir William Gordon, Bart., with whom was Assistant-Surgeon Clery, whom I had known at Kirkee, and by whose care I now benefited until well enough to make a fresh start, one of my first stages being Indore, where Mr, now Sir John Hamilton, Bart., was still Resident, and who welcomed me very kindly. Here I found it expedient to flog my Portuguese cook for drunkenness, which, it appears, the scoundrel never forgave, and would now and then throw out dark hints of vengeance. He gave me, however, no further trouble.

Those only who are acquainted with Indian travelling, and above all in a bullock-cart, can appreciate what I endured throughout this detestable journey. The almost incessant jolting of the cart, never going above two miles an hour, which at times was so violent that by advice of the doctor I was obliged to tie a handkerchief tightly round the stomach; the drenching rain; the hideous, lifeless, dreary landscape; the oppressive silence; and at the end of the daily stage the dismal, vault-like travellers' bungalow, as these resting-places are called, and which, little inviting as they are, are always welcome,—where you find, at any rate, shelter in the bare blue walls, a stretcher, a few chairs, and a starved fowl waiting to be killed for dinner. Such was my existence for many weeks, varied by still more serious embarrassment.

In the very height of the Mutiny, the whole country, as may be imagined, was in the greatest degree unsafe; and several times was I in imminent danger of falling into the hands of the rebels, from whom I escaped only by making sudden and forced marches, sometimes at



night. The weak native escorts with which I was furnished could never be entirely depended on; for in case of emergency one could not tell how they might behave, neither could one place confidence in any information given by the country people. The interior of my cart was fitted up something after the fashion of a ship's cabin, wherein I lay at length, reading, rhyming, thinking, and sleeping away the lingering hours. My little library consisted of Shakespeare, Byron, Lockhart's 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' and Chambers's 'English Literature.' One day my orderly told me that we had been followed for a considerable distance by a tiger, who seemed to have taken a particular fancy to one of my horses, occasionally showing himself among the brushwood or jungle that skirted the road. The horse was dreadfully alarmed, but at length the tiger thought better of it and disappeared.

So things went on until, one fearful night, my bullock-cart breaking down, as indeed I had long expected it would, my whole array, including a small escort of the 1st Bombay Lancers, were compelled to remain for many hours in a kind of "nullah" or water-course, in perfect darkness, and in torrents of rain, until in the morning assistance could be obtained from the next stage,—a town, I think, called Sepree, and luckily not far off.

The unfortunate destruction of my papers, as will be seen in due course, prevents my detailing circumstantially other incidents of my journey: my spending a night with an infantry detachment escorting treasure, where I was joined by the riding-master of a native cavalry regiment, whose name I am sorry to have forgotten; my

meeting with a movable column, under Colonel Smith, 3d Dragoon Guards, with which were the 8th Hussars, who kindly entertained me; my joining company with Lieutenant-Colonel Owen, 3d Bombay Light Cavalry; and other breaks in my solitary course. But at length, sometime in October, I reached Jhansi, and assumed my command. I began by living in a kind of Mahometan tomb, the situation of which pleased me, but where I was for some days seriously ill, and subsequently in tents in the general encampment, the troops being all under canvas. Jhansi is acknowledged to be one of the worst stations in India, with a very unhealthy climate, and in an exceedingly uninteresting country: it is, however, a place of considerable importance. The city is large, and has an imposing citadel, lately occupied by the Ranee or Queen, a woman, by all accounts, of remarkable character, — young; attractive in spite of the smallpox; clever and cruel. I have heard that she had grievances, by no means ill-founded, against the British Government, which made her a conspicuous leader in the insurrection. Besides a palace in the city, converted into a military hospital, she possessed what was called her “water-palace,” standing prettily in gardens, with a lake, pleasure-grounds, &c., of which Captain Baigree, Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General, made me a charming water-colour sketch. The Ranee’s escape from Jhansi through the British camp, and her midnight ride of seventy miles to Gwalior, were highly dramatic. She was shot, dressed in man’s clothes, by a soldier of the 8th Hussars, at the battle of Gwalior, on the 17th of June 1858, her sister being also killed on the same occasion;

and it was said that, as an irresistible incentive, she had offered the enjoyment of her charms to every soldier of her guard who should follow her into that battle, having previously held out the same temptation to whoever should bring her the head of Sir Hugh Rose.

In this district I was under the orders of Major-General Sir Robert Napier, now Lord Napier of Magdala : and the force of which I had the immediate command was composed of Captain Lightfoot's battery of Bombay Horse Artillery ; a squadron of the 14th Light Dragoons, under Captain, since Major-General Thompson, C.B. ; the headquarters of the 3d "Bombay" Light Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Owen ; the 3d Bombay European regiment ; two regiments of native infantry ; and a proportion of native engineers.

The rule of the East India Company ceased on the 1st of September 1858, and the proclamation making over the government of India to the Crown was published on the 1st of November following, Lord Canning being the first Viceroy of India,—a wise and beneficial measure which recent events had indeed rendered imperative. However, in the early chapters of our Indian history, it may have been desirable to institute and accept this strange *imperium in imperio*, that period had long passed away, and it was contrary to the dignity of the Crown, as to the interests of that vast empire, to continue such an anomaly any longer. The East India Company had had their day, and a very fair one it had been to them ; but their government was weak and ill understood, their regulations and habits antiquated, and their military system such as could only have originated in a counting-

house. They were, however, splendid paymasters, and their liberality was often misplaced and excessive. It was in truth high time that the sovereignty of India should be in the hands of a sovereign!

I made some military demonstrations through the country, passing Christmas Day 1858 in the field, and, like the rest of the army, I was engaged in pursuit of the rebels, especially of Tantia Topee and Ferozeshah; and notwithstanding that we had not been lucky enough to come into collision with them, we had not the less taken our share of the fatigues of the service; and not the less do I consider the troops under my orders to have been entitled to the Indian medal, which Lord Clyde, to whom the case was referred, was the ungracious cause of our not receiving.

In one of these expeditions in which we had been partially engaged in destroying some dismantled forts, we halted for a day or two at Duttiah, a province of some extent, where the Rajah, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, entertained us as usual with fireworks and an elephant fight—a stupid exhibition, and amusing only from the cowardice of the animals, of whom one in particular persisted in running away in a very laughable manner. I was presented by his Highness with a spear of honour, a sword-hilt, and the skin of a panther.

On the last day of this year died, near Edinburgh, to the sincere regret of all who knew her, my grand-aunt, Lady Gray of Gray and Kinfauns.

Another of these forays to which I have alluded was singular enough. Upon information received, I left Jhansi suddenly one afternoon about 3 P.M., with the

troop of Horse Artillery, a troop of the 14th Light Dragoons, one of the 3d Light Cavalry, and I forget how many companies from each of the native infantry regiments,—making altogether a respectable little force. I had engaged to meet the Civil Commissioner, Major Pinckney, at a point thirty-five miles off; so away we went, until, after a considerable distance gone over, the officer of artillery represented to me that his horses, being young and as yet unused to hard work, it was desirable they should have some rest. The troop also of the 14th, having only come into Jhansi the same morning from a long march, were a little distressed; and not feeling certain how far the infantry would hold out, I consulted their commanding officers, who assuring me they were “all right,” I left the artillery and 14th where they were, to rejoin me in the morning, and proceeded on my way. In a little while, however, to my infinite disgust, the infantry became quite knocked-up; and so, leaving them also to encamp, I continued myself, with the troop of the 3d Light Cavalry, about thirty-five men, all perfectly fresh, and joined the Commissioner at the place appointed, but with my army thus wofully diminished. The next morning, however, all came up in capital order.

Early in 1859, the 14th Light Dragoons being ordered home, I applied to go to England by Calcutta, being far too weak in health to undertake the return journey to Bombay, which application, though recommended by Sir Robert Napier, who was even good enough to allow me to leave Jhansi in anticipation, was nevertheless refused by Lord Clyde, and I obtained this permission eventually in consequence only of a “sick certificate.”

I left Jhansi in a palanquin, my valet Simpson in another, leaving all my heavy baggage to accompany the regiment, who, giving up their horses at Goona, proceeded to Bombay for embarkation. On the road to Cawnpore, during my day's halt at a place whose name I forget, I enjoyed the hospitality of the officers of the 48th Regiment, who moreover, if I recollect right, purchased two of my horses. Reaching Cawnpore in the midst of one of those tremendous dust-storms for which the place is famous, I remained in solitary possession of the travellers' bungalow long enough to be examined by a medical board, who gave me the necessary sanction to proceed to Calcutta, whither I travelled partly by rail, partly by what they call "Palkee dak," being a palanquin on wheels drawn by one horse. At Cawnpore, I left for sale my last remaining horse, the grey which had been so damaged at Kirkee, and which I had never mounted: he fetched, notwithstanding, £100—as did likewise the horse, a nice bay, that I had been obliged to leave behind at Kirkee.

The road to Calcutta was by no means without danger, for Lieutenant-Colonel Mackenzie of the Staff, whom I met on the way, was attacked, immediately after we parted company, by some Bheels, who fired upon him, and from whom he escaped with some difficulty.

In Calcutta, or rather in the neighbourhood, I remained a fortnight, pleasantly housed and entertained at the pretty villa of Mr Doyne. Of Calcutta itself I saw little, and anything like the heat I had not yet experienced,—the "punkah" going all night long, and I confess to beginning the day always with a tumbler



of iced brandy-and-water, without which I should really have been puzzled to leave my bed. In spite of this, however, I am inclined to think Calcutta the most liveable place in India, with the greatest amount of resources and capabilities; and now, on the point of leaving the country for the third time, my experience has been quite enough to confirm me in the opinion, that in every sense—moral, social, and physical—it is a miserable one to live in. No man of education, refinement, or taste could ever, I think, reconcile himself to an Indian existence; and the advantages of professional advancement or of emolument are dearly earned by the sacrifice of everything that makes life really precious.

Except at the capitals, the few large stations, and within reasonable distance of the coast, where, although always more or less limited, there are of course greater facilities, existence is simply a monotony of idleness, lassitude, and *ennui*, which mental and bodily torpor, be it known, is felt far more severely by the military than by the civil service, whose members, in districts however remote, have always a certain amount of daily occupation to interest and enliven them. The dreadful climate totally upsets all European, and consequently all natural and congenial habits, compelling even such a man as Bishop Heber to confess, that in spite of the best inclinations, it was with the greatest difficulty he could apply himself to work of any kind. A friend of mine used to say there were but two days in the month worth remembering, that of the “arrival of the English mail” and “pay-day,” when certainly the canvas-bags, swelling with jolly rupees, looked very

consoling. The charm of female society, of books, music, of all that elevates and embellishes life, may in general be said to be absolutely wanting. Excepting in certain well-known localities, the aspect of the country is flat, monotonous, and ugly; the trees have none of the rich foliage of Europe; the flowers none of those lovely varieties and exquisite perfumes; while the Indian rivers and streams, instead of clear and sparkling, flow on turbid, muddy, and sullen. To say nothing of the swarms of loathsome and deadly snakes, animals of almost every description are hideous, and insect life is as noxious and tormenting as it is multifarious; nor do any sweet notes come from the birds, who have only the attraction of their plumage. Living and food are everywhere bad, and I know of only one really good fruit, the delicious Bombay Mazagon mango.

Of oriental buildings and architecture, magnificent specimens are to be met with; but the so-called splendour of the East, as I have seen it, consists of quantities of inferior jewels, spoilt usually in the cutting—of tawdry dresses of gaudy and trumpery materials, poor velvets, satins, &c., among which, however, are to be found rich brocades, shawls, and delicate muslins, with an inconceivable amount of rags, beggary, and dirt. The native work in gold and silver is often very elegant, but they are totally ignorant of mathematical principles, and thus their beautiful designs are often spoilt by the inaccuracy of their execution.

The natives of Hindostan for the most part are anything but handsome, and they are ill made; though in Bengal, especially, there are many fine figures, both male

and female, who walk and carry themselves very gracefully. On the whole, I am disposed, in most respects, to give a decided preference to the Presidency of Bengal.

At length came the joyful day of embarkation, and I was off to England, taking a grateful leave of my kind host Mr Doyne.

We touched at Madras, where I did not land; at Ceylon, of whose fine scenery I was able to see something, and where I could not fail to buy a sapphire; and so on to the Red Sea and Aden, going ashore for an evening stroll, enjoyable even on that horrible rock, especially with lively and agreeable Mrs H. B., one of my companions on board.

I used to be considerably astonished, not to say alarmed, by the manner in which a smart little captain of French *Infanterie de la Marine*, who was my opposite neighbour, went through his morning operation of shaving, standing at the door of his cabin, razor in hand, and without the slightest reference to any looking-glass. He continued the whole time talking to any and every body within reach, looking up and down the deck while he operated upon his chin, and with the best effect: it was really curious.

In due time we drew near to Suez, where, on the morning of our making the harbour, my valet Simpson not coming to me as usual, and search being made, he was nowhere to be found, while all that could be ascertained respecting him was, that in the night one of the ship's quartermasters had observed "something go over-board," which he "believed to have been a man;" and to add to this mysterious catastrophe, this same quarter-

master, as he was heaving the lead going into Suez harbour, fell into the sea, and I saw him disappear under my cabin window, dragged down, it was supposed, by a shark. This man Simpson was a worthless drunkard, but his loss in such a manner was painful, and to me, at the moment, a serious inconvenience. On examining his effects, as was necessary, it turned out that he had made away with almost all his clothes, and possessed scarcely anything.

From Suez, the railway being now open to Cairo, the detestable vans had disappeared, and the desert had become a very simple affair. At Cairo I engaged a Maltese, who proved a miserable creature, to accompany me to England, whither I was making my way in a very shattered condition.

Leaving Alexandria, as I find by my passport, on or about the 1st of June, in the steamer Ripon for Malta, I there quite broke down. Sir John Pennefather, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, showed me every kindness; and here also I found, as paymaster of "the Buffs," Captain Macgill, my old quartermaster in the 7th Dragoon Guards, who was very obliging, and saw me off in the French steamer for Marseilles, where, landing on the 14th of June, I went at once to Paris, and for some days to charming Beauregard. I reached London, to be again seriously ill, and for some time in the hands of my good friend Cutler, by whose care I was enabled in August to go into Wiltshire, to my relations, Sir Henry and Lady Hoare, at their fine place, Stourhead.

On the 3d September, having a pressing occasion for going to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, on arriving at Ports-

mouth, the steamers for the day having made their last passage, there was nothing for it but an open boat, which, the weather being extremely rough, I found it no easy matter to procure. At length two men agreed to take me across, and hastening back for my portmanteau to the well-known and exceedingly dirty "George," I found, to my extreme vexation, on returning to the jetty, that my boatmen had deserted. After some further trouble, I persuaded two others to risk the passage, which in truth proved as disagreeable as violent wind, heavy rain, and a tremendous sea could make it. The little boat, however, held bravely on; and although in ordinary times a wretched sailor, I was not in the least ill, so completely was my mind occupied with the grand and stormy scene through which we were slowly making our way to Ryde, and in the anticipation of all that I knew to be waiting for me there. In about an hour, I think, we reached the pier, where, on such a day and at an hour so late, not a soul could be expected; so, leaving my portmanteau, I soon sent for it from the "Pier" hotel, which I have always found very comfortable quarters.

On my way back to London I stayed a day or two at Southsea, where for the time were living at Blenheim Cottage my old friends Sir David and Lady Cunynghame. The Baronet was nephew to the George Cunynghame of whom some account has been given in the earlier pages of these memoirs, and from his Indian experiences in the 13th Light Dragoons, was well known as "Bangalore." He subsequently left the army as a captain in the 12th Royal Lancers, and married one of the amiable and handsome daughters of General the Honourable Robert Meade.

Having sold his estate of Malshanger, in Hampshire, he bought, and for some years lived at, pretty, quiet Wellesbourne, in Warwickshire, where, as indeed at their various residences, I had long enjoyed their pleasant hospitality. Lady Cunynghame died at Spa 10th of June 1864; and Sir David, making a second marriage, followed her on the 12th of November 1869, being succeeded by his only son Edward, since also dead. Of his two daughters I shall speak again.

Meanwhile the 14th Light Dragoons having, as I related, given up their horses at Goona, and being at Bombay ready to embark for England, were suddenly countermanded, in consequence of disaffection among the newly raised regiments of European cavalry, and being remounted, were sent back to Kirkee. The history of the proposed transfer of the East India Company's army to the Crown, and the unfortunate line taken by the Queen's Government, will be remembered.

During this detention of the regiment at Kirkee, the following unhappy episode took place: When, in the latter part of 1857, I had taken command of the headquarters in those cantonments, I found, in the situation of mess-sergeant, a certain Sergeant H., a man of superior, one might say gentlemanlike appearance and address, intelligent and well educated, all which qualities had unluckily given him more importance than was becoming his position. It seems that being somewhere "on leave," Sergeant H. had made the acquaintance of and married a young lady, for such I was assured she was by birth, as unquestionably she was by education and manners, and of remarkable personal attractions. We had a cornet of



the name of B., who, during the prolonged stay of the corps at Kirkee, established an acquaintance with the lady, more intimate, at any rate, than pleased her husband, who, going one morning to Mr B.'s bungalow, began by reproaching him with his conduct, and then producing a pair of pistols, insisted on his fighting him "then and there." To this the cornet decidedly objected, on the score of their relative positions, when the sergeant declared that if he persisted in refusing him "satisfaction" he would shoot him on the spot, and the officer still objecting, he fired and wounded Mr B. severely. For this assault Sergeant H. was tried, convicted, and imprisoned, I think, for a year in Bombay jail, when he was discharged from the regiment, Mr B. also leaving soon after.

## CHAPTER XIII.

RETURN OF 14TH LIGHT DRAGOONS—STOURHEAD—VISIT  
TO FRENCH RELATIVES—45 HANS PLACE, LONDON—  
THE PYRENEES—FIGHT BETWEEN KING AND HEENAN  
—WANDERINGS.

THIS winter, 1859-60, the "Volunteer Movement," as it was called, came into existence, slowly and under great difficulties; and foremost among those who, from the very outset, showed a zeal and energy defying all obstacles, was undoubtedly Lord Ranelagh, whose honest and indefatigable activity I had at this time many opportunities of appreciating. To him and to Lord Elcho—their commissions being both dated 30th January 1860—is most certainly due the origin of the "Volunteer force," now classed among the military establishment of Great Britain; and I have long been surprised that no recognition of their services has ever been made, being, as it ought to be, a question wholly unconnected with party politics.

In 1860 the 14th, like all the regiments of Light Dragoons, were converted into Hussars; but although it was no doubt wise, considering the small numbers of the British cavalry, to simplify their organisation, it may be questioned, since all the distinctive attributes of the

Hussar had been suppressed, whether it would not have been better rather to have made the whole into the original Light Dragoon. The regiment at length returned to England in June this year; two months after which, on the 28th of August, being second lieutenant-colonel, I was placed upon half-pay, not, however, without having completed the full-pay service I required.

On the 18th of July I lost a kind friend by the sudden death of Lord Sandys.

In August I made a second visit to the noble woods, the lakes, and gardens of Stourhead, where the house also is of corresponding dimensions and appearance; and whence, going one day to Salisbury and strolling about the cathedral, I was startled by the sight of a gravestone bearing the name of Jane Paget Ainslie, whom I subsequently ascertained to have been the relict of Philip Ainslie, Esq., and daughter of T. H. and Jane Medlycott, who died March 30, 1839, aged 70 years.

Now this Philip Ainslie, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, was one of two brothers, natural sons of my grandfather Sir Philip, and had married, on the 22d of May 1794, this lady, whose father, Thomas Hutching, Esq., M.P. for Milbourne Port, had assumed in 1765 the name of Medlycott. His eldest son, William Coles Medlycott, of Von House, Somersetshire, M.P. for Milbourne Port, was created a baronet 3d of October 1808. This barrister and his brother were not, I fancy, the only indirect relations left by Sir Philip, who had been always a distinguished admirer of the ladies; who, I am inclined to believe, had a good deal to say to the disappearance of his estates in Scotland.

Not the least of the attractions at Stourhead is the pretty church ; and now, while here, I bethought me of those several French relatives of whom I had often heard, but had never seen, and whose acquaintance I had every desire to make : so with this purpose, crossing the Channel, I began with the Chateau de Cangé, near Tours, the residence of Maurice Cottier, who had married my cousin Eugénie de Monbrison. Of this delightful place, and of the frequent visits I have since made there, I shall speak more fully by-and-by ; but among the pleasant days I spent upon this occasion, I may mention the 25th of August, when I made a trip to Saumur, where is the cavalry school of instruction, commanded at that period by General the Comte Bruno, there to see a very pretty *carrousel* in presence of the inspecting general, Feray, whom I had previously known in Paris. The uniforms of the French cavalry were then handsome and elegant, and contrasted well with the old-fashioned and picturesque costumes of the officers of the establishment, in their cocked-hats worn *en bataille*, long boots, and their horses decorated with ribbons, making altogether a brilliant display. The French will never make a nation of horsemen, but these affairs of the *manège* they certainly get up extremely well.

Thence to Bordeaux, at the capital Hotel de France—a city which, though wanting in population and liveliness, pleases me greatly : its general appearance is handsome and aristocratic, and after Paris, the living there is probably the best in France. The cathedral, built, it is said, by the English, in which Richard II. of England was christened, and Louis XIII. married to Anne of Austria ;

the large theatre, a beautiful building of its kind, unique in Europe, and in which the representations are excellent, and other localities,—are remarkable; while to an Englishman the reflection that during full 300 years, from 1152 to 1453, Bordeaux and the whole of this fine province of Guyenne belonged to England, together with its associations with the Black Prince, who so long held his Court here, and of whose residence, I am told, traces may yet be found, cannot but give it a peculiar interest. I felt, moreover, a personal connection with Bordeaux, from the fact already mentioned, of my great-grandfather having resided here many years, and purchased in the neighbourhood a villa called Tolance, and the estate of Durfour in the Medoc.

Twelve miles from Valence d'Agen, a station between Bordeaux and Montauban, in the department of Tarn and Garonne, stands the Chateau de Monbrison, belonging to my cousin Philippe de Monbrison, whither I was now bound. The country is very pleasant, in great part covered with vineyards; and the house I found picturesquely crowning a steep ravine, immediately opposite and about a mile from the Chateau de St Rocque, the property of Georges de Monbrison, brother to Philippe, and since, as I am told, beautifully restored by him: at the time of my visit nothing, I think, had actually been commenced.

At Monbrison I occupied a room the furniture of which was embroidered with the ciphers of De Monbrison and Ainslie; and here I became acquainted with Monsieur de Monbrison, father of Philippe, and his mother—the former one of the most distinguished-looking and agreeable

men of his day, and an old officer of the Gardes du Corps of King Charles X. The Georges de Monbrison also were staying in the house. My host and cousin, Philippe, having attained the rank of captain in the 9th Dragoons—an excellent officer, I am informed, as I know him to be a most amiable man—married a young lady, Mademoiselle Hottinguer, with a large fortune, and not long after left the army and came to live on his property. Time here passed very quickly, and among other excursions we went one day to Moissac, where, in the church of St Trophine, are cloisters from which were taken the original designs for the celebrated scene of the nuns in the opera of “Robert le Diable.” In this neighbourhood beef is a scarce article; but good things are not wanting, and amongst them goose hams must be remembered. With Monbrison it is impossible not to associate some neighbours, Mr and Mrs O’Kelly, two kindly old souls who have been settled on a small property near, for, I believe, almost half a century. Mr O’Kelly had once been in the army.

Leaving Monbrison with the most pleasing recollections, my next stage was the Chateau de Barry, in the neighbourhood and near Clairac, belonging to the Marquis de Poyen, into whose possession it had come by marriage into the family of my relations the De Vivens, the Marquise having been the niece and heiress of the last De Vivens, owner of this property. Here I spent some pleasant days, my relation Madame de Poyen being most amiable and kind, and showing me family portraits, miniatures, and other relics of great interest to me, until it became necessary to return home, leaving my newly



found circle of relations with the most agreeable and grateful impressions.

I was now settled in London, at 45 Hans Place, a house I had taken on lease and furnished, where I was fated to remain for some years; and among the houses hospitably open, let me hasten to mention that of Sir Edward Blakeney, now Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, where, as in Dublin, I ever received from himself and kind pleasant Lady Blakeney a friendly welcome to those sociable dinners which, two days in the week, Sunday being always one, they were so happy to offer to friends who had long known and respected them both. At their plain but excellent table I used to meet old Greaves and his wife, a daughter of General Sir J. Ormsby Vandaleur, who, having been Sir Edward Blakeney's adjutant in the 7th "Royal" Fusiliers, and his military secretary in Ireland, after an intimacy of more than forty years, surviving his old general, died on the 22d of May 1872, a lieutenant-general, and colonel of the 40th Regiment; Forster, another friend of a lifetime, well known throughout the army, in which, having in earlier days served with the Guards in the Peninsula and south of France, he had held high appointments, ending with that of military secretary for many years to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge—now a general, K.H., and colonel of the 81st Regiment; good-hearted, friendly Sir James Jackson—long an intimate of Sir Edward—a Peninsula and Waterloo soldier, who had served also in India and at the Cape, an excellent judge too of a horse, who died 21st December 1871, a general, G.C.B., and colonel of the Carabineers, in which he had served many years and

commanded ; two former aides-de-camp of the General, the Hon. Charles Lindesay, and Conroy, both once in the Guards ; Bob Needham, "the Hon.," formerly major of the 12th Lancers ; and others, whose names I forget, but who rarely failed to join those cheerful parties.

Lady Blakeney died 22d January 1866 ; and Sir Edward, having been made a Field-marshal, followed her on the 2d of August 1868, leaving behind no more perfect specimen of an officer and a gentleman, and, it may be added, of a handsome man.

Succeeding him in the government of Chelsea, came another fine example of the British general of other times ; nor less was his wife remarkable for kindness of heart and distinction of appearance and manner. Sir Alexander and Lady Woodford had filled some of the highest positions in public life, for which they were both eminently qualified. Sir Alexander was a tall, fine-looking man, and preserved his fresh active appearance till the close of an unusually long life. I once had the pleasure of making one of seven generals dining with him and Lady Woodford, in the grand dining-room of the Governor's house, when Sir Alexander was really the youngest of the party. Lady Woodford died 21st April 1870, and Sir Alexander, now a Field-marshal, on the 26th of August following, at the age of eighty-nine.

How I first made the acquaintance of Madame Favart de l'Anglade I cannot remember, nor have I ever known which to believe of the various accounts I have heard of her. She was a French lady, very agreeable, by no means good-looking, but with a fine figure, a little the "worse for the wear." Her house at Kensington, not far

from the turnpike which then existed, stood in a pleasure-ground, and was pretty in its interior ; and there she gave some of the best dinners in London, on Sunday always, and I think also on Wednesday, at which was to be found as good male society as could be desired, though the ladies unhappily were extremely few, and always, I think, foreign. After dinner came whist, of which Madame Favart was very fond ; and the play, I fancy, was high. In the evening also there would frequently appear some of the most distinguished artistes in the musical world, when the music was perfection ; an elegant supper on such occasions winding up the amusements. Madame Favart had also a *palazzo* at Florence. I have long ceased to hear anything of her, but, like many others no doubt, I have lively recollections of her hospitalities.

January 9, 1861, died at Durham, where her husband, a brother of Sir M. White Ridley, Bart., and in the Church, still holds the preferment, my sister Frederica. Born in August 1822, during the visit of King George IV. to Scotland, and while her father, Sir Thomas Bradford, was in command of the forces there, his Majesty graciously offered himself as godfather,—in this case an empty honour ; but had it been a boy, would have been worth a commission in the Guards.

After the lapse of nineteen years, I went down, in the beginning of August this year, to Scotland, travelling by the Cumberland lakes, of which I now thought very differently to what I did when I marched through their country in the spring of 1840. The weather was detestable, the inns everywhere comfortless, and the scenery appeared to me dull without grandeur, and tame without beauty. I

went first to Colonel and Mrs Learmonth at Ratho, not far from Edinburgh; and while there I became acquainted with Major, now Major-General Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., K.C.B., and his charming wife, then living at Craig Park close by. Thence to Douglas's beautiful place, Glenfinart, opposite Greenock, where were Lord and Lady Arthur Lennox, and one of their daughters; Sir George and Lady Jenkinson; Lord and Lady Colville, in their yacht; and the Seton-Kerrs, Mrs Kerr being Douglas's sister, and her husband the vicar of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire. We had also a most engaging niece of our host, Miss Campbell, since married to the Hon. John Lawrence, eldest son of John, first Baron Lawrence; and Andrew Cathcart, an old companion of Douglas in the 11th Hussars, as indeed were Lord Colville and the Baronet I have mentioned. After ten most enjoyable days, a lovely route by Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, and Doune, brought me to Stirling, where I slept; and so next day to Perth, and General Robertson's pretty place, Ballathie, on the Tay.

While here, I went one day to Glamis, a splendid place, with magnificent woods, and teeming with historical and romantic associations, while to me naturally it possessed peculiar and mournful interest, for how often had poor Sarah spoken of it? and here also is, I think, the only portrait ever painted of her, and that only as a child in a group. From some lines I wrote at the time, I must have been at Kinfauns on the 30th of August,—another painful and suggestive visit, as may be supposed.

On my way south I made a stage at York, in order to sleep at an ancient inn, the "Old George," said to have

been the house of John of Gaunt, as very possibly it was, —a curious place, with some old coloured glass, and a carved oak chest, evidently of great age; and so the middle of September found me again among the pleasures of Four Oaks.

The conduct of the Government of the United States in the affair of the "Trent" kindled throughout England a very natural indignation and a strong warlike feeling; and an additional force was ordered at once to Canada, including two battalions of the Guards. Having bivouacked in the drawing-room of my friends Captain and Mrs Alleyne, in Oxford Square, we all started on the dark and bitterly cold morning of the 19th of December for the Wellington barracks, to see them march for embarkation at Southampton. It was a striking, but in truth a dismal scene. The quiet muster of the men; the low suppressed murmur that one felt as much as heard around; the painful separations, recalling my own sad experiences in that way; the flaring lights in the windows of the pale, hideous barrack, looking so ghastly in the wintry sky; outside the gates two or three broughams, in which it was easy to imagine the distress and anguish they concealed, and a few cabs,—all made up a depressing picture, not even enlivened by the band, which did not play as the troops moved off, on account of the recent death of H.R.H. the Prince Consort on the 14th of the month. They seemed to be two very fine battalions, and no doubt would have taken their part nobly in whatever might have occurred. By the way, how absurd, undignified, and untrue is the trash apparently so popular about "our American cousins," and of

which none are more sensible than the Americans themselves !

The history of the Alleynes ended unhappily. He had joined the 7th Dragoon Guards at Brighton from an infantry regiment, having unluckily won a considerable sum of money, I think at an Epsom meeting, which, giving him a taste for the "turf," he soon left us, much to our regret, and devoted himself entirely to that pursuit. His luck, of course, did not last long, and then came difficulties and embarrassments of all kinds, which ended in his death by some mental affliction. Mrs Alleyne, a pleasant, kind-hearted woman, tall and handsome, married subsequently a gentleman of my acquaintance; and going one day to the dentist, and taking chloroform prior to some operation, she died under its influence, and was carried home a corpse.

I cannot call to mind in which of the two mayoralties of Alderman Cubitt—1860-61 or 1861-62—I was invited to a dinner at the Mansion House,—a banquet so often described, and which I desired greatly to see. The whole affair seemed to me well and handsomely done, and I was much gratified. The temptation, however, of the time-honoured "loving cup" I declined, after the moustaches and beard of my neighbour at table, Mr Layard, if I remember right. I was pleased to observe that the appearance of the legs of several of the Lord Mayor's servants—and particularly those of the State coachman, I believe he was—spoke well for the good cheer of the establishment, of which these functionaries evidently made the best use,—a very creditable state of gout being the result.



On the 31st January 1862, I made a visit for the first time at Great Barr Hall, a few miles from Four Oaks, and the residence of Sir Francis Scott, Bart., married to a daughter of Sir William Hartopp. Among the party were Lady Egerton of Tatton, and an old acquaintance, Purey Cust, whom I had first met in India, when, being a friend of Colonel Havelock, he came to see us at Kirkee—a pleasant, light-hearted companion, whom, alas! we shall see no more. He had been originally in the Madras Light Cavalry, and latterly held an appointment in the household of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge. Many enjoyable days have I since spent at Barr, but my accomplished host of that time died on the 21st of November 1863.

On the 1st of May this year was opened in London the second Exhibition, which many circumstances rendered much less interesting than that of 1851. My little house in Hans Place being at a corner unluckily in the direct line of communication, during certain hours of the day was almost shaken to pieces, to say nothing of the noise, and the mud with which it was literally covered. My old companion and successor in the 7th Dragoon Guards, Colonel Bentinck, now commanding the 4th “Royal Irish” Dragoon Guards, having invited me to his marriage with Miss Browne, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. the Dean of Lismore, I went for this purpose on the 10th of June to Weybridge, where it was to be celebrated; and it was, I think, the prettiest wedding I had ever seen. We assembled, a small party of relations and friends, at the parsonage—the rector being a cousin of the bride—whose pretty grounds led into the churchyard. The day was

lovely, everything quiet and happy around ; and I could not help thinking how infinitely better are such things in the country than amid the publicity, the bustle, and vulgarity of a town. In the church I suddenly recognised the face of General Charles Bentinck, whom I had last seen in the winter of 1829-30, when we were together in Hanover. He married the Countess Waldeck, still living near Arnheim in Holland ; but the good General, who had served in the "Guards" at Waterloo, has been long dead. After the ceremony, a pleasant luncheon sent us all home in good spirits.

On the 7th of July following, I was promoted to the rank of major-general, and left England immediately afterwards for the Pyrenees by Paris, Toulouse, Bagnères-de-Bigorre, and Cauterets, where I remember particularly two charming excursions—the Pont d'Espagne, and to the Lac de Gaube. On the shores of the latter is a monument to two victims to the risks of these mountain lakes, with their sudden and violent squalls of wind—these being a young Englishman and his wife, Mr and Mrs Patterson, drowned on their wedding-tour. Thence to St Sauveur, where one night we had a magnificent thunder-storm, so grand among the mountains ; and so through the beautiful valley of Les Argèles to Tarbes ; and then Lourdes, with its picturesque castle, now a State prison, and which was one of the last held by the English in this country. The *gardien* made me observe the wood crowning some heights opposite, whence the British troops debouched on their advance from Spain in 1814. The chocolate of Lourdes is said to be remarkably good. Thence to Pau for three days, at the

Hotel de la Poste, where I remember the wine being excellent. In the cemetery here lies poor Johnny Tonge, one of my companions in the 14th, killed in the mountains by the falling of his horse—a very rare occurrence, the animals there being notoriously sure-footed.

Going on to Orthes, I slept in the Duke of Wellington's bed at the inn, a photograph of him hanging in the room. It was but the year before my visit that the landlady of 1814, to whom his Grace afterwards sent the *galanterie* of a silk dress from Toulouse, had retired from business. The present hostess asked me if I "had been in the battle?" a question I thought far from complimentary.

General Foy, the well-known author of a work on the 'Peninsular War,' has a property adjoining the field of the battle of the 27th of February 1814, in which being wounded, he was carried into his own house, a circumstance, if I remember right, recorded on a stone by the roadside. It put one in mind of a similar occurrence in the case of Colonel Gardiner at the battle of Prestonpans, in 1745.

From Orthes by Peyrehorade to Bayonne, the whole of my journey from Bagnères-de-Bigorre, which I had made upon wheels, having been most lovely in itself, and especially interesting from its many associations. The Pyrenees, however, sweet as are their rich valleys and luxurious vegetation, can in no degree, I think, compete with Switzerland and the Salzkammergut, and their incomparable lakes, nor yet with the Tyrol. Living there also is bad, and I can remember but two good hotels,

“ De la Poste ” at Pau, and “ De France ” at Bagnères-de-Bigorre.

Bayonne, where I arrived in the last days of August, I thought far superior in situation and environs to Pau ; and the old town with its arcades is very curious. The cathedral, of the thirteenth century, built by the English ; the citadel, by Vauban ; and a little beyond, in a retired and beautiful spot, the graves of six officers of the Guards, and a seventh, of what regiment I forget, lying where they fell on the night of the sortie in 1814,—are all well worth a visit. Being acquainted with Lord Howden, I had the greater inducement to see the fine house he is building or restoring here, and I stole a delicious pear in the garden while admiring the splendid views. The Nive, the Adour, the Nivelle, what glorious memories do they not awaken ! It is impossible to see them without emotion. One cannot but call to mind, also, associations of much older date, for Bayonne was the last place in France—with the exception of Calais, retaken by the Duc de Guise in 1558, and Dunkerque, sold by Charles II. in 1664—held by the English. The city, after an obstinate resistance, surrendered to the troops of King Charles VII., commanded by the Comte de Dunois, on Saturday the 21st of August 1457—the city of Bordeaux having, by its capitulation on the 25th of June previous, carried with it that of all the other towns of this fine province.

In speaking of the loss of Calais, which so profoundly affected Queen Mary, it is interesting to recall the name of its last representative in the British Parliament : it was Edward Peyton.

Neither can I by any means forget that Spanish girl, the first I had seen, standing in the street at Bayonne as though the whole town belonged to her. The flashing eyes, jet-black glossy hair, elegant figure, and becoming costume, struck me, as we forcibly if not very prettily express it, "all of a heap."

From Bayonne in three-quarters of an hour you are in picturesque, aristocratic Biarritz, the most amusing, and I believe the most elegant, of sea-bathing places, where, after ten pleasant days at the Hotel Gardère, the charm of the Spanish ladies, who come here in considerable numbers, and their peculiar and attractive toilettes, among which that of the Empress of the French was always remarkable for its perfection, decided me to go on to Spain, that I might see these same captivations on their own ground. Travelling, therefore, through an enchanting country by the old historical town of St Jean de Luz, and crossing the Bidassoa by the long bridge of Bèhobie, where I left behind me the *garancé* trousers of the last French sentry, and my passport being *viséed*, I see, at Irun on the 8th of September, the diligence brought me, I think in about five hours, to San Sebastian, where I confess to a certain emotion on passing my first night in Spain, to which unquestionably the splendid eyes of Michaela, one of the two sister landladies of my hotel not a little contributed. They were, in truth, eyes that would "have their way"—black as midnight, of marvellous lustre, and their clear depths unfathomable. In every respect she was indeed a charming creature, Michaela, and with the most engaging manners. What has she done, I wonder, with About's 'Roi des Montagnes,'

which I gave her as a parting lesson in French? I am ashamed to have forgotten the name of her hotel, to which I subsequently returned.

San Sebastian is beautifully situated, and I know nothing of the sort prettier than its bay, formed from the waters of its mighty neighbour, the Bay of Biscay. The views from the surrounding heights in every direction are splendid; and where is there such another cemetery as that in which, far above the dashing waves, rest those gallant British hearts who fell in the siege of 1813? There they lie in sight of the gaudy flag of Spain, which almost floats over those whose valour replaced it on those walls, and with it re-established the independence of the nation—circumstances, of course, long since forgotten and ignored by the Spaniards themselves. I spent an evening here at the theatre, which seemed a very poor affair; and then, still by diligence, to pretty Tolosa for a night, a small town fifteen miles or so from San Sebastian, where the appearance of the chambermaid of the inn coming up an old dusky staircase, her arms laden with clean linen for my benefit, and carrying a lighted candle on her head, made an effect worth remembering. At Tolosa I became already aware that in Spain a certain knowledge of the language is occasionally of absolute necessity, and but for the assistance of a French gentleman at the inn, I should have got on badly enough. The real Spanish chocolate, which I tasted here for the first time before resuming my journey in the morning, did not at all please me. There is, however, always served with the indispensable glass of water, a sugary substance called *azucarilla*, which melts in it at once, and is very nice.



To Pampeluna for a night—finely situated, and commanding splendid views from the Taconera, or principal promenade; and thence by train to Saragossa, sleeping there, and of course bringing from the cathedral of Nuestra Senora del Pilar one of the little gold medallions of the Virgin, which hung to my watch-chain until the link, I suppose, gave way, and, to my infinite concern, I lost it. From Saragossa by train to Barcelona for some days, at Las Cuatro Naciones—a fine city, but with little Spanish character about it. What I remember chiefly are the magnificent promenade of the Rambla, nearly a mile in length; the cathedral, of the fourteenth century; and the great cemetery, with its ranges of streets, in whose side walls are deposited the coffins, each in its separate recess. The flowers in the shops, made up into enormous bouquets, also struck me.

I now took the steamer by Tarragona to Valencia—a passage, I think, of twenty-four hours—where, from the “Graô,” or place of landing, I had a drive of three miles to the city and the “Fonda Francesa,” in which I found the living excellent, a circumstance especially to be noted in Spain, where, if they have often capital materials, they are wofully ignorant in preparing them for use. There is much to be seen and admired in Valencia, whence a beautiful journey through the rich plain of the Huerta, passing by Taliva, Albacete, and Manzanares, to Madrid, for a most interesting fortnight, having, moreover, the good fortune to meet the Lloyd-Wynnes and General Dickson.

Of course I visited everything I cared to see, and like all other travellers, I believe, was particularly delighted

with the magnificent, and in some respects unrivalled, gallery of pictures, the Royal Armoury, and the Royal Stables. The opera also pleased me extremely; but I thought I should not care to sing to a Madrid public, who appeared to me very severe, and even rude. The circumstance, however, which here made the deepest and an indelible impression upon me, was my visit to Toledo.

In company with Mrs Wynne and the General, I started early on the morning of the 25th of September, intending to return to Madrid for dinner, when, having reached our destination, and breakfasted at the "Fonda de Lino," we proceeded to the cathedral, where, for the time, we had agreed to separate. On entering the church, I was at once so overcome with admiration, wonder, and awe, that I instantly determined to remain in Toledo that night, in order to enjoy more at leisure the marvellous spectacle around me. The cathedrals of Pampeluna, Saragossa, and Barcelona, however fine in their way, and differing from those I had seen in other countries, had in no degree prepared me for what I was now beholding in dumb and motionless astonishment; and I may truly say, that for the first time in my life I really saw and felt all the splendour of a cathedral, and for the first time also the Roman Catholic worship appeared to me in all its majesty. The imposing magnitude of the building; its lengthy, solemn, and shadowy aisles; the carved figures on the roof, which seemed to be actually floating slowly to the ground; the few but priceless pictures; the pale, chaste statuary; the almost unbroken silence; the perfume of the incense; the lights gleaming from the altars; the forms here and there of

women prostrate on the marble floor; an occasional priest, darkly robed, and gliding into the obscurity of some distant chapel,—such, as far as I may attempt to describe it, was the scene which riveted me in that glorious temple, until compelled to leave it in the late afternoon. Certainly in no Italian church, beginning with St Peter's, had I ever been similarly affected, so incomparably more imposing is, I think, the Gothic architecture.

Three incidents happened during the morning, which struck me as showing the more severe decorum observed in this country. Mrs Wynne desiring to cross in a particular part of the church, was quietly requested to take another direction. Poor Jerry Dickson, who felt the influence of the locality in another manner, and was comfortably sleeping behind a pillar, was roused by one of the vergers; while in my turn I committed myself by unconsciously taking up a position with my back to the high altar, of which I was civilly reminded.

My friends having abandoned me to my fate, upon leaving the cathedral I for once engaged a *valet de place*, and under his guidance I spent the remainder of the day amid so much that is to be admired in this celebrated old city. The beautiful Alcazar; several churches, among them that of Christo de la Vega, in which the first Spanish Cortes met; the rich cloisters of St Juan de los Reges; the Alcantara bridge over the Tagus, and other Moorish remains. Observing a good many guitars in the shops, my guide told me that Toledo was famous for that sort of music, of which I am very fond; so after dinner at the hotel, he brought three men,

who played most exquisitely to a Prussian gentleman and myself. Nor was this all our amusement of the evening, for, being politely asked by the head-waiter if I had any objection to the servants dancing, in a few minutes we were looking on at an impromptu ball and a variety of pretty dances. Of the dancers, unluckily, I cannot say as much. My companion the Prussian fortunately spoke Spanish, and through him I conveyed a desire to add something in the way of refreshment to the gaieties of the evening; but in a manner really charming and well-bred, the company declined positively anything of the sort, assuring me they had had quite enjoyment enough in dancing. Having no baggage with me, I did not pass a very comfortable night; but it was soon over, and I took the earliest morning train back to Madrid. Under any circumstances, indeed, it is better to sleep at Toledo, for it is a rail of three hours.

Going with Lascelles, of the Embassy, I witnessed a very fine bull-fight, which made upon me the common impression of a brilliant and striking pageant at the commencement, degenerating afterwards into a brutal and disgusting exhibition, which, contrary to the received opinion, I never desire to see again.

So far, I can say nothing of Spanish beauty, though I might be ungallant enough to record a good deal to the contrary. I had no opportunity of "going into society," for which indeed it was not the season; and the women I met generally were anything but attractive, very ill dressed, and in no degree reminded me of my charmers at Biarritz. Of mantillas and fans I saw very few, but plenty of French bonnets, and not probably of the latest

fashion. I remarked that in the streets there was a total absence of the varieties of nondescript hats general among men; so I imagine that even the travelling Britons, of whom, however, there are not many here, conform to the prevailing custom, and wear a "tall hat." People in Madrid appear to me never to go to bed, or there must be relays of them; for at any hour of the night the *Puerta del Sol*, in particular, was always crowded. My hotel, opposite the British Embassy, but which exists, I believe, no longer, and whose name I have forgotten, was comfortable. The wines in Spain are usually good; the *Val de Penas* and *Pacharete*, in particular, I thought delicious. The bread is the finest in Europe; but in the hotels they rarely give you the genuine Spanish bread, which I have sometimes bought in the streets and ate as an excellent cake.

On the 29th of September I lost my friends the Wynnes and the General, who were returning to England, in which direction I soon followed them; and leaving Madrid for the Escorial, about thirty-two miles, and one and a half hours by rail, I spent a long and memorable day amid the marvels of that extraordinary building. Thence railing on by *San Chidrian* to Valladolid, the ancient capital of Spain, I slept there at the execrable "*Fonda de Siglio*." Here are to be seen in perfection the wood-carvings of religious subjects, saints, martyrs, &c., for which this place is noted; and so to Burgos, where other splendours of art were in waiting, especially the cathedral; the "*Cartuga de Miraflores*," containing the superb tomb of Juan II. and Isabella of Castille, erected by their daughter Isabella; and the

tomb of "the Cid" in the convent of San Pedro de Cardena.

The cathedral, of the thirteenth century, although it did not impress me with the same religious awe and solemnity as that of Toledo, is surprisingly beautiful, and is perhaps more elaborate and profusely decorated. Here, I think, is a figure of our Saviour, covered, it is said, with human skin. While wandering about in delighted admiration, a gentleman in plain clothes, leaving a party he was accompanying, came up to me, and introducing himself as the aide-de-camp of the general officer commanding in Burgos, obligingly offered to be of any use to me, saying that he had himself spent some time in England; which incident I mention the more readily that it was the only instance of civility I met with in Spain, where I found people inclined to be neither amiable nor polite, while the general ignorance and conceit were pitiable. I could not determine whether they most disliked the French or the English—probably the latter, as we had done so much for them. The hotel at Burgos, "Fonda del Norte," I think, was so bad, and the living in particular so detestable, that my three days there wellnigh starved me, to the great despair of the very obliging landlord and his wife.

Hence to San Sebastian by diligence, passing Vittoria, where the total ignorance of the people with respect to the battle of the 21st June 1813 was surprising. Uncomfortable as was the carriage, the rattle and rush of the eight, or indeed I believe ten mules, at full gallop, the jingling of their harness, enlivened with a profusion of showy tassels, and the shouts of the driver, all which



have been often described, were amusing and animating. My passport being once more *viséed* at Irun on the 5th of October, I soon found myself again under the roof of Michaela and the flashes of her dangerous eyes; and my little *tournée* in Spain being thus ended, I felt that, if it had been of greater interest than any of my former travels, my enjoyment had been sorely damped by the really painful drawbacks I had met with: the total want, even on the most frequented routes and in large cities, of the most ordinary requirements of comfort or decency, the degrading filthiness, and the abominable food. Except in the Basque provinces, and during part of the way between Valencia and Madrid, the scenery I passed through was monotonous, and plain to ugliness: it is in the towns and buildings only that you find beauty, and there indeed is plenty to admire.

Of the Spanish troops I thought little as to their appearance, though at Pampeluna, Saragossa, and Barcelona were some cavalry well dressed and equipped. I have not, however, forgotten a cuirassier I saw at Madrid, with his bare hands thrust through the tops of his gauntlets. The uniforms are not elegant, and in particular, the artillery and infantry wore a very unsightly head-dress. The *gendarmerie*, I think they were, had a quaint old-fashioned costume, brown, I believe, in colour, which looked well.

Sleeping a night or two at Bordeaux, I spent also one at a very bad inn at Angoulême, a place which has a certain interest for me, in that the chateau and property of the Comte de Montalembert, who married my grand-aunt Jeanne, is in the neighbourhood; and here she died

in 1790. Hence to Cangé, arriving for the Tours races, and for a remarkable exhibition of pears, a fruit for which France has a special reputation; and here they were of every kind, quality, and size.

It is always with increased pleasure that I find myself at this charming place, situated in what is justly called the "Garden of France," and abounding in historical and romantic localities within such easy distance. The chateau of Cangé is of great antiquity, standing beautifully upon an eminence immediately above the small river Cher, and commanding a lovely and panoramic view, with the cathedral of Tours rising in the distance about three miles away. Embosomed in woods and vineyards—these last producing, be it said, a very agreeable light wine—and in the midst of pleasure-grounds and gardens admirably kept, the chateau, which has been restored and enlarged by its present possessor, is of very picturesque and genuine appearance, as in truth is imperative in this land of undoubted originality in such buildings. It was purchased, with the lands surrounding, in the year 1489 by Jean de Coningham, or Conyngham, a Scotchman, who, coming to France as captain of the Guard of King Charles VII., remained in command of the Scottish Archers of the Guard under Charles VIII. and Louis XI., and was killed in defending the door of the last-named monarch's apartment in a disturbance at Liège—another of the many instances of the devotion of the Scotch soldiers to the sovereign whom they served.

Cangé remained in the family of Conyngham about two hundred years, and descending through several proprietors, was purchased in 1856 by Maurice Cottier, who

married the same year my cousin, Mademoiselle Eugénie de Monbrison. Its neighbourhood, as I have said, is full of interest: Loches, with its many terrible recollections, and in a little chapel there by itself the tomb of sweet Agnes Sorel, who died near Jumièges on the Seine on the 9th of February 1450; princely Chambord, where died Marshal Saxe; Azay le Rideau; Chenonceau; Blois; Amboise; Chaumont on the Loire, belonging to the Prince de Broglie, the residence once of Catherine de Medicis, and the scene of Alfred de Vigny's romance of 'Cinq Mars;' and so many others, to say nothing of Tours itself, with its fine bridge over the pleasant Loire, its handsome modern streets, and boulevards, the cathedral, and its labyrinth of ancient and curious streets and houses.

From Cangé I returned to Hans Place, and on the 30th October went to "Four Oaks," meeting there the Lloyd-Wynnes and Lords Wrottesley and Henley. I never meet any of the Wrottesleys without remembering, what perhaps they themselves are not aware of—viz., that if what I have read in a book called, I think, 'Vestigia Anglicana,' be correct, they are the only family in England who can trace a direct descent from an ancestor who was one of the original Knights of the Garter.

On the 7th of March 1863, H.R.H. the Princess Alexandra of Denmark made her public entry into London, having come to England to be married to the Prince of Wales, which ceremony took place on the 10th of the same month. The charming appearance of the Princess was the subject of universal admiration, and instantly won all hearts. The procession, as usual in this country, was meagre, the crowd immense.

On what day it was in the month of June I forget, that I made one of the guests at a party, the only one of the kind I have seen in England, and which I record as well for its novelty as its pleasures. It was given at Barnes Elms, a pretty villa near London,—which, by the way, seems at one time to have belonged to Sir Henry Hugh Hoare, Bart.,—our entertainers being the following ladies: Mesdames Meredyth, Austen, Forster, Broadwood, D'Arey, Tilbury *née* Lydia Thompson, and Miss Reynolds the actress, so well known and admired. There were no other ladies, and probably from thirty to forty gentlemen. I went and returned upon Lord Londesborough's drag, with an agreeable party, of whom I recollect "the Squire," De Burgh, being one. It was a lovely day, which passed only too quickly, thanks to the amiable attentions of our hostesses, who gave us a delicious breakfast, served only by nice-looking, neatly-dressed young women.

The 8th of August saw me at Eastwood, in the lovely vale of Berkeley, with Sir George and Lady Jenkinson. The Baronet, an old hussar, as I have mentioned elsewhere, is the tenth holder of this title, the only one left of those belonging to the earldom of Liverpool, which expired on the demise of Charles Cecil Cope, third earl, half-brother to the Lord Liverpool whose long and remarkable Premiership makes so prominent a figure in history. He inherited Eastwood and the neighbouring property of Hawkesbury, whither we drove one day, from an uncle, and is the actual representative of the Jenkinsons, Earls of Liverpool. The house of Eastwood, built by Sir George, is large, in a beautiful situation, and having in particular a delightful conservatory. Besides her personal

attractions and amiable qualities, Lady Jenkinson is an exquisite pianiste.

Leaving these pleasant quarters for the Continent, I found myself travelling with Lady Strangways, whose husband, killed in the Crimea, I had known as Lieutenant-Colonel Strangways, commanding the Horse Artillery in Dublin in 1851: an amiable man and a good soldier—having, moreover, served in the “Rocket” troop at Leipsic in 1813, and subsequently at Waterloo. My first stage upon this trip was Ghent, at the Hotel de la Poste, on the Place d’Armes.

This little kingdom of Belgium, with its historical recollections and monuments, its battle-fields, churches, *hotels de ville*, pictures, &c., has been so thoroughly “done” over and over again, that it would indeed be difficult to break any fresh ground.

Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Liège, Brussels, are almost as familiar to us as Brighton; nevertheless one always revisits them with pleasure. My impression of the Belgians, however, is not equally agreeable, for I found them rude, grasping, vulgar, and in general, speaking detestable French. I was making my way to Spa by Brussels, finding there my friends the Cunyngghames, whose hospitalities as usual were kindly offered; and so to pretty Spa for a few days, at the Hotel d’York; and then Aix-la-Chapelle, where the sight of the “Grand Monarque” at once recalled the trials and events of more than thirty years before. My next stage was the old “Breidenbacher Hof” at Düsseldorf, with its many sad and tender memories of those never to meet again in these cherished scenes. Changed all! dispersed or dead! The lovely

countess, the noble prince, the pleasant, kindly military and other friends, whom I had such cause to remember with gratitude, and yet warmer feelings, had many of them disappeared for ever, or various circumstances had dispersed them far and wide; and thus, after a day or two given to painful reflections, and to revisiting localities of so much interest to me, I turned my back upon these shadows of the past, and took the Rhine to Rotterdam, diverging thence to the Hague, at the excellent Hotel Paulez.

Here I fell in with Alberic Willoughby, who kindly took home for me two small pictures I bought with his approval; for in such matters, as in many others, he was a capital judge,—witness the pretty cottage near the bridge at Richmond, where I have spent many a pleasant hour, and in which, as Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, my kindly entertainer died at a comparatively early age, on the 26th of August 1870.

A small number of friends, we went down usually on Sunday; loitered about the garden, admiring the flowers; in the house, the choice collection of Dutch pictures especially; the china, and other objects of beauty and value. In the poultry-yard were the rare fowls to be seen; and we generally finished with an enjoyable drive in Richmond Park on the well-appointed drag, before sitting down to an undeniable French dinner. He had many refined tastes, poor Willoughby! and excelled in various things, besides being a kind-hearted man, and in his way an agreeable companion.

While on the subject of Sunday dinners, can I forget those which for many years I have enjoyed at pleasant,



comfortable Mulgrave House, at Fulham, belonging to Lord Ranelagh, a friend of very long standing? There, in the bright summer afternoons, escaping from the dull, silent, monotonous streets, we idled about the garden, skimmed the Sunday papers, or chatted under the trees on the pretty lawn; or strolled with the ladies, of whom there was always an attractive sprinkling, into the adjoining grounds of Hurlingham. Croquet, too, that most stupid of games, was then in fashion, and made an additional amusement for those who liked it. In the winter, cheerful gossip round the fire, music, or some indoor occupation, soon brought the hour of dinner,—I think half-past six,—always an excellent one, plain, and with such vegetables from the garden as are seldom equalled. Champagne *à discrétion* during dinner, but no sitting afterwards, which made one of the greatest charms of the meeting—kind, unpretending, genuine hospitality!

This digression, however, has taken me a long way from the Hague, whence I journeyed to Amsterdam, there to spend an amusing fortnight with my relations the De Bruyns, who have an excellent house on the Herrengracht. Madame de Bruyn, *née* de Monbrison, is my cousin; and very agreeable they made my visit, during which, besides the usual sights of this curious city, I came in for the “Kermass,” an ancient festivity, taking place in September, but since abolished on account of its supposed immorality, which, however, did not strike me as extraordinary.

Immediately on my return to Hans Place, I attended the funeral of my cousin, Lady Margaret Stuart, who had died on the 16th of September, and is buried in the cemetery of Kensal Green.

Much as I dislike all exhibitions of the kind, nevertheless, upon the principle of "seeing everything," and the rather that such affairs were happily going out of fashion, I resolved to attend the battle that was to take place on the 10th of December between the prize-fighters King and Heenan, which promised to be about the last of any consequence that would happen. Gladly accepting an invitation to join company with two friends, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley and Mr Borthwick, editor of the 'Morning Post,' and meeting at the rooms of the latter at I forget what uncomfortable hour, we proceeded in a cab to as near the Waterloo station, I think, as the crowd already assembled would allow, when, getting out, we struggled as best we could through the mob, until, after considerable difficulty, we reached the interior of the station. This same progress, if by no means agreeable, was really curious. I had been cautioned to leave behind my watch, and to take nothing in my pockets, but to carry the price of my ticket, I forget how many sovereigns, in my glove,—excellent advice, for on plunging into the crowd, I soon found myself quietly but most thoroughly searched by the hands of a succession of individuals, who passed me on from one party to another, until at length, inside the station, and the money paid, there was no difficulty in finding seats in the train, where, in total darkness and ignorance of our destination, we remained for a considerable time, when at last, making a start, we were landed in due time somewhere, I understood, in Kent.

Never have I beheld, or shall I forget, the scene which now presented itself in the early light of a beautiful

morning in that fair landscape, green and smiling even in the depth of winter. From the train, amid a sprinkling of apparent gentility and respectability, there rushed a tide of everything that can be conceived ignoble and revolting in the shape of humanity, and far beyond my powers of description. At races, fairs, monster meetings, and suchlike, may be seen various types of ruffianism; but for the maximum of vile degradation, commend me to the company at a prize-fight. The sweet face of the country, at that hour perfectly still, was absolutely disfigured by the appearance of these miscreants, who straggled along to the place of contest, which was not settled without difficulty, and more than one adjournment, when there commenced the preliminary arrangements of ring, stakes, &c.

Slouching along among the crowd, I had observed two huge ungainly individuals, wrapped in long coats, who, I was told, were the heroes of the day.

The ring being formed, an additional ten shillings were supposed to give our party the privilege of "reserved seats," with the luxury of some straw: but this proved to be mere illusion; and during the performance we had our full share of all the spare kicks, shoves, &c., that were going pretty freely in all directions.

The two champions, giants in size, and hideous with their closely cropped hair and pale faces, now stood up to fight; and here I had expected, at any rate in the early stage of the business, a certain display of attitude, sparring, and science, but there was nothing of the sort. These two brutes stood facing each other, motionless, with their hands down, and only from time to time, as there

seemed an opportunity, one or the other would deliver a tremendous blow with more or less effect; then came a kind of "rally," and the "round," as they call it, was over, each, as best he could, making for the knee of his "second:" all this going on amid a perfect storm of oaths, execrations, and language impossible, luckily, to repeat. While looking on, confounded with the brutal uproar, to my horror and indignation I beheld a young woman, with a child in her arms, watching the abominable scene, apparently with considerable interest; but upon my remonstrating with her, she had the decency to withdraw.

At length one of the combatants, Heenan, was knocked down senseless, and a general impression arose that he was killed, when, in the midst of an indescribable tumult, King was proclaimed the victor; and I afterwards saw the wretched Heenan lying on the grass in a dreadful state, and almost alone—the mob, of course, accompanying the conqueror to the train, which delivered us somewhere in the outskirts of London, whence I had a walk home much longer than was agreeable, surrounded by such a crowd as I have attempted to describe, and in whose midst the celebrated Tom Sayers, in a fur cap and yellow waistcoat, made himself conspicuous by his gesticulations and vociferous blackguardism.

Having spent Christmas at Four Oaks, I left these kind friends for the purpose of bringing in the year 1864 at Tatton Park, Cheshire, the residence of Lord and Lady Egerton; but, by an unlucky misapprehension of the intricacies of Bradshaw, my first day's journey took me actually no farther than Birmingham, nine miles,

where I was obliged to sleep, so that I arrived a day after my time, in a storm of snow, and half frozen, no vehicle but a dog-cart being procurable at the station. The party I found at Tatton was large, and among them H.R.H. the Comte de Paris, and my old friend Lady Gomme, and Sir William, a General of well-known distinction, and a gentleman of the good old sort.

On the 14th of February died my poor cousin Louisa Stuart, and again I went to the house in Park Street for the purpose of accompanying her—as scarcely six months before I had done her sister Margaret—to the Kensal Green cemetery.

From the 4th of April, when he made his public entry into London, until the 7th, we were favoured with the presence of Garibaldi, who came as the guest of the Duke of Sutherland; and anything more discreditable than this same “entry” has rarely been seen among us.

In this month also was celebrated at Stratford-on-Avon the Tercentenary anniversary of the Shakespearian festival, when the worthy vicar, formerly an officer in the 12th Royal Lancers, but now the Rev. Granville Granville, kindly invited not only myself, but also any friend of mine of Shakespearian proclivities, to stay with him during the gaieties, which were to continue from the 23d to the 29th of the month. Accordingly, in company with Sir William Fraser, I went down to join as numerous a party as the hospitable vicarage could accommodate, among whom was Dr Wordsworth, Bishop of St Andrews, who had just published a book called ‘Shakespeare and the Bible.’ The same evening of our assembly, we all, in our impatience, adjourned immediately

after dinner to the beautiful old church, where, by lamp and candle light, we visited, with almost religious interest, the resting-place of Shakespeare and his family. The dusky building, imperfectly shown by the gleams thrown fitfully here and there; the mysterious shadows; the monuments; the suppressed tone of our conversation, turning, as may be imagined, almost entirely upon the immortal mortality which slept beneath our feet,—made up, in its way, a scene striking enough.

We spent a very enjoyable week, entertained in a variety of ways, including a banquet, at which my companion Sir William returned thanks for the toast of the "Poets of Great Britain," and myself for that of "the Army;" a ball; theatricals, for which the performers had come from London; and what was far more impressive and remarkable, two services in the church,—the sermons being preached in the morning by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, Trench; and in the afternoon by the Bishop of St Andrews. It seemed strange that in a church we should be listening to praises and subjects comparatively unconnected with Him in whose house we were; but it is probable that, "take him for all in all," Shakespeare, as a mind, has been the "masterpiece" of that divine Creator—and if any name deserve to be thus exalted, it is surely his.

I walked one day to Alveston, where was living Sir Robert Hamilton, whom I had last seen in India at Indore, on my wretched journey from Kirkee to Jhansi in 1858.

Stratford-on-Avon, with its neighbourhood, has been visited by innumerable strangers from all parts of the



civilised world, and has been the theme of countless descriptions, of which people generally will, I think, agree with me, that the most charming is by Washington Irving in the 'Sketch - Book,' said to have been written in the little parlour of the Red Horse, in which the chair of the delightful writer, bearing a brass plate, which has not been able to save it from the ravages of destructive visitors, is always at the public service. It would be absurd, therefore, to attempt anything more here beyond a record of my personal gratification on finding myself, and in circumstances so agreeable, in the midst of these celebrated scenes, in themselves so attractive, in their character genuine English, and of which the very air seems to breathe poetry, history, and romance. That great spirit pervades, and as it were sanctifies, the whole neighbourhood, and the mind is at once elevated and refined by a consciousness of its presence.

On the 2d of July this year, 1864, at the Roman Catholic Chapel in Farm Street, London, was received into the Church of Rome, by the Rev. Father Gallway, S. J., by the name of Ignatia, my sister Mary Anne, Baroness Gray of Gray and Kinfauns.

I had never seen the Italian lakes, for which I left England this summer, dining at Dover with Temple Bowdoin, formerly of the 4th Dragoon Guards, an amiable man, who, with his wife, had a pleasant house in London, and whose tragical death caused general surprise. My passport being *viséed* in Paris on the 25th of July, I went on to sleep at Troyes, a curious old town, with its streets of wooden houses, and where, in 1420, in the

Church of St Jean, King Henry V. of England was married to the Princess Katherine, daughter of Charles VI of France and Isabelan de Bavière. Thence to Basle and Zurich, at the excellent Hotel du Lac, where otherwise there is, I think, little temptation to remain; and Lucerne for some days, at the Swan, during which, among other excursions on this splendid lake, certainly in point of grand scenery the finest in Switzerland, I made the ascent of Mont Pilate, in company with Colonel and Lady Henrietta Ogilvie. It was a delightful expedition. We took the steamer to Standstadt, whence Lady Henrietta and I rode, the Colonel preferring his own legs. We slept at one of the two hotels on the summit of the mountain, which is 1000 feet higher than the Righi, returning in the same manner the next day, enchanted with the marvellous beauties we had seen.

From Lucerne to lovely Brünnen, at the other end of the lake, for a day or two; and so by Flüelen, Altdorf, and the Pont du Diable, to Hospenthal, where I slept; St Gothard, Ariolo, Faido, and Bellinzona, to Mogadino on the Lago Maggiore. During this exquisite journey the sensations of enjoyment were beyond description; and there were in truth moments when, excited by the delicious purity of the air, and overpowered by the imposing splendour of the scenery, I felt, while the carriage seemed to be plunging into the void as we rapidly descended the various turns in the road, each offering some new and ravishing view, that I could have thrown myself into space, to disappear for ever in the bosom of scenes whose beauty may never be told, far less exaggerated.

I can quite understand any effect possible of such a country upon the senses and the imagination, and now, for the first time, could I appreciate Lord Byron's "Manfred."

I saw, I believe, all the most popular beauties of the Lakes Maggiore, Como, and Lugano, staying on the former chiefly at Baveno, opposite the Borromean Islands; at the Villa d'Este, Bellaggio, and Cadenabbia, on the Lago de Como; and at Lugano, on the lake of that name,—with all which renowned localities, and the scenery of this country in general, I confess to having been disappointed; nor do I think it in any degree to be compared with the superior grandeur, vegetation, and colouring of Switzerland.

Taking rail at Como, in something under two hours I was at Milan, in the comfortable Hotel de la Ville, where, going through the usual "sight-seeing," what has almost exclusively remained in my memory is the divine melody of the music I listened to one day at High Mass in the cathedral, in an ecstasy of admiration. The theatre of La Scala at this time was closed. If I remember right, the hairdressers of Milan have a reputation for guitar-playing.

To vary my amusements I paid a visit to the Italian army, of which a *corps d'armée* was assembled, under Lieutenant-General Hansicarte, Duc de Mignano, whose headquarters were at Gallarate, close to the "Heath of Somma," about thirteen miles from Milan, or an hour and a half's rail. I likewise settled myself at Gallarate, where the Duke was very civil, paying me a visit with all his staff, and inviting me to an agreeable and excel-

lent dinner. An officer of the staff, Captain le Comte de Taverna, was also exceedingly kind, and indeed placed himself entirely at my disposal. I don't remember the amount of troops assembled, but they formed two divisions of infantry, of which one at Somma, under Lieutenant-General Cerale; the second at Gallarate, under Lieutenant-General Sistori. There were but two regiments of cavalry quartered at Lonato Pazzuolo, and commanded by Colonel Aribaldi Ghilini; and two brigades of artillery, under Lieutenant-Colonel Rolandi. I did not see the troops manœuvre, but their appearance was not prepossessing, although the material was good. The uniforms were not advantageous, and there was a want of military smartness and *tenue*. The cavalry were well mounted; but a pistol which they carried, with a movable stock, to answer likewise as a carbine, struck me, like all things contrived "a double debt to pay," as a clumsy invention.

From Milan by Magenta—later on the scene of Marshal de MacMahon's victory over the Austrians on the 4th of June 1859—to Turin, a city of which I have no pleasing recollections, and the less so that I was not well there. The Hotel de l'Europe I thought very good; and in the Royal Palace opposite, the "Armoury," with a fine collection of mounted figures, is well worth seeing.

From Turin in the diligence, and by a splendid route over Mont Cenis to Chambery. At St Michel, magnificently situated among the mountains, I remember that the beautiful and delicious blue trout one finds, though by no means everywhere, in Switzerland, were particularly good. From Chambery to Aix-les-Bains, with its pleasant environs and the Lac de Bourges; and then

Geneva—idling away some days on that seductive lake at the Hotel Byron, so near grim yet lovely Chillon—Lausanne, Thoun, Berne, Neuchatel, and Paris, where, on the 21st of September, I paid a visit to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, for a purpose to be related further on. Thence to England, where, on landing at Dover, I went for a few days to Waldershare Park, belonging to the Earl of Guildford; and so home to Hans Place, and presently afterwards to Four Oaks, there to find Sir William Hartopp confined to his room with a cold. No other guest was expected; and although doubting whether under the circumstances my absence also might not be desirable, I lingered on, and the rather that any proposal for leaving was not listened to for a moment, until on the fifth day, I think, being Sunday the 16th of October, Sir William's illness having suddenly become alarming, he sank under it, and in a most amiable gentleman I lost a kind friend. Sleeping a night in Birmingham, I now went into Wales, to Mr and Mrs Lloyd-Wynne at Coed Coch, near Abergele; but being invited to attend Sir William Hartopp's funeral, I soon left them to join the family party on the 26th of October at Aston Stainville, in Leicestershire, in whose quiet old church, in the midst of a property belonging to the Hartopps, is their family vault. At the ceremony there occurred an incident as follows: I had been asked to bring from Paris three wreaths of immortelles, intended for a painful anniversary in the family which was drawing near; but Sir William's death happening in the meanwhile, these same wreaths, which had been the real object of my visit to Père la Chaise that I have alluded to, were now produced and laid by his two sons, and Lord

Walter Scott his son-in-law, upon their father's coffin. Certainly I shall never again undertake such ill-omened commissions.

On the 28th of March 1865, getting up at five o'clock on a bright frosty morning, I accompanied Lady Scott, and her sisters T., W., and P., in the train to Four Oaks, whither they were going to take a last look together of a place endeared by so many happy recollections, and to enable the three girls to bring away such relics of former days as belonged to them. How well do I remember the whole of this long day, beginning so gaily with smiles and high spirits, but ending, as might be expected, in sorrow and tears! On reaching our destination, Lady Scott went on to Barr; and I, having my own sad reflections, left my companions to their occupations in the house, and took a lonely stroll through the silent shrubberies, now still and glistening with frost, while I thought of the many cheerful, kindly days I had enjoyed in this place. Neither did I forget to pay a visit to a little pet of Sir William, in the shape of a Himalaya oak which I had gone with him to see planted, and which now spoke touchingly to my recollection, looking green and healthy amid the surrounding desolation of winter. When all was ready for our return, and Lady Scott having rejoined us, the girls, with gentle friendship, took from the library table a little marble paper-weight, which they gave me as a souvenir of this pleasing but melancholy day, upon which I caused to be engraved their names and the date. P. also picked up a stone in front of the house for the same purpose. How sweet is it to record such little traits of feeling and affection!



From the 12th to the 15th of May this year, I spent with Major-General Lord William Paulet, at the Government House, Portsmouth, where he was then commanding the Southern District ; and my friends Sir Archibald and Lady Alison being there also on the staff, my visit was particularly pleasant, to which his lordship's comfortable *ménage* and excellent cheer in no small degree contributed. Going to service on Sunday in the garrison chapel, I was much struck with the beauty and arrangements of the interior ; but I should suppose that the effigy of Sir Charles Napier in the cemetery of the chapel is the most hideous monstrosity in stone ever perpetrated. Sir Michael Seymour was then the admiral commanding at Portsmouth, an officer so universally popular and respected, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at dinner at the Alisons', as well as Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable L. Curzon, commanding the 52d Light Infantry, and his wife, both very agreeable. The 1st battalion Rifle Brigade were in garrison here, but I could not bring myself to think they made so fine an appearance as in my time.

This year I went to what in all probability will be my last "Derby," and certainly in the old fashion, of which I have said something.

My old corps, the Royal Dragoons and the 14th Hussars, being together at Aldershot, I took the opportunity of going there for the first time, and spent a very pleasant week between the two regiments,—both in beautiful order, as I saw particularly at a review in presence of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, being mounted by the kindness of my old companion Featherstonhaugh, pay-

master of the 14th. Upon this occasion I found, as upon many similar ones, how little courtesy is shown in England towards officers, no matter what their rank, who may be attending as spectators.

Again to Switzerland, by Paris to Fontainebleau ; Pontarlier, sleeping there at the abominable inn, whose name I forget ; Berne ; Thoun, in whose exquisite churchyard one could linger away a lifetime ; and Interlachen, where first to the "Jung Fraublich," lately opened, and so uncomfortable that I removed to the Hotel Victoria, very good. No wonder that all the world are enchanted with this lovely place and its environs, whose only drawback is the crowd of strangers and tourists, from whom escape is almost impossible. Here, taking the steamer on the lake of Brienz to the "Giesbach," I stayed a week in its charming hotel, with the neat, civil waitresses, in their pretty costumes, velvet bodices, silver chains, and all. It is impossible to exaggerate the attractions of this beautiful spot ; and its magnificent cascade is, I believe, certainly the finest, if not the highest, in Switzerland. The illumination of it at night has an exceedingly pretty effect ; and I used to like especially to watch the preparations, commencing as soon as it was dark, the lanterns carried by the different *employés* gleaming fitfully among the trees far up the mountain.

My return to England was hastened by a desire to be present at the marriage of Miss Hartopp with Lord Edward Clinton. I retraced my steps, therefore, by Paris to Dieppe, for the purpose of seeing my sister and her husband, who were staying there. The place was full and gay, and among others my old friends the Allixes,

with whom Gray and I had a charming dinner on the 12th of August. I had a bedroom at the Hotel Impérial, where one morning took place the following disagreeable affair, which will show the manner in which such matters are viewed on the Continent: While at breakfast at a separate table in the *salle-à-manger*, during the *table d'hôte*, an institution I particularly dislike and never make use of, Lord Gray came in with my sister's little dog and sat down to table with me. By some inadvertence he did not take off his hat; and here I may observe that, besides being naturally one of the most unoffending men in the world, Gray had lived so many years abroad as to be perfectly aware of the ideas of foreigners—very proper ones, by the way—on the subject of hats, especially in the presence of ladies. It was therefore pure forgetfulness upon this occasion which caused him not to remove his, and it did not occur to me to remind him, when a Frenchman with some ladies breakfasting at the *table d'hôte*, after turning round several times towards my table, called out, “Garçon, donnez-moi mon chapeau;” which being done, he put it on, and continued eating his breakfast. In a few moments my brother-in-law, taking off his hat, the Frenchman immediately did the same, and returning it to the *garçon*, desired him to hang it up. The whole thing was extremely awkward, and, had Gray been of a quarrelsome disposition, might have ended seriously.

I got back to London just in time to attend the wedding I have mentioned, which took place on the 22d of August at St George's, Hanover Square: everything quiet, but very pretty and nicely done; and the bride

forgetting her bouquet, gave me the opportunity of following with it, and seeing them off in the train to Quorndon House in Leicestershire. How happy they were, which is, I suppose, nothing extraordinary in such circumstances; but how happy have they continued to be ever since, which is not quite so generally the case! Few, I imagine, go through life so lovingly hand in hand.

I had promised to see them embark at Liverpool, *en route* to join the Rifle Brigade in Canada; so moving northwards by Matlock, where I passed a night, and pretty Rowsley, in Derbyshire, there to visit the Duke of Rutland's fine old hall of Haddon, this last day proved to be one of those one cares particularly to remember: the weather still and warm; the air soft; dusky silent woods, just colouring with the lovely dyes of autumn; a pretty cottage, looking upon a bright and sweet-smelling garden, in which, among the flowers, the bees were humming their drowsy tune; a cat sleeping in the sunshine; and at the window of a room, that I could see was full of dark, ancient furniture, a neat old dame at her work; the stately Hall towering grandly above the whole scene,—all struck me so forcibly, that, although I had sent on my servant and "things" to Buxton, I could not resist asking the old lady whether I could be "put up" for the night. She replied very civilly that in her cottage there was no spare accommodation, and that she was, I think, his Grace's housekeeper. She sent her niece to show me the Hall, whence I strolled about two miles along a pathway through soft green meadows, and in company with a clear gliding stream that promised trout, shady woods, and in profound quiet, to the unpre-

tending and sufficiently good “Rutland Arms” at Bake-well, where I dined, and slept at Buxton the same night.

Fine modern houses in general have no attractions for me, but anything ancient or historical interests me at once. Two other places I remember especially : Compton Wyn-yates in Oxfordshire, not far from Banbury, belonging to the Marquis of Northampton ; and Hardwick, near Chesterfield, to the Duke of Devonshire,—which have both been too often and admirably described, in particular by Howett, for me to say more than to advise every one who has the opportunity to go and see them.

I spent afterwards two pleasant days at Sir Robert, now Lord Gerard’s fine place—Garswood, in Lancashire ; and thence to the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, the Clintons arriving there also the same evening. The following day, being the 16th of September, I saw them on board the steamer Cuba, for Boston, which could not but recall the far different circumstances in which, forty years before, I had made this same voyage to North America, to join also the same regiment. In the present day people think nothing of the ten days’ passage in these fine steamers.

The parting with these dear friends left me very sad, and I forthwith betook me to the consoling hospitalities of Coed Coch, whence on the 21st I went to Croston Hall, in Lancashire, the residence of Randolphus de Trafford, brother to Sir Humphrey, my old companion in the “Royals,” who had married Lady Adelaide Cathcart, daughter of my former general, as amiable, kind, and pleasant a young lady as ever lived. I found her in a pretty and most comfortable home : the house, built by Pugin, is one of his best specimens. Here were the Earl

and Countess Cathcart, the Countess-Dowager and Lady Henrietta Cathcart, whom I had not met since the Edinburgh days ; so that once more I found myself one of the family circle with whom circumstances had formerly so intimately connected me. With what pain do I add that my charming hostess died in early life on the 15th of February 1870 ! The Dowager-Countess Cathcart died 24th June 1872.

On the 28th of the month we all adjourned together to Rufford, whence I continued to Scotland, where, first to the Learmonths at Whitehill, near Edinburgh, meeting there the pleasant Bishop of Moray and Ross, Eden ; Lieutenant-General Sir Maxwell and Lady Wallace ; Lady Tierney ; George Paynter, formerly major of the King's Dragoon Guards, whom I never see without thinking of the " Bonnet " race at Punchestown, years ago when we were quartered in Dublin ; and others. We went one day to the Musselburgh races, and upon another to Dalhousie Castle, where then was living Colonel Ramsay, " the Brigadier," as he was called, an old Indian officer, a friendly man, something of a character, and heir to the earldom of Dalhousie. It was many a day since my last visit there, and I saw with pleasure an excellent portrait of George, the ninth Earl, whom I had known—a most amiable man, as he had been through life a gallant soldier, and a distinguished servant of his country in many high positions. To Melville Castle also, a frightful house, with nothing of a castle about it, and the residence of Viscount Melville, a general officer of reputation, and in every sense a kind-hearted gentleman, who died 2d February 1876. His lordship and my old colonel, Jack



Townsend, were great friends, and very much of the same way of thinking and drinking, as I remember at the mess of the 14th. At dinner one day with Lord Melville at the United Service Club in London, when it had reached the hour of midnight, his lordship suddenly exclaimed, "Why, this is my birthday!" which, I need hardly add, was the signal for beginning, "then and there," a new day with all the honours. Lord Melville had for some time commanded the 83d Regiment, in which my cousin, Colonel Ainslie, had risen to be major; and between them had always existed a kindly regard.

When at Whitehill I dined with an old acquaintance, Lady F. Walker Drummond, at sweet Hawthornden, and revisited with fresh delight the beauties of Roslin Chapel.

While in Edinburgh I took occasion to visit the Ainslie burial-place, in the pretty churchyard of Cramond, adjoining the park of my friend Craigie Halket, with fine trees, and beautiful views over the Firth of Forth,—being also immediately opposite the splendid woods of Donibristle, belonging to my cousin George, fourteenth Earl of Moray, where in the lifetime of my aunt I used to be a good deal. The house of Donibristle was burnt down on the 5th of April 1858, one of the few effects saved being Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of my grandfather, of which I have made mention. Among my recollections of those days is worthy James Taylour, for many years the family coachman, with whom I was a great favourite.

The 12th of October found me at Lennox Castle, twelve miles from Glasgow, and the pleasant habitation of the Hon. Charles and Mrs Hanbury Lennox, where,

among a large party, were the Dowager-Lady Bateman, mother of my host ; the Duke of Montrose ; Colonel and Hon. Mrs Mure of Caldwell, and their niece, afterwards Marchioness of Queensberry, and her sister ; Mr and Mrs Penrith, he an old 4th Light Dragoon, and the lady a sister of my hostess ; Lord Loughborough ; my old friend General Laurenson ; Colonel, now Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart. ; Captain Cunningham, 11th Hussars ; and others. There is from here a pretty excursion of a mile and a half to the Falls of Campsie Glen. A house also, to which we drove one day, belonging to and built by Sir William Edmonstone, Bart., called Duntreath Castle, is a very perfect specimen of the style of ancient Scottish architecture. Going upon another occasion into Glasgow, and visiting the museum of the university, I found a rather smart young lady drawing in one of the silent dusky rooms, when, making some remark upon her solitude, she replied, " Well, indeed, sir, it is not very cheerful sitting all day alone with the mummy ! "

Leaving these comfortable quarters on the 17th, I went on to " ancient Keir," near Stirling, the well-known and beautiful place of my cousin, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., and Lady Anna. The house is more than full of rare and valuable objects of many kinds ; and, as may be supposed from the tastes and habits of its possessor, the library in particular is rich in precious literature, and is a room of singular and elegant character. The views from the windows and the grounds, looking over the windings of the Forth, with Stirling Castle in the distance, are everywhere delightful. I walked one morning to the old cathedral of Dunblane, in which is

the burial-place of the Stirlings, but there were no memorials of the dead.

In the abbey of Cambuskenneth, close to Stirling, is a tomb, simple and in good taste, erected by her present Majesty over the remains of King James III., which, I found, seriously compromised a ballad I had written upon his tragical death, after the battle of Sauchie Burn, on the 18th of June 1483, under the common impression that these remains had never been recovered. It is unlucky for my verses; but *littera scripta manet*. There may still be seen at Beaton's Mill, in which the murder was done, part of the wheel of the cart upon which the unhappy James had been carried from the spot at Burn Miltown where he was thrown from his horse; and history records the names of Lord Gray, and of Stirling of Keir, an ancestor of my host, as being two of the four knights who were observed to follow the king from the field of battle, and were supposed to have taken part in the fatal deed. It was certainly a follower of Lord Gray, named Borthwick, who actually stabbed James to death.

At Keir I met the Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley, of whom I recollect being much surprised, in walking with him one day from the lodge to the house, at the rapidity of his pace, which it was as much as I could conveniently keep up with, and of course put me in mind of the old joke of Dean Swift.

My little run into the north ended with a few days at Hopetoun House, a grand place, where I had not been since, in the time of the late Earl and Countess of Hopetoun, I had visited there in very different circumstances.

John, fifth Earl of Hopetoun, who had served several years in the 7th Hussars, was a remarkably fine, handsome man, kind-hearted and good-natured. He was also well-informed, and amusing when once the ice was broken of a painful shyness, which not even his brother officers in the 7th, with whom he was very popular, had been able to subdue. Among other qualities, of which he never made mention, the Earl was an excellent pistol-shot, of which he gave a signal proof when, being in Paris on one occasion, and sauntering along the Boulevards looking in at the shop windows, a Frenchman, apparently a gentleman, made an offensive remark to him. Lord Hopetoun took no notice, but, crossing the street, continued his walk, and again stopping, the Frenchman, who had followed, repeated the impertinence, to which once more the Earl paid no attention; but on his looking in at a shop window for the third time, the same individual, following behind, spat upon the glass immediately in front of Lord Hopetoun, who thereupon instantly knocked him down, and in the duel which took place the following morning shot him dead on the spot. There is a good portrait of him at Hopetoun, in the uniform of the 7th Hussars. His end was unusually sudden and distressing, being found dead in a cab returning from the House of Lords on the night of the 3d of April 1843. The Countess, a daughter of Lord Macdonald, was a beautiful and charming woman. Their son, my present host, inherited, unluckily, much of his father's shyness. I returned to Hans Place by Angerton and Durham, where my sister Elizabeth Maltby continued to occupy the excellent house, beautifully situated, which had been the residence of her

husband, a son of the late Bishop of Durham, and one of the prebends of the cathedral, as well as rector of Egglesclyffe in Yorkshire.

In one of my visits this year at Deene, Lady Cardigan kindly lending me one of her horses, I rode to the village of Fotheringay, eight miles, and although finding there that the remains of the actual scene of the dismal tragedy of the 18th of February 1587 consisted merely of an insignificant and shapeless mass of masonry, being a fragment only of the original castle, it was at any rate unquestionable that all around me had borne silent witness to the sufferings and cruel fate of poor Mary. Often and often must she have looked with wistful and tearful eyes upon this same landscape, the last upon which they were to rest in this world, and with whose every feature they must have been painfully familiar. Her whole story, brought upon this very spot to an end so terrible, is perhaps the most affecting and romantic that history relates; while, dreadful to add, that, according to Brantome and others, the outrages she had so long endured did not terminate even with her life.

When and by whom the castle was destroyed is very doubtful. By some it is alleged, though upon no authority, that it was pulled down by order of King James I.; but it seems more likely that, falling gradually to decay, the materials were taken for buildings in the neighbourhood.

Fotheringay is a neat, pleasant village, built of the stone peculiar to Northamptonshire. The church, founded about 1200 by Simon St Liz the younger, is a fine one, and contains two remarkable monuments, erected, it is

said, by Queen Elizabeth,—one to Edward, Duke of York, killed at Agincourt, 28th October 1415; the other to Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, father of King Edward IV., killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1459—and Cicely, Duchess of York, daughter of R. Neville, 1st Earl of Westmoreland, wife of the above, died 1495.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## WEST INDIAN COMMAND.

MY constant wishes for employment were at length gratified by an offer of the command in the Windward and Leeward Islands, which, although not very tempting, or congenial to my tastes as a cavalry officer, I did not hesitate to accept, and at once set about disposing of my house and making preparations, in which my brother Henry did not fail to interest himself with his usual generosity. I went also to Paris to take leave of my sister and her husband: the latter I was destined to see no more. Before leaving England, a party of old friends and companions gave me a dinner, I think at the "Thatched House," which then existed—a pleasant kindness which it would be very ungrateful not to acknowledge; and so, again going through some parting scenes which for a time fairly unnerved me, I embarked with my aide-de-camp, Captain Coventry, 15th Regiment, on the 17th of May 1866, for the West Indies, in the fine mail-steamer Shannon—afterwards lost, with her worthy captain, Woolley, in that dreadful storm at St

Thomas in September 1867—my brother Ralph coming to Southampton “to see me off.”

The agonies and distress of separation have been attempted to be described by innumerable writers, both of prose and verse, in every language wherein literature is known; but of all I have read on the subject, nothing, to my notion, so tenderly, graphically, and truthfully realises this surpassing grief as the few eloquent and touching lines, which I cannot resist transcribing, from the ‘*Histoire du Consulat et de l’Empire*,’ by Monsieur Thiers. They are *à propos* to the departure of the Emperor Napoleon for St Helena:—

“Le moment du départ est un moment de trouble qui étourdit le cœur et l’esprit et ne leur permet pas de sentir dans toute leur amertume, les séparations les plus cruelles. C’est lorsque le calme est revenu et qu’on est seul, que la douleur devient poignante, et qu’on apprécie complètement ce qu’on a perdu, ce qu’on a quitté, ce qu’on ne reverra peut-être plus.”

Such emotions, thus beautifully expressed, told in full force upon my mind, as, looking out upon the sweet shores of the “Southampton Water,” I listened to the first throb of the engine, the first rush of the water, whose sounds would cease no more until many hundreds of miles should have left behind the scenes that were now smiling a “farewell”!

We had a quiet voyage, interrupted only by the customary stoppage at the pretty Danish island of St Thomas, as unhealthy, however, as it seemed attractive—at least from shipboard, which, upon this occasion, was all I saw of it. The houses, of many bright colours, climbing up

the green hillsides among the trees, made a charming picture. At this time was living here—and, as we were told, in great luxury as far as female society was concerned, of which he maintained a considerable variety—General Santa Anna, an ex-President or Dictator of Chili, where, in some of the wars, he had lost a leg.

My *début* at Barbadoes was not a happy one. Again, on the point of leaving England, I had been compelled to change my servant; and an Italian whom I had engaged from the Charing Cross Hotel, as usual “strongly recommended,” soon proved to be a poor useless wretch, whom I took the earliest opportunity of sending back to England, replacing him luckily by a very good man named Miller, just discharged from the 16th Regiment. Meanwhile, on landing at Barbadoes, where, for the first week, Captain Coventry and I enjoyed the hospitality of the Governor and Mrs Walker, this miserable Italian, it appeared, had allowed some of my personal baggage, together with the inevitable “keys,” to go on to Demerara, so that it was several days ere, by the return of the steamer, they were recovered. Nor was this by any means the worst, for the cases containing my plate and china had equally gone astray, and did not turn up for several weeks; added to which, my residence—a very pleasant one, by the way, with garden, grounds, &c., and called “Queen’s House”—was to be given up to the Engineer department for repairs, painting, and alterations, requiring four months to complete, during which I lived, uncomfortably enough, in a small detached pavilion.

The 2d battalion of “the Buffs” were here, on the point of embarkation for England, and with them their

paymaster, still my old friend Captain Macgill. They were relieved by the 2d battalion 16th Regiment. Some companies of the 6th Regiment shortly afterwards being removed, this battalion, with a regiment and a half, I think, of West India troops, and a battery of Artillery, composed all the force at my disposal.

I remained in the West Indies exactly three years, in the course of which I visited every island in the command in which there was anything of a military element, and some of them more that once. I went also to Demerara. These trips were made generally in a man-of-war, and I found them an agreeable change. Lieutenant-Colonel Harman, assistant military secretary, joined me by the mail following that which had brought me out; and with him, on the 15th of August 1866, I went, in H.M.S. Constance, Captain Bernard, to St Vincent, being there the guests of Mr Berkeley, the lieutenant-governor. Here I found an old acquaintance, Colonel Hagart, formerly of the 7th Hussars, who has a good property, in which he wisely spends every winter in this pretty island, reputed especially for the beauty of its creeping plants—"Parasytes" I believe is the proper name—and which are in truth lovely.

I had a curiosity to see the bread-fruit trees which had been brought here by Captain Bligh in the *Bounty*; and while returning one day from an inspection of the militia and yeomanry with Captain Bernard, he offered to show them to me. We were riding together through the kind of thick wood—formerly, I believe, botanical gardens—in which these trees had been planted, and close together, when suddenly my companion disappeared,

horse and all, in the deep and tangled underwood ; while, almost at the same moment, the hind-legs of my own animal giving way, I had barely time to dismount, when he recovered himself, and I began to look about for the Captain, whom I presently discovered lying on his back at the bottom of a drain, probably ten feet deep, with his mare beside him. Luckily, he had fallen clear of her, and she lay perfectly still, frightened and perhaps stunned by the fall : had she kicked or struggled, Bernard would have been in a dangerous predicament. I was myself very awkwardly situated—for the ground being quite rotten, and covered with rank vegetation, one could not tell where the next step might take one to ; but a policeman fortunately hearing my calls for assistance, and procuring further aid, both Bernard and the mare were restored to *terra firma*, neither much the worse. It was in truth a very nasty accident.

At this same inspection I took a fancy to a very neat little bay mare belonging to the officer commanding the yeomanry, which I bought ; and the kindness of Captain Hamilton, H.M.S. Sphinx, and the good care of her first lieutenant, my friend Musgrave, brought her in capital order to Barbadoes, where I presently discovered that my new purchase had the very disagreeable fault of shying to a degree I had never before met. The horses in the West Indies are in general very indifferent, and coming chiefly from the United States, nothing can be known of their antecedents. After all, however, they are good enough for what is required of them ; and I managed to get together five respectable animals. I had also a black coachman, old Grant, whose capital driving and

care of my stable would have been appreciated even in England.

On the 6th of September, Harman and I made a second trip in the *Constance* to Antigua, where I made the acquaintance of Sir Benjamin Pine, Governor of the Leeward Islands. Here formerly was a large naval station; and many papers and letters of distinguished officers, including Nelson, are still to be found in the deserted offices at English Harbour. Thence we continued to St Kitts, an extremely pretty island, where we were hospitably lodged and entertained at the Government House by Mr Holligan. At Nevis, only a few hours' sail, during which, by the energy of Captain Bernard, I was enlivened by the uncomfortable operation of "night-quarters," I saw, of course, the entry in the parish register of the marriage of Captain Nelson and Mrs Nesbitt, on the 1st January 1787.

On New-Year's Day 1867, Captain Coventry, who had been more or less ill ever since our arrival in Barbadoes, being recommended change of climate, was enabled, by the kindness of Commodore Richards, commanding the United States frigate *Lancaster*, to accompany him in her to New York.

On the 1st January died, in Paris, my cousin and brother-in-law, John, 16th Baron Gray of Gray and Kinfauns,—as kind-hearted and amiable a man as ever lived, regretted by innumerable friends, for, as was feelingly expressed in one of the newspapers, "every man who knew him was his friend." An only and a dearly loved son, he had never followed any profession,—a great disadvantage to every man, no matter how circumstanced in



life ; for assuredly a profession gives a confidence, an experience, and knowledge of the world, to be acquired in no other way. He was succeeded in the title and estates by his sister Madelina, now Baroness Gray.

Captain Coventry returned on the 5th of May, bringing with him a young lady, whom he had married in New Brunswick ; and on the 7th of the same month I was enabled to recommend him to the Commander-in-Chief for the appointment of assistant military secretary, in place of Lieutenant-Colonel Harman, who, to my great satisfaction, had been promoted by His Royal Highness to succeed Colonel Murray, C.B., as Deputy Adjutant-General from the 1st of April preceding. The vacancy of aide-de-camp I filled up by Lieutenant Donelan, 3d West India Regiment.

Colonel Murray and his family left us for England on the 10th of June. He was a worthy man, and living close to me, I saw a good deal of Mrs Murray and her amiable daughter, which made me the more regret the calamities which befell them after their return to Guernsey, where they lived.

On the 7th of December the admiral on the North American and West India station, my friend Sir Rodney Mundy, K.C.B., paid us a visit in his flag-ship, the Royal Alfred, Captain the Hon. Walter Carpenter, which of course enlivened us a good deal ; and on the 10th, Lieutenant-Colonel Harman went to England, the duties of Deputy Adjutant-General, in his absence, being taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Arbuthnot, Royal Artillery.

January 3, 1868, the officers of the flag-ship gave us a brilliant ball, at which not the least interesting circum-

stance was, that on leaving the ship at night one of the fair dancers slipped into the water, but was recovered, luckily none the worse, by Captain Nicholson, the commander of the Royal Alfred. A representation of this entertainment appeared in due course in the 'Illustrated London News.'

The mail of the 3d of April this year brought accounts of the sudden death of the Earl of Cardigan at Deene Park on the 27th of March previous. My acquaintance with him went back at least five-and-twenty years, throughout which long period I had received much kindness at his hands, and spent many pleasant hours both at Deene and at his house in London. He had many good and kindly qualities, all the best feelings of a gentleman and a soldier, with an appearance and manners in these days far from common.

About this time came to me from the Horse Guards an anonymous letter, sent by the Duke of Cambridge, to whom it had been addressed, not, as his Royal Highness was good enough to tell me, "because he believed a word of its contents" or "desired any explanation," but in order to make me aware that there were evil-disposed persons in my neighbourhood. The letter was a pretty long one, and a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end.

Harman returned to us on the 8th of May, and, like Captain Coventry, a married man. My staff, indeed, seemed fated to matrimony, for during his service as Deputy Adjutant-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Arbuthnot also had found nearer at hand an amiable and attractive young lady, who in due time became his wife. These marriages greatly increased the solitude of my way of life.

In this same month of May, Mr Walker, to my great regret, going to England, the Duke of Buckingham, Minister for the Colonies, sent me what is called a "dormant" commission as Civil Governor of the Windward Islands, of which, however, by the merest accident, I was prevented taking advantage. Major Mundy, Lieutenant-Governor of Grenada, had, it now appeared, a similar commission, but of older date, given to him by the Duke of Newcastle when Colonial Minister, who, throwing up the leave of absence he had just obtained to go to England, came to Barbadoes; and with him I speedily came to a misunderstanding, inasmuch as the Major, in his dignity of acting Governor, declined my invitation to dinner; and as I did not consider him a greater potentate than my friend Mr Walker, with whom I had always been on the kindest terms, I paid him back of course in his own coin. This was a bad start, and other circumstances at a later period occasioned a decided rupture between Government and Queen's Houses.

I had now been in the West Indies quite long enough to have discovered that life in the colonies is generally neither pleasant nor gay; nevertheless, as in almost everything in this world, there were two sides to the question, and my circumstances were not without advantage. At all events, to begin with, I was "doing something"—I was not idling away my time. I was occupying a position which, if not particularly enjoyable, I hoped might one day lead to something better,—in which expectation, though totally disappointed, I notwithstanding always look back upon my West Indian experiences with satisfaction. Society in these islands is certainly neither

elegant nor highly cultivated ; there is little amusement, or even occupation, and my military duties were far from pleasant, involving at the same time no small amount of responsibility. The officers especially, and by no means those of inferior rank only, gave me a great deal of trouble. The Constitution of Barbadoes not giving a seat in council to the officer commanding the troops, I had nothing to do with the civil affairs of the island.

The climate of the West Indies I thought far superior to that of the East, and indeed from November to March is very enjoyable. With common precaution, there is nothing to prevent the duties being done quite as well, or better, by European as by native troops. The moonlight nights are lovely beyond anything of which we have an idea in Europe. Were the accommodation and living better, both being at present miserable, these countries would be a charming winter residence, especially for those who don't mind the seventeen days' voyage to Barbadoes, which, though generally ugly in scenery, is, I believe, the healthiest and most liveable of the islands. Excepting for its climate, which I found feverish, Trinidad seemed to me the most lively and agreeable. I went there with Coventry in the Doris frigate, commanded temporarily, in the absence of Captain Glyn, by her Commander, Molyneux, whom I had known at his father's nice old place, Losely, near Guildford, and was most pleasantly entertained for nine days at the pretty residence of the Governor, the Honourable Arthur Gordon, C.M.G., who, *par parenthèse*, kept one of the two really good tables I met with in the West Indies—the other, as I afterwards found, being that of Sir John Grant in Jamaica. There

is a good deal of Spanish element in Trinidad, formerly St Trinita; a certain intercourse, also, with France; and at one of Mrs Gordon's receptions I saw a fair sprinkling of nice-looking ladies, whose dresses even showed a reflection of Paris. This island is unfortunately swarming with venomous snakes, and others of many varieties, including the boa.

The dreaded and dreadful yellow fever, which, I fancy, is always more or less smouldering in the West Indies, when it does seriously break out, causes a general panic, and is in truth an awful scourge. Such outbreaks happily occur but seldom, and a timely change of air usually prevents their going far. We had a slight commencement in the garrison at Barbadoes, which was checked by an immediate removal; though upon another occasion, at Demerara, a detachment of the 16th Regiment suffered terribly. Instead of making public any threatenings of this kind among the troops, I always, on the contrary, kept them as secret as possible.

The scenery of the West Indies, though beautiful of its kind,—especially the foliage, which is so delicate; the variety of lovely creepers; and the brilliant, though, with rare exceptions, scentless flowers,—is everywhere of the same character, excepting always Barbadoes, and perhaps Antigua, both of which are more or less ugly. The beautiful opalic light upon the sea at Barbadoes often struck me particularly, as did also the extreme fineness and whiteness of the sand, of which I brought home a specimen. Upon such sands one loved to imagine the delicate feet of the ocean fairies dancing their moonlit rounds.

The residence of the commanding Royal Engineer

officer on Carlisle Bay was quite charming, and often used I to go there in the evening to admire the stillness and beauty of the scene. The dark, mysterious trees; the firm silvery sands gleaming in the moonlight; the calm waters of the bay rippling in soft music to the shore; the vessels of many kinds sleeping in profound quiet on their bosom; the fitful sparkle of a light from the distant town; the night air, soft and balmy,—all this enjoyed in sympathetic society, which has left on my mind the most tender and grateful impressions!

One exquisite night in particular—have you forgotten it, I wonder?—when, beneath that pure ethereal vault sparkling with millions and millions of stars, the sweet moon in all her glory throwing her gentle radiance upon the sleeping world around, we wandered about the broad savannah, whereon in black patches lay the still shadows of the trees; no living thing in sight, and the silence so profound that, afraid to break it, we spoke but in whispers! No; such a night is remembered for ever! Disappointed, neglected as I have been, these moments are of heaven, heavenly; and shall I not pour out the overflowings of a grateful heart to those more perfect beings who alone can bestow them?

Among former occupants of Shot Hall—for thus oddly named was the house of which I have been speaking—had been, at a much earlier date, an officer of distinction, whom, as well as his wife, I had known in England, the late Lieutenant-General Sir Felix C. Smith, R.E., K.C.B., who, in addition to his professional reputation, had also acquired that of a duellist, although in point of fact a most good-natured man, whose quarrels seem to have been



much more on account of others than his own. He had once fought in the grounds of this very house, and with an individual of the name of Hall, which gave rise to some mild joke about "shot Hall;" but the most remarkable of his affairs took place, I believe, precisely under the following circumstances:—

During the period of the Army of Occupation in France after the campaign of Waterloo, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, as he then was, dining one day at some restaurant in Paris, observed a young and awkward-looking Englishman eating a solitary dinner, during which he was much annoyed by the conduct of three or four French officers, of whom one, in particular, amused himself and his friends by making up little pellets of bread and flipping them at the young man. This going on for some time, Smith called out very loudly to the *garçon* to bring him some bread, when, upon its arriving, he said, "Oh no, that's not what I want; bring me a *pain entier*," which in France is often of a formidable length. Armed with this weapon, as in truth it might be called, the Colonel now stood up, and with all his strength—he was a tall and very powerful man—threw it in the face of the principal aggressor, observing at the same time, with great politeness, "Sir, I have been watching your amusement at the expense of my young countryman there, and felt desirous of joining in the game. I am a stranger, and if I have been indiscreet, I beg to be excused. There is my card." The French officers, it seems, immediately retired, and nothing more was heard of them. Sir Felix C. Smith died 12th of August 1858. His widow, a tall, fine woman, was afterwards, for some time, on the stage.

Female charms are not very dangerous in the West Indies, where they are to be met with of every colour ; but the Creole women, of a rich golden complexion, are not without considerable attractions and a certain elegance ; they are, moreover, excessively clean in their persons and neat in their dress. The “Dignity balls” among the blacks, of which one has heard and read, have fallen very low. I went to one, however, but my curiosity was not rewarded. Morals are not exactly the strong point here, as some examples may show. Beginning at home, I had in my establishment at Queen’s House a nice-looking Creole as housemaid, who had engaged herself to one of my footmen, a hideous little black wretch, but an excellent servant. A marriage here in that class is a grand affair, and I was considerably astonished on the bridal morning to see, waiting at breakfast as usual, the “happy man,” who had obtained leave for the day, when lo ! it appeared that his *fiancée* had anticipated matters by nine months, and instead of being ready for church, was actually at that moment occupied in producing the result of her frailty. Even at this distance of time, I can never recall without laughing the expression of the bridegroom’s black face, which absolutely quivered with rage, shame, and disappointment. It made no difference, however, in the end ; for as soon as the lady was reported “fit for duty,” they were married, though I think with less *éclat*.

A lady of my acquaintance, speaking one day about the dearness of provisions to one of her female servants, the woman quietly remarked, “ Ah ! indeed, ma’am, it is hard for a poor woman to get on with four children ! ”

She was, of course, unmarried. I heard also a story of one of the "virgin" candidates for confirmation, I think at Antigua, who astonished and scandalised the bishop by being suddenly carried out of church to be relieved of a little inconvenience, who, in its turn, would probably come there one day to take the responsibility of its own shortcomings.

These West Indian women are not without some poetical imagination, and I have never forgotten the reply of a native girl, to whom I had said something of her having a "long walk home one night," when she remarked, "I shall have the 'seven sisters' to light me all the way"—those seven gentle stars shining far, far above us in a sky of cloudless blue!

*À propos* of the badness of living in these islands, to which I have alluded, even turtle, of which there is any quantity and of fine quality, they are totally ignorant of the proper mode of cooking; and the admirable soup, so deservedly esteemed in England where it is well made, is here, with rare exceptions, very poor stuff. Meat is bad, and except snipe, I don't remember any game; nor is there, I think, any fish worth eating. A delicious vegetable they have, the fruit of the cabbage palm-tree; but as to obtain it they cut down the tree, it very rarely, as may be supposed, is seen on the table. Pine-apples are, I think, the only eatable fruit.

There can be no doubt that since the abolition of slavery and the almost total withdrawal of the troops the condition of the West Indies has sensibly deteriorated; and it was painful to witness the universal appearance of neglect and decay, while so little is done to

improve, or even preserve. There is everywhere a strong feeling of loyal attachment to England, but not the less do I believe that all classes feel this neglect.

On the 27th of August 1868 came, to relieve the *Constance*, H.M.S. *Phœbe*, commanded by Captain Bythesea, V.C., who became senior naval officer in the West Indies, and, with Mrs Bythesea, made a very agreeable addition to our society. Of the navy I saw a good deal at Barbadoes, where was always supposed to be, at any rate, one vessel. I made various pleasant acquaintances, and spent many happy hours, particularly on board the *Constance* and the *Phœbe*. We had also occasional visits from foreign men-of-war, and in the commander of a small American vessel I found an old acquaintance, who, in 1843, had been a midshipman in the *Fairfield* sloop of war, in which I had made that pleasant passage from Naples to Messina. Part of my military establishment, and which pleased me not a little, was a twelve-oared cutter, provided by the navy, but manned by a crew from a black corps styled the "Military Labourers," attached specially to the quartermaster-general's department, and most useful in many ways.

Captain and Mrs Coventry left us on the 28th of September for England, where, on the 22d November following, they lost their little boy, whom Mrs Coventry did not long survive, dying herself on the 28th of April 1870.

On the 7th January 1869, arrived in the *Simoom*, from Halifax, the 47th Regiment, under Colonel Lowrey, relieving the 2d battalion 16th Regiment, who, under my friend Lieutenant-Colonel Bancroft, embarked on the

28th for England, to my great regret. Before taking leave of the year 1868, I should have mentioned that on the 7th of December we had a second visit of a few days from the admiral.

On the 10th February 1869, accompanied by Captain Wilkinson, Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General, I embarked in H.M.S. Barracouta, Captain Bevan, for Demerara—a passage, I think, of forty-eight hours—where, on arriving, we were kindly welcomed and housed by the governor, Mr Longden.

While going up the Demerara river, we had met a merchant vessel flying the union-jack—an offence, it seems, punishable by a fine of £50. She was instantly hailed from the Barracouta and ordered to “haul down that jack,” with which she did not comply; and it afterwards appeared that on board this ship was Sir Samuel Hicks, the late governor of the colony, whose presence, he thought, though quite erroneously, justified the captain of the merchantman in hoisting the “jack.” Now it happened that between Sir Samuel and myself there had arisen a difference of opinion, upon what grounds I will explain further on; but the good-natured local newspapers actually put forth that it was owing to a desire on my part to affront his ex-Excellency that the order had been given from the man-of-war.

Our cause of disagreement had been as follows: On arriving in the West Indies I found, to my consternation, that I had become an “Excellency,” a title which, believing it to be sacred to ambassadors, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Commander-in-Chief in India, and such exalted personages, I could not for a moment imagine

could be meant for every general officer holding a colonial command, which seemed to me simply ridiculous. Moreover, I could find no authority for such a designation, which assuredly was never vouchsafed to me by any of the public departments in England; so I took steps, both with the civil authorities and the troops, signifying my desire to be addressed solely by my military title. This was universally accepted, saving by the Governor of Demerara, who wrote me a letter on the subject, which I thought proper to submit to H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, who decided the question against me. I may add, however, that the "Excellency," having been once discontinued, was never resumed.

In Demerara was a detachment of the 4th West India Regiment, under Major the Honourable W. H. Herbert; and of these corps let me here observe, that having come out with every inclination to be pleased, I soon found reason to form an unfavourable opinion of them. There existed at that period four of these regiments, of which two have been long disbanded. They were not well composed, and there was always difficulty in their recruiting; their discipline was imperfect, and in one regiment there was at a particular moment so much disorder that I was obliged to send a field-officer from a regiment of the line to take command of it. As far as I saw, they drilled and moved badly, and their sort of sham "Zouave" dress ill became their heavy gait, clumsy limbs, and large feet. The men also were savage in their nature, so that one of my first steps was to take away their razors, with which, in their quarrels, they had a habit of mangling each other or any one else. On the



coast of Africa, in the Bahamas, in Demerara, and such settlements as are particularly trying to Europeans, their services are no doubt desirable ; but in the West Indies proper, where certainly they were not popular, there are no duties which cannot, as I have before remarked, be better performed by white troops.

I inspected here a local force, whose composition and appearance were not alarming, and in fact the militia I saw everywhere were of the poorest description. The Barbadoes yeomanry, especially, were so ridiculous as to be instantly disbanded after my first and only inspection of them.

The city of Demerara is extensive, well laid-out, and agreeably planted with trees ; and altogether, in spite of its situation—much, I believe, below the level of the sea—I thought the place far superior in animation and apparent prosperity to anything I had seen in this part of the world. It is known especially for its beautiful birds, which are brought down in great numbers from the interior. Captain Coventry was a great judge of such matters, and with his assistance I brought home some lovely specimens for stuffing. I made the agreeable acquaintance of Bishop Austin and his family, who gave us a pleasant breakfast on the morning of our departure, when, after a visit of, I think, four days, I said “good-bye” to the hospitalities of “Government House” and returned to Barbadoes.

Captain Bythesea now kindly proposed taking me in the *Phœbe* for a trip to the French island of Martinique. Mrs Bythesea wished also to be of the party ; but as by naval regulations she could not accompany us in her

husband's ship, I had the advantage of her pretty and comfortable cabin, which, notwithstanding, remained always fitted up for her accommodation.

We left Carlisle Bay on the calm and lovely afternoon of the 22d February, the fine frigate gliding smoothly along under sail ; and in, I think, fourteen or fifteen hours, we anchored at our destination, where, later in the day, we were joined by Mrs Bythesea, who had courageously made the passage in a vile little schooner of 40 tons, employed by the Admiralty as a surveying vessel.

The approach to Martinique is very prepossessing : and soon after our arrival, the French Governor sent an aide-de-camp on board to compliment me, when, of course, I paid my respects in return ; but there his Excellency's civilities ended, although there were three British men-of-war in the harbour, and more than all, there was the charming lady above mentioned. Our Consul, however, a Frenchman, did his best to supply the deficiencies of the Governor, and during our stay gave us a handsome entertainment. The Bytheseas and myself took lodgings in the town of Fort de France, and had what the Americans call "a good time."

The island is beautiful, but so infested with poisonous snakes as to be for two-thirds, I was told, uninhabitable. Even close to the towns it is dangerous to leave the high-road ; and here at Fort de France there is a story of an artillery soldier having been bitten while strolling one evening with a young woman near the statue of the Empress Josephine on the pretty "savannah." This statue is a good one. In respect to snakes, the British islands of Trinidad and St Lucia, the latter especially,

are equally bad, but I never heard of deadly snakes in any of the others. The gala costume of the native women here is gay and becoming, enlivened with showy kerchiefs on the head, bright-coloured skirts, and a quantity of bead necklaces. I saw the garrison one morning rattling through the streets in the true French style; fine young men, neatly clothed and equipped. The vast difference I remarked here, as compared with the British possessions, was anything but pleasant or flattering. Everything seemed in the highest order, and no expense spared to keep it so. The fortifications were in perfect condition, and the guns mounted on them of the latest model. Was it not extraordinary that for want of such accommodation of our own, British ships of war should be obliged, at an enormous expense, to come here to be docked and repaired?

We had a charming variety one day when Captain Pasley of the *Niobe* took us to St Pierre, where we dined very well at the hotel, and returned over the calm glistening waters, lighted by the moon—as we stole past, the mountains faintly showing themselves through a vapoury haze. I have elsewhere spoken of the marvellous beauty of the nights in these latitudes.

All at once our pleasures came to an abrupt termination, when an outbreak of yellow fever, and three deaths among the troops the same morning, drove us away at a moment's notice; and embarking that evening in a tempest of rain, we made for the *Phœbe*,—whose lights sparkling in her cabin windows; the nice well-ordered table, at which Mrs Bythesea now presided—for, under the circumstances of our departure, no other means for

her return were possible—and the cheerful little party gathered round that hospitable board,—made up one of those bright scenes in life whose colours, alas! may fade, but can never entirely disappear. And yet these few friends, then so happily intimate, have long been separated, to meet again upon such kindly terms no more!

After our return to Barbadoes, Captain and Mrs Bythesea were, I may say, my daily companions. We made excursions to the few points of attraction in the island: Hacklestone Cliff, where is a fine and extensive view; the lighthouse; Long Bay Castle, an ugly, common-looking house, belonging to General Sir Charles Trollope, but with a sweet, romantic little bay; and one or two more,—and seldom was it that they did not dine and finish the evening *sans façon*, with a rubber, at Queen's House, my aide-de-camp Donelan being an excellent partner. Occasionally, too, we had little dances, with no regular supper, but of course refreshments—champagne and claret-cup, ices, sandwiches, &c.—which seemed to go off very well. They were, in truth, pleasant days those; and here let me try to describe one who contributed so principally to their charm.

Mrs Bythesea in person was rather tall than otherwise, with a singularly elegant figure, of which the bust and shoulders were perfection; and with delicate, nervous little feet, of which she was something proud—graceful and seductive in her movements, she danced extremely well; an exquisite complexion; large, expressive grey eyes; good teeth; and soft fair hair;—with all these advantages she ought to have been a beauty, to

which, however, she did not somehow quite attain. Her manners were attractive; she was clever, and, in short, a very captivating woman—too much so, it unhappily turned out, both for herself and others.

On the 8th of March, I had the honour and gratification of being appointed to the colonelcy of the “Royal” Regiment of Dragoons, in succession to General Sir Arthur Clifton, G.C.B.; and it was an additional pleasure to be once more identified with a regiment in which I had passed so many years of my earlier life. Of my well-known predecessor, I may relate that, belonging to one of the most ancient of the families of note in Nottinghamshire, where they have extensive property—Sir Arthur himself being possessed of a handsome estate in the county—he entered the 3d or “Prince of Wales’s” Dragoon Guards, in which corps he served during the early campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, and obtained the rank of major, when, upon Lieutenant-Colonel Wyndham of the Royal Dragoons being taken prisoner on the 30th July 1810, Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, commanding the cavalry, recommended Major Clifton for the command of that regiment, which being confirmed, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, on the 22d November following, he continued at the head of that distinguished corps until, on the 10th of June 1829, he retired upon half-pay, exchanging with Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Somerset.

During these many years the General had served throughout the war in the Peninsula and south of France, never having once left his regiment; and subsequently at Waterloo, on which great day, after the fall

of Major-General the Hon. Sir William Ponsonby, and on Colonel Muter of the Inniskilling Dragoons being wounded, he succeeded to the command of the "Union" Brigade of cavalry, with which he marched into Paris. It should be made known that when, many years later, being a general officer, and since the 30th of May 1842 colonel of the "Royal Dragoons," he was offered the colonelcy of the 1st or "King's" Dragoon Guards, at that period stronger and worth £400 per annum more than other regiments of cavalry, Sir Arthur Clifton declined leaving the corps with which he had been so long associated, and in which he had acquired so much well-merited distinction.

In person the General was notorious for the neatness of his appearance, as well as of that of everything belonging to him. He was singular in his habits and manners, but always a gentleman; stern and straightforward in his military character; and a brave, honourable man. He was long an *habitué* of Brighton, where, in his smart little house on the Steyne, I have dined with him. Sir Arthur Clifton died on the 8th of March 1869, at the age of ninety-seven, G.C.B., K.C.H., K.M.T., K. St W., and with the Peninsula and Waterloo medals.

I have had the pleasure of presenting to the officers' mess the portrait of a colonel whose name must be always particularly connected with the corps, to obtain which I went into Nottinghamshire, and, with the artist, spent a dreadfully wet afternoon at Clifton Park.

About this time, a change being made in the military arrangements of the West Indies, by which the two commands were united under one general officer, I was ordered



to assume this command, and to proceed to Jamaica. My health, however, which thus far had stood pretty well, now began to suffer: the doctors advised my going to England; and receiving at the same time as the notification of my new appointment a letter from the military secretary to the Duke of Cambridge, leaving me entirely at liberty as to accepting it, I decided upon returning home. This circumstance, when at a subsequent period I renewed my application for employment, was brought against me to my disadvantage, and, I cannot but think, unfairly so.

The *Phœbe* being now suddenly ordered to Halifax, took away, of course, the Bytheseas, who for the last ten days of their stay lived at Queen's House, until one sad evening I parted with my charming guest on board the mail-steamer that was to take her to the destination of her husband's ship, the captain remaining with me until his day of sailing.

Meanwhile, pending the settlement of the command question, I made my arrangements for Jamaica; and on the evening of the 9th of April, after a farewell dinner at the friendly Bairds', I embarked with Donelan and Harman in the mail-steamer *Eider*, and going through a detention of six days in the baking and unhealthy harbour of St Thomas, enlivened by the appearance above water of the masts and funnels of vessels lost in the storm of September 1867, where also I received notice of my resignation having been accepted at the Horse Guards, we reached our destination on the 21st.

Anything less promising than our landing at Port Royal I had never beheld. We seemed to step ashore

upon a heap of cinders, where I found Major-General Connor, C.B., and his staff,—the former evidently much relieved to learn that I was not coming to interfere with him. Accepting the hospitality of the Governor, Sir John Grant, I went at once to the Government House in Spanish Town,—a horrid locality, where, within twenty-four hours, I was prostrated by a violent attack of fever, which in a few days luckily so far subsided as to enable me, though with great difficulty, to make my way to Craighton—a delightful residence of the Governor in the mountains, amid beautiful scenery, admirably kept, and where I had every comfort, for his Excellency's table was unexceptionable.

Thence I removed—making these journeys always on horseback—to General Connor's house, Flamstead, still higher up among the mountains, finely situated, but in an atmosphere so damp and foggy, that in the evening we were always glad to draw round a blazing fire of cedar-wood. Here I remained in a wretched condition until the welcome day came for departure, when, taking leave of my kind, good-humoured host and his wife, I rode down the mountains admiring the splendid scenery on the road, especially the magnificent tree-ferns, and getting drenched by the sudden and violent showers of this climate; when, arriving at the foot of the descent, where should have been my servant Miller with a change of clothes, I found he had gone on to Port Royal, and I was glad enough to put on a soldier's greatcoat in a guard-room by the roadside, and went on in a carriage to the Harmans' to dine, and from whom, to my infinite concern, I was now to separate, the Colonel seeing me and

Donelan on board the steamer, which sailed that same night of the 9th of May 1869.

My health had latterly failed a good deal, and it was long ere I quite recovered the effects of the West Indies. Landing and sleeping at Plymouth, and travelling by that pleasant route, which appeared to peculiar advantage in all the graces of spring, I reached London in the Derby week, and found the usual difficulty of "getting in" anywhere, which at length I effected at the Clarendon in Bond Street, once kept by my old acquaintance Sam Wright, which I record because, having been for many years one of the most fashionable hotels in London, it has now disappeared, and at no distant period its very site will be forgotten.

And now, if three years before there had been the distress of "farewells," I had the joy, above everything, of the kindly welcome of those I loved; and whose more affectionate than that of my brother Henry, then, like every one else, in town? Having occasion, soon after my return, to go to Liverpool for the purpose of meeting a friend whose arrival I expected by a steamer, after waiting two days at the Adelphi Hotel—very much changed, I found, for the worse—I was told, on the third afternoon, that the vessel would arrive that night; so obtaining permission to go off in a sort of steam-tug which always went out to meet the packets, soon after midnight I embarked, one other individual, going to meet his wife, being of the party. It was an extremely rough night, blowing hard, and black as pitch; so that, arriving alongside the steamer, I had much difficulty in getting on board—and when there, the passengers and stewards, as might be

supposed, were all sound asleep. But finding at last some one to answer my inquiries, it turned out that my journey and all this trouble had been in vain, my friend not having arrived. Back again, therefore, much disgusted, through all this discomfort ; but in the midst of my own disappointment it was impossible not to be amused at the dismay of the husband, whose wife had failed him also, who in a very unsatisfactory and doubting state of mind would listen to no attempts at consolation.

## CHAPTER XV.

DEATH OF MY UNCLE PHILIP—CANGÉ—SWITZERLAND—  
 IRELAND—COED COCH—NICE—CORSICA—PYRENEES  
 —DEENE PARK AND KIRBY—DEATHS OF PHILIPPE  
 DE MONBRISON, GENERAL DOUGLAS, AND MY BROTHER  
 HENRY—49 ST JAMES'S STREET—SCOTLAND—DOL-  
 PHINGTON TOWER—VISITS APTHORPE—DYTCHLEY—  
 GOPSALL—VICHY—BURNING OF THE PANTECHNICON.

ON the 18th of June my only remaining uncle, my father's younger brother, Philip Barrington Ainslie, died, at the age of eighty-four, at Guildford, where or in the neighbourhood he had lived many years. I had frequently visited him there; and from a portrait of Sir William Wallace, left to him by his cousin, Charles, third and last Earl of Traquair, and which in his turn he has bequeathed to the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, I christened his house "The Wallace's Head:" nor did I by any means spare his cellar, which, if not extensive, contained some of the finest wine in England. Originally intended for the navy, in which service in the month of July 1799 he commenced his career as midshipman on board the Isis frigate, Captain Brisac, my uncle's health was found too delicate; and other circumstances, to his everlasting

regret, altered his line of life. He was a man of remarkably good, old-fashioned manners, an extremely agreeable companion, full of information and anecdote, but of a violent, unforgiving temper. He had published, in 1861, an amusing book illustrative of the habits of the day, called 'Reminiscences of a Scottish Gentleman.' Having been three times married, he had by his first wife, Miss Corrie, of a family at one time well known in Liverpool, one daughter, who in 1826 died and was buried at Bagnères - de - Bigorre, in the Pyrenees. My uncle is interred in Lyne Church, three miles from Chertsey.

I attended a levee in the uniform of the Royal Dragoons, wearing the sword with which I had joined the regiment thirty-nine years before; and then, first staying a day or two with my brother Henry and his wife at the pleasant "Star and Garter" at Richmond, I went to Paris to see my sister, still living there ever since Lord Gray's death. Thence to Cangé, meeting with the same kind welcome as of old. Life here is so entirely to my taste: the better climate; the convenient hours; the excellent table; the easy sociability. Occasionally friends would come to breakfast, the ladies bringing their work and remaining the day. Sometimes, in the long, delicious summer evenings, we drove to some of the neighbours to tea, returning by the sweet moonlight. Lately, for instance, we went to the Chateau de la Bourdaisière, where in 1565 was born fair Gabrielle d'Estrées, daughter of Antoine d'Estrées, Marquis de Cœuvre, Grand Maître de l'Artillerie, Gouverneur de l'Isle de France, and Françoise, his wife, second daughter of Jean Babou de la



Bourdaisière. The favourite mistress of Henri IV., "La Belle Gabrielle," Duchesse de Beaufort, died, it was said, by poison, on the 10th of April 1599. The chateau is now the property of the Baron d'Angellier.

Among other excursions with Maurice Cottier was one to Fontevrault, about ten miles from Saumur, now a "Maison Centrale," but originally a celebrated abbey of Benedictines, founded by Robert d'Arbrissel in 1099. Fontevrault is the scene of that exquisite episode in the poem of 'Marmion' of "Constance"—

"Sister professed of Fontevrault ;"

but the abbey comprehended also monks of an Order dating from Ebrald in 1117, who were equally subject to the authority of the lady abbess, a position held by several of the highest female personages in France. The institution was suppressed in 1789, and in 1804 the buildings were converted to their present purpose.

Some portions of the cloisters of the ancient abbey still exist; and in a church of the twelfth century, in what is called "Le Cimetière des Rois," are buried the English royalties, Henry II. and his queen, Eleanore de Guyenne; Richard Cœur de Lion; and the detestable Isabelle, daughter of Philippe "le Hardi," and wife of the wretched Edward II. of England,—whose tombs, restored by the orders of Napoleon III., seemed strangely out of place in the midst of the population of a prison. Some years ago an application was made by the British Government for the removal of these remains to England,—to which the Emperor would have consented, but the people of this neighbourhood protested against the loss of monu-

ments so interesting, and to strangers, especially English, so attractive. We dined very well at a hotel on the quay at Saumur, and returned to Cangé at night. Another day we went to the celebrated reformatory for boys at Mettray, half an hour's drive, I think, from Tours.

I was now bound for Switzerland, whither my route compelled me to return to Paris, thence making easy stages at the Hotel de Londres at Fontainebleau, at Pontarlier, Neuchatel, Berne—at the excellent “Bernerhof,” with splendid views—Thun, Interlaken, and so for the second time to my favourite Giesbach. Interesting and exciting as it may be to visit fresh scenes, one returns, I think, with still greater pleasure to those with which we have associations remaining more or less agreeably on the mind; and here certainly mine were of the happiest description. Thence, after a week, to the Hotel du Sauvage at Meyringen, lying, as all the world knows, in the bosom of such marvellous scenery; and then, returning by its exquisite valley to Brienz, I crossed the Brünig; and so by Langern, the lovely valley of Sarnen, and Stanz, to Lucerne—this journey from Meyringen being, as far as such things may be compared in the memory, the most perfectly beautiful I can remember.

On my way home I continued by Basle; Badenweiler—a poor place, on the borders of the Black Forest, for itself not worth a visit; Freiburg; Baden-Baden—there, during a day or two at the Cour de Bade, reviving many old and somewhat painful recollections; and Frankfurt—in whose cemetery to sit again by that quiet grave and muse over the memory of the closing scene of that evening of the 6th of June 1846, with all its suffering and distress.

Now to Wiesbaden, at the Rose Hotel, the place being unusually animated by the arrival of the King of Prussia, destined ere long to become the Emperor William I. of Germany. There was of course a certain gathering of military, and it seemed to me that the Prussian soldiers were no longer so smart and well-dressed as formerly, with which, I fancy, the tunic had something to do. I found here my old companion, Major-General Walker, C.B., military *attaché* at Berlin, to whom I was indebted for the pleasant acquaintance of Madame Mario, once Grisi, and her nice daughters. Thence to Paris, and for a short visit to Deauville, where my sister had settled for the autumn,—a dull place, but which gave me the opportunity of seeing something of the neighbouring gaities of Trouville, with which I was not greatly enchanted.

After my return to England, Lord and Lady Edward Clinton being with the Rifle Brigade at Aldershot, I went on the 7th of September to make them a visit at their nice little house of Knellwood; and while there, my old corps, the 7th Dragoon Guards, being also at Aldershot, under Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, and expressing a kind desire that I should see them in the field, and having luckily my uniform with me, I not only had the gratification of witnessing an exceedingly pretty field-day, but also everything else that could interest me in the barracks, with all which I was highly pleased, not forgetting an excellent breakfast at the mess.

I was now on my way to “the Royals” in Dublin, and to Lord and Lady Shannon, at their place, Castle Martyn, county Cork. So, leaving Knellwood on the 12th, I continued my journey to Ireland, and found the regiment in

the old familiar Island Bridge barracks, putting up myself at the Shelbourne Hotel,—a very bad exchange, I soon found, for the old “Bilton” of former days.

My two days with the Royal Dragoons, commanded by a namesake, Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie, were a real pleasure, beginning with a field-day in the Phoenix Park, when they made a remarkably fine appearance, and which could not fail to bring to mind the many similar occasions when, in times long gone by, on this same ground, we had been so cleverly handled by poor Marten. Everything throughout seemed in the highest order; the mess, too, was excellent, and much handsomer than in my day.

I explored old haunts in Dublin, finding also still some friends of former times,—among them Mrs Williams, in the same pretty cottage in the Park; but after an absence of fifteen years, I had looked for greater changes in the place, where all seemed, nevertheless, to have remained pretty much as I had left it. The streets were as dirty and muddy as ever, and the absence of uniforms made them less gay. My West Indian friends, the 16th Regiment, kindly invited me to an agreeable dinner; and my old companion and successor in the “Black Horse,” Bentinck, being here on the staff, his house, as ever, was hospitably open to me. With him and Mrs Bentinck I went, one bitterly cold day, to a review on the Curragh, under Lord Strathnairn, commanding the forces in Ireland, for which a good breakfast with the 12th Lancers in the barracks of Newbridge, under Lieutenant-Colonel Oakes, was a very welcome preparation. At this time, by the way, there was an attempt making to introduce into the

Cavalry the foreign system of squadrons, with first and second captains, which, being totally inconsistent with our principles, was almost immediately abandoned. On the way from Dublin I had noticed at Sallins the absence of old Sally, the cakewoman, whose bright eyes and ruddy cheeks were an institution in other times.

At the review, I had the satisfaction of seeing the old 14th looking remarkably well, and admirably mounted, dining afterwards with my former companion, Thompson, who now commanded them. The pleasure, however, of seeing one's old corps, is diminished by the feeling that all material connection with it has ceased for ever. It struck me at the review that the officers' chargers generally were inferior to those of my time.

It was now necessary to proceed on my way south; and so by that dreary Cork railroad, passing so many familiar stations, and notably the desolate Limerick Junction, reminding me of a brother officer in the 7th Dragoon Guards, to whom a good deal of the land hereabout belonged. From Cork, after spending there a dismal evening at the wretched theatre, and sleeping at the "Imperial"—dirty as ever—I went on next day to Castle Martyn for ten charming days, three of which, as it happened, we spent at Fota Island, the Smith-Barrys' fine property, there to meet the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Countess Spencer, with a large party, of whom I remember only two of Lady Maria Barry's sisters; Sir George and Lady Colthurst, and their daughter, who sang pretty duets with her mother; Sir Rowland Blennerhasset, Bart., M.P.; and Captain Villiers, aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant. Lady Spencer's elegance and charm are appre-

ciated wherever she is known. There were a banquet, a ball, and other gay doings in Cork: the Channel Fleet came very opportunely to Queenstown, so that we had a very lively time. But Castle Martyn, with its extensive woods and particularly fine timber, had greater charms for me; and having enjoyed my visit to the utmost, I returned to Dublin and the "Shelbourne," there to be seized with what turned out to be the precursor of a much more serious illness, which, on the 8th of October, the very evening of my arrival at Coed Coch, prostrated me for five weeks, of which three in bed. Thus, for the second time in my life, and during my most severe illnesses, I have been indebted for my recovery, under Providence, to the care and interest of friends.

Coed Coch—this house of comfort and hospitality, for which I have such lasting reason to be grateful—is, I may explain, the Welsh for "Red Wood." Distant seven miles from the station of Abergele, the house is pleasantly sheltered by the wood in question, and stands in a well-timbered park, in which there is a pretty sheet of water. The pleasure-grounds and gardens are charming and admirably kept, as, with Mrs Wynne's taste and knowledge in such matters, could not be otherwise.

The joyful sensations of returning health, and the progress from convalescence to perfect recovery, have been often described; but what I found far from equally agreeable were the feelings with which, on taking once more to the road, I awoke, the morning after leaving the dear Wynnes, in a room of the inn at Derby. The change was too abrupt, too painful. Where now were the gentle knock at the door, the kind inquiry, the little



thoughtful suggestions for the comfort or amusement of the invalid? My good little Welsh doctor, Davies, who had so skilfully brought me through this *mauvais pas* without a check, and to the complete approval of a physician of eminence, Dr Turnour, sent for one day from Denbigh, returned no more! Neither could I forget the untiring attentions of worthy Browning, Wynne's excellent butler. All these had disappeared, and I was again absolutely alone, and left to my solitary and depressing reflections, which kept me company to London and the Park Place hotel. Here I was immediately attacked by the first and only neuralgia I have ever known, and which I describe because of what appeared to me its very curious symptoms. For an entire week, from half-past eight to nine o'clock every morning, I began to feel an uneasiness in the head, which rapidly increased until it became agonising pain, and the rest of the day I spent in absolute torture. Towards evening this gradually subsided; I was able to go out to dinner; went to bed a good deal exhausted, but slept perfectly well; awoke equally so, but only to go through the same programme of daily suffering. Sir William Gull, however, had by this time got the better completely of this distressing malady, of which I have never had any return, and ordered me to Cannes for the rest of the winter, whither I proceeded at once; but after a few days, finding the place terribly dull, I went on to Nice, and settled at the Hotel de la Grande Bretagne comfortably enough, where with great good fortune making two pleasant friends, Lord Algernon Lennox and Sir Frederic des Vœux, both of the "Guards," and, like myself, ignoring the *table*

*d'hôte*, we messed together. On 1st January 1870 we gave a little dinner, of which cheerful party it is sad to record that two of our three ladies, Lady William Paget and Miss Elliston, and Freddy des Vœux and George Payne, are no more. Clarence Trelawney had a nice bachelor's apartment in the Jardin Anglais, where he entertained most agreeably; and one could not fail, in such a place, to find many acquaintances, whose names and civilities, if I do not record, I by no means forget. The parties at Nice struck me as remarkably pretty, as much owing to the number of good-looking ladies as to the elegance of their toilettes and the display of jewels: the gentlemen, too, did their best in the way of stars and decorations, which always add to the effect of a *salon*. The *préfet* of Nice, Monsieur Gavini, a Corsican, was an agreeable, gentlemanly man; but his wife was not popular with the English—and no wonder! An American frigate, the Congress, lying at Villa Franca, the port of Nice, gave pretty afternoon dances on board; and in this society were two rival beauties, between whom it was difficult to decide, though I gave in my adhesion to lovely Mrs Hutchins. There is an excellent and pleasant restaurant called the “Redoute,” a mile and a half or so from the city, standing positively in the sea, where I remember a charming breakfast one day with Lord and Lady Keane, where we stayed, eating oysters out of the water beneath our windows, and drinking champagne until far into the afternoon.

Twenty-five minutes' rail take you from Nice to Monte Carlo, of whose beauties, natural and artificial, it is really impossible to say too much, and of which I shall

attempt nothing in addition to the countless descriptions of its attractions. The ascent to the old town of Monaco, however, is, I fancy, not quite so well known, but is nevertheless well worth the trouble; and the view therefrom is superb. Among other excursions from Nice is that to Antibes, something under an hour's rail, memorable for its connection with Napoleon's landing from Elba in March 1815, where I found myself about the earliest guest of the vast hotel lately opened, in a situation with splendid views, but wild and deserted. In the manager I recognised an acquaintance of the year before at the Hotel du Casino at Deauville. The usual races, pigeon-shooting, &c., took place during my stay at Nice, where, after six weeks, being quite tired of the perpetual fiddling, gambling, scandals, and even of the smart ladies and their eccentric toilettes on the Promenade des Anglais—constructed, be it remarked, by an Englishman,—all this, varied by the customary duel of the season, of which the heroes were far from making a secret,—I engaged a carriage, and dawdled along the incomparable Corniche road by Mentoni, where I slept; Ventigmilia; Bordighera; St Remo, sleeping there; Oneglia; and Savona,—all delightful names to recall; and thence by rail to Genoa, for a few days at the Croix de Matte.

There I found and went on board the Congress, of pleasant Nice associations, and from her deck had the best opportunity of admiring the splendid panorama of the city of Genoa; and here also I fell in with Mr James, an old friend of Owen of the "Royals," with whom I travelled post, or rather *vetturini*, to Spezzia and its pretty bay, where, staying two days at the Croix

de Matte, I made friends with the "Cinqua Terra," one of the best wines in Italy, and said to be drunk here in perfection. Thence to Pisa and Florence, where I remained three weeks, a good deal in consequence of being obliged to call in the services of Dr Wilson. There I found Fuller, since dead, whom I had known in 1851 in Dublin, an officer in the 12th Royal Lancers, always a pleasant, amusing companion, and now a sculptor of considerable reputation, in whose studio, or in his apartment with Mrs Fuller, I spent many cheerful hours. I had formerly gone through the "sights" of Florence; and now, not being inclined, or indeed able, to make frequent or lengthened visits to the churches, palaces, and galleries, it was my practice to seat myself quietly in the "Tribune" of the Palazzo Pitti, and thus surround myself at once with the rarest specimens of art in the world.

The "Bersaglieri" quartered here interested me so much, that I went one day to see their exercise and rifle-practice, of which I sent an account to the Horse Guards. They are picturesque, martial-looking troops; but the men, I am told, suffer dreadfully from chest complaints, brought on by their style of marching.

Since leaving Nice I had changed decidedly for the worse in point of climate, and I ought certainly to have obeyed Sir William Gull's directions to remain there. Italy in winter is excessively cold, and nowhere more so than at Florence. The houses are not built for rough weather; the living is bad; and the hotels, except in the north, are very uncomfortable, and deficient in the ordinary conveniences of life. The Hotel de la Ville, in the Piazza Meran, where I was staying, was no exception

to the rule. The Italians are extremely dirty and indolent, of which, unhappily, I had a specimen always at hand in the shape of a valet, whom I had engaged at Nice, to replace a useless old French idiot, who had been servant to Lord Cardigan in the Crimea, and whom I had been obliged to send back to England. After no small experience in servants of various nations, I am well convinced that the English are unquestionably the best.

Travelling arrangements in Italy are very badly conducted. Of Italian scenery I have already said something; its charm consists mainly in colouring and outline—being deficient, as far as I have seen, the lakes always excepted, in the essential beauties of wood and water. I never could get up much classical enthusiasm, so much required in this country—though I confess to a certain feeling of sentiment on finding myself in Rome, such as I had experienced at the first sight of Geneva on that lovely May morning, my first night in Spain, and one or two other occasions; and now, after a third visit, I was preparing to leave the country without regret, and with no desire to see it again.

When in Wales, I had arranged with the Wynnes to meet them in Corsica, whither they were coming to spend some time with Mrs Rowley and her daughter, whom I had met at Coed Coch: so leaving Florence early in March for Leghorn, I there took steamer to Bastia, a passage of about six hours. Staying there a couple of days at the very bad Hotel de France, I travelled in the diligence—sleeping a night at Corte—by the fine mountain-road to Ajaccio, where I found my friends increased in number by good old Dickson; and here, in

a wretched inn—whose name, I think, was Germania—and far from well in health, I put up during my stay.

Of Corsica, notwithstanding some fine mountain and forest scenery, I can say little in praise, except as to climate—that of Ajaccio being, as far as I know, the best in Europe. I left on the 31st of March 1870, and the weather was that of an English June. The island might, I fancy, produce anything, and of the best kind; but the people are lazy, dirty, and independent, so that living is abominable, everything tolerable coming from Marseilles. That which chiefly interested me was, naturally, the family house of Napoleon, with the room in which he was born; and the mortuary chapel, on whose walls are emblazoned the names of so many short-lived royalties. The knives of which one hears, with ominous inscriptions on the blades, are, many of them, beautifully made; and for whatever deadly purpose they may originally have been intended, they make very pretty paper-cutters.

Ajaccio, its gulf, and the surrounding mountains, looked beautiful in the warm light of that summer morning of the 31st of March—for such in truth it was—as I left it in the steamer for Marseilles,—a passage, I think, of twenty hours; and I have agreeable recollections also of the delicious fresh sardines, of such unusual size, upon which we breakfasted on board. From Marseilles—a stage in one's travels so often made—after a day or two, during which I saw “Robert le Diable” exceedingly well given at the theatre, I travelled to Arles, once more to the Hotel du Forum; and so by Lunel to the Hotel Navet at Montpellier, a disagreeable, windy, and dusty place, that one cannot understand having ever been a resort for invalids.



Thence by Périgueux, famous for its *pâtés*, where I slept, to Paris.

Here my friend Dr Chepmell recommending me a course of the waters at Bagnères-de-Luchon, I first went over for a short visit to London, during which I took a lease for fourteen years of 27A Lowndes Street, unfurnished, fully proposing there to end my days; and on my way back to the Continent, I stayed a day or two with Henry and his wife at Brighton, at the Norfolk Hotel, little imagining, although he had been complaining of late, that when we parted it was for ever.

Taking Paris on my road to the Pyrenees, I found myself there on the 16th of July 1870, the day of the declaration of war with Germany, and was a disgusted witness of the silly unbecoming conduct of the Parisians at that period. My journey to Luchon took me by Tours to Bordeaux, and thence to Monregeau, where the railway ended, and I had the disagreeable drive of twenty-two miles to Luchon, rendered still more vexatious by the extortions of the coachmen.

At Luchon, living at the Hotel Richelieu, I went of course through the prescribed bathing and drinking; but in spite of the beauty of the locality, the place seemed very dull, and time passed heavily. There is no casino, no theatre, or public rendezvous except under the trees, where the indifferent music plays, of which one soon tires, as well as of the *bonbons* women with their *tourniquets*, chiefly from Toulouse. The walks about the town are very pretty, but solitary, and the only hours of liveliness were in the morning, when people were taking either their baths and glasses of water, or setting out

upon excursions with great cracking of whips—an article with which all the world seemed to provide themselves—clattering of horses' feet, and jingling of harness. Just before dinner also, when all these parties were returning with the same noise, or assembling for the different *tables d'hôte*, the Rue d'Étigny showed a good deal of animation. Of these excursions, I remember particularly only those to the Lac d'Oo; to the Port de Venasque, a fine mountain-pass looking into Spain; and to pretty St BÉUT, where, on entering the little town, you see a picturesque chapel on a rock by the roadside, and further on you may dine, indifferently enough, at a restaurant on the banks of the Garonne, in a trellised garden going down to the river.

At the expiration of the month *de rigueur*, I was delighted to leave, in company with a fine Pyrenean dog I bought of a young man going to join the army, and intended for a present in England—when, going from Bordeaux for the purpose of making a little stay at Arcachon, the railway porters, instead of putting the dog into one of the proper boxes, simply put him into an open luggage-van, when the poor animal, young, and for the first time on his travels, got excited, broke his chain like a piece of thread, jumped out, and disappeared, though not without a gentleman in the carriage with me catching sight of him as he scoured across the country, and exclaiming to me, “Monsieur, voilà votre chien!” After some days of ineffectual search, the railway company at Bordeaux paid me what I had given for him, without a demur.

With Arcachon, thirty-five miles from Bordeaux, on the

Bassin d'Arcachon, its vaunted pine-forests, and its *châteaux*, I was entirely disappointed, finding it dull, the Grand Hotel indifferent, and the people there very uncivil. In the train returning to Bordeaux, an English gentleman strongly advised my providing myself, from the British Consul there, with a passport,—an old-fashioned document I had long ignored; and lucky it was that I followed his advice, for at Poitiers, between Bordeaux and Paris, while “stretching my legs” on the platform of the station during the few minutes’ delay there, one of the functionaries asked to see my “papers.” There now appeared some informality in my consular passport with respect to my servant,—who, moreover, was a German,—which, however, the civility of the *employé* got over, with a recommendation to me to procure a fresh one from the ambassador in Paris; and I was allowed to proceed, though not before I had become an object of interest to an unpleasant crowd which had collected,—for at that moment every stranger was looked upon with a certain suspicion. My new passport is dated in Paris on the 28th of August; and while there, came tidings of the disaster at Sedan and the capitulation of the 2d September, when preparations were forthwith commenced for the defence of the capital.

My sister, who during her long residence here had weathered many a storm, now thought it more prudent to move to Boulogne, where she established herself, until, after the siege, the war, and the Commune, she was able to return to her apartment. Having myself entertained some idea of occupying her rooms during the approaching siege, I finally decided also upon a retreat; and returning

to London, I endeavoured to employ myself in the furnishing of my house in Lowndes Street, with which, however, as I desired to use French materials and taste, the war greatly interfered. In truth, although the result, when at length attained, was very satisfactory, the vexatious delays had already begun to disgust me, even before my furnishing was completed.

Shortly after my return, on my way to spend a week at Scarborough, I had a pleasant dinner with the 7th Hussars at York, where I attended the handsome ball given in the County Rooms by the officers of the Yorkshire Hussars. Excepting for the magnificence of its situation, I thought Scarborough detestable, and the company there worse than indifferent. My hotel, too,—the “Crown,” if I remember right,—though accounted the best, was exceedingly uncomfortable. One pleasant evening, however, on the 10th of October, I passed at the house of Earl and Countess Cathcart, meeting at dinner Mr Ingilby, a hunting friend of theirs, living at York, who gave us an account of that dreadful accident which he had witnessed on the 4th February preceding, when Sir Charles Slingsby, Messrs Lloyd and Robinson, and the first whip, Orveys, were drowned in the Swale.

On my way back to London I spent some days at Hawk Hill, about twelve miles from York, with an old cornet of mine in the 7th Dragoon Guards, Josh Walker, married to a daughter of Mr Varden, librarian to the House of Commons—a lady who, in addition to other attractions, is known as a superior horsewoman. Mrs Varden was here likewise, and we spent a very agreeable day at the fine old place in the neighbourhood belonging

to Major Stapylton, formerly of the "Queen's Bays." Among other visits, I went for the first time—from the 24th to the 28th of November—to Newstead Abbey, which I had long desired to see, and where I have since passed many days of pleasure and interest. Everything about this fine place delights me extremely: the wildness of its park, with the solemn masses of wood, the lake, the quiet monastic grounds and walks, the pleasant terraces, but, above all, the grand old abbey itself, with its cloisters and galleries and chapel, its historic rooms,—“lodgings,” as they were called,—and the vast shadowy hall, of such romantic and everlasting associations. In the magnificent saloon is the fine portrait of Byron so well known by its engravings; and let me add, that every object belonging to or connected with its former illustrious possessor is religiously preserved and taken care of by the present owners of Newstead.

The Edward-Clintons, Earl Bathurst, Mrs Curwen and her daughter—lately married to Colonel Goodlake of the Guards, brother to my hostess, Mrs Webbe—made up, I think, the party in the house.

The dilapidated old church of Hucknall, belonging to the Duke of Portland, and containing the more than ordinary monument to Byron, and the grave of his mother, whereon she is erroneously inscribed as “the Honourable,” could not fail to interest me deeply; as well as sweet Annesley, which impressed me even more than Newstead, probably because the associations with female excellence are always more tender and affecting,—and where can be found recollections more touching than those which speak to us of Mary Chaworth, the “bright morning star

of Annesley"? That same gentle and poetical name of Mary, by how many of the most beautiful, captivating, and illustrious women has it not been borne since the mother of the Son of God gave it a charm so peculiar and almost divine! Everything about Annesley breathes softness, poetry, love, and, it may be added, suffering,—that inseparable companion of ill-starred attachments.

From Newstead for two days to a friend's nice little cottage in Nottingham; and thence on the 30th November to Quorndon House, near Loughborough, the residence of Mr and Mrs Farnham, meeting there Lady Hartopp, the Walter-Scotts, Edward-Clintons, Aldersen and Lady Scott, Whitmores, and Mr, Mrs, and Miss de Lisle; after which, home to Lowndes Street.

Christmas this year I spent at Deene Park, not having been there since Lord Cardigan's death. A large party: the Philip-Mileses; Paynes—both ladies being beauties in different styles, the first fair and tall, the other dark, with a lovely figure on a smaller scale; Graham, the "Marquis" of the 1st Life Guards; Lord Royston, Dudley-Carleton, and some others.

About a mile and a half from Deene is a remarkable place whither I liked to stroll—Kirby. It belongs to the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, and was originally built by the Stafford family in 1572, and in the 14th of Queen Elizabeth seems to have come into the possession of Sir Christopher Hatton, Bart., who in 1588 became Lord Chancellor; and here the Queen paid him a visit. He died in 1591. In 1632 considerable additions were made to the house, which is in a style partly Elizabethan, partly Jacobean, and of great size, possessing



a hall which must have been equal to that of Deene, considered one of the finest in England. It is altogether an imposing pile; but what is singular and melancholy to behold is the total decay and ruin of the whole building, which is perfectly uninhabitable, although I have heard Lord Cardigan say he had often slept there as a young man. The fact is, that being abandoned by its possessors, dismantled, and, finally, the lead removed from the roof, it rapidly fell to pieces, and is now only a sad but impressive monument at once of better times and fallen fortunes.

I returned to town with the Paynes and John Vivian, "the Honourable," who had also been at Deene; and on the 10th of January 1871, being with the William-Talbots at their pretty rectory, I accompanied them to the ball given every year at Hatfield House by the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, which, considering the splendour of this grand old house and the scale upon which it is given, is really an entertainment to be admired. An evening or two later there was another very pretty, though much smaller ball, at Panshanger, in this neighbourhood, the residence of the Earl and Countess Cowper.

Among the latest gallant victims of the Franco-German war has been my cousin Philippe de Monbrison, who on its commencement had returned to his old profession, and made the campaign up to Sedan in the service of the Ambulance. Early in September 1870 he came to Paris, where, being attached to the staff of General Ducrot, he was specially noted in general orders for his brilliant conduct in the first attack of La Malmaison on the 21st

of October; and after the battles of Champigny on the 30th November and 2d December, in which he greatly distinguished himself, he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and was appointed, with the rank of colonel, to the command of three battalions of Mobiles du Loiret. At the affair of Buzenval on the 19th January 1871, in attempting to force, at the head of his regiment, a breach in a wall, he received a rifle-ball through the ribbon of his cross, of which wound he died on the 21st, at the age of forty-four. No finer soldier or more amiable man ever lived than Philippe Conqueré de Monbrison, of whom at the time various notices were published, which were afterwards collected into a small pamphlet. His only son, Jacques, a fine young man, is preparing, at the École de St Cyr, to follow his father's profession.

In April this year I made a fortnight's trip to Guernsey and Jersey, with which, as to scenery, especially in the former of these islands, I was much disappointed; and in both, the living and accommodation at the hotels were very indifferent. About Jersey, however, the views are fine, particularly from the old castle of Montorgeruil and from Fort Elizabeth, constructed (1551 to 1665) upon the site of an ancient abbey. The "Government House" too, at St Helier, stands in pretty grounds in a good situation. Having started from Weymouth to Guernsey, and so on to Jersey, I returned by Southampton, both of them long and nasty passages.

My old and dear friend Major-General Douglas, C.B., dying very suddenly at Aldershot, where he had recently been appointed to command the Cavalry, I went there on the 16th of May for the melancholy purpose of attending

his funeral as one of the pall-bearers. In the train going down were Sir Hope Grant, commanding the division at Aldershot, and Lawrenson, another great friend of Douglas. It was a beautiful day, and everything connected with this sad and impressive ceremony was admirably arranged. We assembled at the residence of the cavalry General, called Paget House, where, by the obliging permission of Douglas's aide-de-camp, Captain Russell, 10th Hussars, I put on my uniform. The Horse Artillery and squadrons of Cavalry, of which there was one from each regiment at Aldershot, mounted, looked remarkably well; but of the Infantry, who lined the road the whole way to the town, I thought very little, with the striking exception of the 42d "Royal" Highlanders. The little Spanish horse of which poor Douglas was so fond followed his master's coffin, wearing, I believe for the first, as certainly for the last time, the appointments which I had myself given so lately. At the Aldershot station, the coffin being put into the train, was conveyed to London, and thence to Willesden, where it seems Douglas had formerly expressed a desire to be buried.

"Jock" Douglas, as he was called by his intimates, was not only a most amiable man, popular with all who knew him, but also an excellent officer. He had been for some time adjutant of the 79th or "Cameron" Highlanders, in which splendid corps he became captain, when, exchanging into the 11th or "Prince Albert's Own" Hussars, he served with that regiment in the Crimea, commanding it at Balaclava, and for several years afterwards. He was subsequently for some time assistant adjutant-general to the Cavalry, and finally died, as I

have related, in command of the Cavalry at Aldershot. His beautiful place Glenfinart, of which I have said something, is now the property of his cousin, General Sir John Douglas, G.C.B., married to Lady Elizabeth Cathcart, daughter of my old General.

To Ascot races this year, on Major Carpenter's coach from Windsor, with Captain and Mrs Evans, Mrs Eliott, two of the four Miss Tauntons, and Captain Brook, 3d Dragoon Guards. It was during this summer that my attention was called to a book entitled 'Recollections of Society in France and England,' by Lady Clementina Davies, in which that lady had indulged in a good deal of ill-nature and impertinence with respect to my sister and Lord Gray; and being of opinion that authors, of whatever sex, are bound to accept the responsibility of their wit, I made known my sentiments to her ladyship, from whom I received a satisfactory apology, with a promise that, in any subsequent edition of her book, the objectionable passages should be omitted.

In the course of this year was carried into effect, not by the Parliament of the country—for the measure, though passed by the House of Commons, was summarily rejected in the House of Lords—but by an exertion of the prerogative of "the Crown," obtained at the instance of the Prime Minister, then Mr Gladstone, the abolition of the system of "purchase in the army,"—a Royal Warrant of the 28th July revoking absolutely all regulations sanctioning the purchase of commissions from the 1st of November ensuing.

It would be idle now to attempt to reopen argument upon a question which, whether for good or evil, has

been decided ; but at least it may be remarked that it was one upon which the country looked with indifference—which, with equal confidence it may be said, was in no degree desired, and was generally unpopular throughout “the service” ; and that the system now destroyed had existed ever since England possessed a “standing army.” It was eminently congenial to the feelings, tastes, and habits of the country ; and under its influence, for more than 200 years, had fought, bled, and conquered, the officers of that noble service, which had known no superior at any time or in any part of the world. This great revolution of course opened the way for, and indeed necessitated, changes in our military organisation of every description. The British army was henceforth to lose one of its chief and distinctive characteristics and principles—with what result we are yet to learn.

The West Indies still clung to me very closely ; and Chepmell deciding upon a second season at Luchon, I set out thither, with infinite reluctance, towards the middle of July, by way of Ostend and Brussels, going thence to spend a week with the Prince and Princess Edward de Ligne at their chateau of La Neuville, near Huy. The Princess, one of the two daughters of Sir David and Lady Cunynghame, before mentioned, I had known, so to speak, from her cradle ; and my visit to her Belgian home was extremely pleasant, finding also there her sister Mary Evans and her husband.

Thence, on my way to the detested Luchon, by Tours, where, Cangé being deserted, I slept at the comfortable Hotel de l'Univers. Then Angoulême and Bordeaux,

always at the excellent Hotel de France, where, though never a claret-drinker, it is impossible not to appreciate the exquisite vintages, unknown apparently elsewhere, —and, be it said, very dear. Thence in the old way to Luchon, where this time to the Hotel de France, which I thought an improvement; but the living in the hotels is everywhere indifferent, not to say bad.

This second visit made no better impression upon me than my former one; and after the month's watering, and buying another dog, I set out by a beautiful two days' route across the mountains to Bagnères-de-Bigorre, sleeping a night at the little town of Arreau.

At Bagnères-de-Bigorre were staying Lady Carnwath and her son the young Earl, one of the most amiable, talented, and promising boys of the day, but who was shortly afterwards carried off by scarlet fever at Harrow, at the age of fifteen. The comfort of the Hotel de Paris in every respect added greatly to the enjoyment of the two days I remained at Bagnères-de-Bigorre, where the marble-works, I should observe, produce many beautiful articles.

My next stage was Toulouse, at the Hotel Caponl, for some days—an interesting city, with good climate and excellent living. The market here is a gay and pretty scene. In the Hotel de Ville, among other things, is shown the *couperet*—it is not easy to find an English word for it—which, on the 30th of October 1632, decapitated Henri de Montmorency, Maréchal, Duc, et Pair, taken prisoner at the battle of Castelnaudary, on the 7th of September preceding, in arms against his sovereign, Louis XIII. One of the most illustrious of



the great personages of that reign, he was also the last of the eldest and direct line of this remarkable family. His remains were interred and a monument erected to him in the chapel of the Lycée at Moulins-sur-Allier, by his widow, who became abbess of the nunnery connected with the church.

Of course I explored the "field" and other localities connected with the battle of the 10th of April 1814, and among them the house occupied in succession by Marshal Soult and the Duke of Wellington, in the grounds of which is a monument to a colonel of the British army, whose name I regret to have forgotten, which had been lately repaired by order of the Emperor Napoleon, who never seems to have omitted any opportunity of showing this generous and kindly feeling, as I took this occasion of pointing out in a letter to the 'Times.'

Taking Paris in my way, I paid a visit to my sister at Boulogne, where, finding a good opportunity, I sent on my four-footed companion—who had been universally admired on our journey, and had behaved extremely well—to his future mistress in London, by whom he was warmly received. My dogs, however, were fated to ill-fortune; for, having so far shown the best possible temper, upon his arrival at Castle Martyn he became so dangerous and savage, that the poor "General," as he was called, was obliged to be shot, and his skin lies in the entrance-hall of Lord Shannon's house in London.

Sir Archibald and Lady Alison kindly asking me to come to them for a few days during the manœuvres at Aldershot, where the Baronet was Assistant Adju-

tant-General to the Division, I went down to their pretty and comfortable hut, I think on the 15th of September; and the following morning, mounted on a troop-horse of the "Carabineers," I rode with Lady Alison to the "Fox hills," which were to be the chief scene of action, and passed a most enjoyable day, the more so that the weather was lovely. I don't recollect anything particularly interesting afterwards, until the 22d, when the troops, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B., marched past H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, at whose right hand, in a shabby waterproof cape, and mounted upon a pony, appeared the Secretary for War, Mr Cardwell. We saw this display from the carriage and in clouds of dust. There were a number of foreign officers attending these operations, under the special charge of Captain Fraser, 1st Life Guards, who was good enough to invite me to dine with them one day at the Queen's Hotel—their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, who had a command in the Cavalry, and Prince Arthur, a captain in the Rifle Brigade, being of the party.

On the 15th of October this year, I became a Lieutenant-General; and on the 20th of the same month, after a long and distressing illness, my dear brother Henry Atkinson died at his place, Angerton, whither I went once more, for the purpose of following his remains on the 28th to the vault in that old church of Hartburne.

The funeral was conducted as quietly as he himself could have desired. I could not remain until the conclusion of the service, performed with considerable feeling by the vicar, Mr Hodgson; but escaping from the church,

I wandered for some time about the grounds in profound affliction, deeply mourning for him then, as I have never ceased to do ever since. My brother was, I believe, one of the kindest hearts in the world, and a man of the simplest and most amiable character, universally respected as he was popular. For upwards of thirty-one years he had been a most affectionate husband, having married, on the 12th of March 1840, at St George's, Hanover Square, Miss Ellice, a young lady of a well-known family, with some fortune. During the period of his service in the Royal Horse Guards he had made friendships which lasted through life, and amongst them, in particular, that of Sir John Anson, Bart., killed in that frightful railroad accident at Wigan on the 2d of August 1873. He was an excellent landlord and country gentleman, and of hospitality, in a quiet, unpretending fashion, unbounded. There is a very good portrait of my brother in the uniform of the "Blues" in the possession of his widow, which, together with one of myself in that of the "Royal Dragoons," now at Angerton, he had caused to be painted by Hurlston in 1838, and presented to his father. He has been succeeded in his estates by my brother Ralph, who served upwards of twenty years in the Grenadier Guards, nearly eight of which he was adjutant of his battalion; and in the Crimean war, in which, at the commencement, he served as aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-General Sir Richard England, and afterwards, as captain and lieutenant-colonel with his regiment, was severely wounded at the battle of Inkerman. He married, on the 16th September 1858, Amy, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Fitzroy, formerly of the Grenadier Guards,

cousin to the Duke of Grafton, and left the army on the 30th November 1860.

Since that unhappy event, I have never been at Angerton; and if I have taken small notice of my visits there, which were by no means so frequent as were kindly desired, it has been that, apart from the happiness of being with those I loved, there was, in truth, little to amuse or occupy me there except the library. The house, built by my brother, and finished in 1843, is pretty in exterior; not large, and for warmth and comfort within, nowhere to be exceeded. Everything around, however, was new: garden, pleasure-grounds, plantations, had all equally to be created, and the nature of the property rendered this not a little difficult. The land is valuable, but the face of the country is unprepossessing, and the climate at least as bad, I fancy, as any in England. It is thinly populated, the villages "few and far between," and the universal silence and absence of life made my walks strangely oppressive and lonely. The beauties of Northumberland lie a good deal below the surface, in the shape of romantic dells and the courses of brown rushing streams, one of which, the Hart, runs through the grounds of Angerton between banks rocky and well clothed with trees, making a very pretty walk for some distance.

A friend of St John's Wood days, Lord Decies, then in the 10th Hussars, has a good estate, Bolam, which joins Angerton; and to him I used occasionally to stroll for a chat about old times. We met like two conspirators, at an ancient thorn-tree about half-way between the two houses.

My thoughts oppressed by painful reflections, I left Angerton, now the house of mourning, and strolled along the walk I have described, which took me nearly to Meldon Park, where I was to pass the night on my return South,—a good property and pretty place, belonging to John Cookson, a worthy, friendly gentleman, well known in the North, and especially from having been many years Master of the Northumberland Fox-hounds, and who had married a sister of Sir M. White Ridley, Bart.

It was a melancholy afternoon, with a dull leaden sky. The little brawling Hart, swelled by autumn rains, went foaming past me in whirling eddies; the trees on either side, dripping with moisture, stood motionless, and looking spectral in the cold mists of evening, their withering leaves fluttering in silence to my feet. Everything about me spoke touchingly of poor Henry, who had made this path, and was very fond of it.

Leaving the luxurious hospitality of Meldon the following morning, I went on my way again towards London. The seven miles to Morpeth are very pretty, and there is in particular one place worth notice,—Mitford, belonging to the ancient family of that name, of which the Earl of Redesdale is a younger branch. On this picturesque estate may be seen the three different residences of the successive generations of the Mitfords, beginning with the ruins of the castle, built long before the Conquest; secondly, the romantic skeleton of the manor-house, of perhaps three hundred years ago; and lastly, the plain unpretending mansion of the present day.

On the 4th of December I went for a first visit to

Gumley Hall, in Leicestershire, five miles from Market Harborough, and consequently in one of the best hunting countries, which at one time had belonged to the Har-topp family, and is now the most comfortable home of Douglas Whitmore, formerly captain in the "Blues," and married to a daughter of the late proprietor. Of pleasant Gumley I shall often speak again. Thence, on the 14th to the 19th of the month, to my cousin Augusta Angerstein and her husband, the eldest son of William Angerstein, Esq. of Weeting, in Norfolk, living at Ashby Lodge, about seven miles from Rugby, and two from the village of Ashby St Legers, in Leicestershire,—an old house, in no way remarkable for appearance, but possessing historical interest, and it is said that a subterraneous passage at one time connected it with the village above mentioned, which is remarkable as being the spot where was organised the famous Gunpowder Plot of 1605. The room in which Guy Fawkes and his confederates held their meetings is still shown in a building, the property of a gentleman named Senhouse, who lives here in a picturesque old mansion.

This place was long the residence of the ancient family of Catesby, including the "Cat" of Bosworth Field, and that later member of it who figured conspicuously in this same Gunpowder conspiracy. The clergyman of Ashby was very obliging, and communicated to me some particulars of the Catesbys, who once were of great importance in this neighbourhood, which indeed, even now, seems peculiarly adapted for plots and mysterious meetings, intersected as it is with shadowy sequestered lanes; the villages rare and distant, and the few



houses widely separated. Lady Hoare was staying with the Angersteins, and we had occasional friends dropping in very pleasantly. Part of the establishment here was a pack of stag-hounds.

On the 12th of February 1872 died very suddenly, at Darnaway Castle, Elginshire, N.B., my first cousin, Archibald, thirteenth Earl of Moray; and I may record, as a remarkable instance of mortality in a family, that George, present and fourteenth Earl, is the youngest of six brothers, while of four sisters but one remains.

No one will easily forget the alarm and distress of the country, and indeed of the whole British empire at home and abroad, during the serious and lengthened illness of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, at whose recovery the rejoicings were equally sincere and conspicuous upon the occasion of the public thanksgiving at St Paul's on the 27th of February, to which the Queen, the Prince, and the Royal family went in state, through the acclamations of an immense assemblage. It was a touching and genuine if not a very brilliant display.

On the 3d of March occurred one of those disasters to which the hazardous lives of sailors are always exposed—in the present case affecting me in the loss of one whom I had known from his earliest years. Her Majesty's training-ship *Ariadne*, commanded by Captain the Hon. Walter Carpenter, cruising off the coast of Spain, one of her men fell overboard, when, notwithstanding a very heavy sea, a boat, under the command of Sub-Lieutenant Talbot—son of friends often mentioned in these pages, the Hon. and Rev. William and Mrs Talbot, and a cousin also of Captain Carpenter—instantly put off to his rescue,

the result being that, by the swamping of the boat, the whole crew, among whom was another sub-lieutenant, were drowned. This was not the only instance of the kind in which poor "Twee" Talbot had been foremost in noble devotion; and if anything can console for such a calamity, it is the reflection that it happened in the performance of a gallant duty.

About this time I began to discover inconveniences in my comfortable and pretty house, as it unquestionably was—finding it lonely, expensive, and far from the inevitable club, where, after all, I found myself compelled to dine. The solitary mornings I could get through tolerably well; but when evening came, I felt that to eat every day alone was impossible, and that I required other society than my own. Turning my thoughts, therefore, to an apartment—chambers, as they call them here—I found such as I fancied would suit at 49 St James's Street, the old Guards' Club; and getting rid of my house—of course at a loss, of which £100 was by the fraudulence of the house agent—for the third time I plunged into furnishing, which I now intended to be upon a much more moderate scale.

On the 9th of April, Lady North, then living at Waldershare Park, near Dover, of which I have spoken, gave a fancy ball, to which I went in the full dress of the Royal Company of Scottish Archers, the Queen's Body-Guard for Scotland, into which I had recently been admitted. This gave me also the opportunity of spending some pleasant days with the Rifle Brigade, and Edmond Hartopp, then serving in the regiment, with whom and his sister-in-law, Miss Alston, I went to the ball. After a

second visit to the Angersteins at Ashby Lodge, the 7th Dragoon Guards in this same month of April kindly inviting me to a ball they were giving at Norwich, I went to their very pleasant and handsome entertainment, meeting there various friends of other days in Norfolk, gone by now forty-two years, but not so their recollections.

After my return home, breakfasting one morning with a friend in the 1st Life Guards, in the Knightsbridge barracks, I was shown what could not fail to interest me highly—viz., the bugle upon which had been sounded the memorable charge of the Household Cavalry upon the French cuirassiers at the battle of Waterloo, on which there is the following inscription:—

ON THIS BUGLE  
WAS SOUNDED THE CALL  
FOR THE DECISIVE CHARGE OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS  
AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO,  
BY J. EDWARDS,  
WHO WAS FIELD-TRUMPETER TO LORD EDWARD SOMERSET,  
WHO COMMANDED THE HOUSEHOLD TROOPS  
ON THAT EVER-MEMORABLE DAY.

John Edwards served his country for thirty-two years, in the reigns of three kings and of her present Majesty, was discharged from the 1st Life Guards in June 1841, and died on the 1st January 1875, aged seventy-five. Until the day of his death, he enjoyed a pension made him by the officers of the regiment.

Besides seeing the bugle, it would, I thought, have been especially interesting to have heard from it the very

same notes which had led on those distinguished regiments upon such an occasion; but the mouthpiece, it seems, had been lost, and the instrument is mute, probably for ever!

My two seasons at Luchon having been absolutely without effect, I was now advised to try Vichy, whither, though with very little faith, I betook myself on the 3d of August, to the Hotel du Parc, finding there every civility and good accommodation, but very bad living. A young French Baron with whom I had travelled from Paris objected as much as I always do to *tables d'hôte*, so we messed together. With more internal resources than Luchon, I thought the place quite as stupid; and indeed, although so much frequented, I believe it is universally detested. The Emperor Napoleon III. seems to have been here a good deal, and the doors of the *châlet* he occupied in the "Parc" still bore the N's *couronnés*.

In the neighbourhood of Vichy are some places of interest, and in a fine country,—especially the Château de Bourbon Basset, with extensive views; the splendid Forêt de Montpensier, and Château de Randan, belonging to H.R.H. the Duc de Montpensier; the Château formerly the property of the family of the ill-starred Marquis de Cinq Mars; the Restaurant, a very bad one, of the Montagne Verte; L'Ardoisière, &c. The old town of Cusset is worth the short drive to it.

Making my escape after the process common to all watering-places, and again in Paris, I now went to Rouen; thence for a charming excursion in Normandy, beginning with the steamer on the Seine to Honfleur, between six and seven hours,—the scenery remarkably pretty for the

greater part of the way, and passing many places of interest on the banks. At the "Cheval Blanc," Honfleur, the accommodation does quite well enough for a night or so; the environs are lovely, and the hour and a half's drive to Trouville, with beautiful views both of land and sea, is delightful. I had seen Trouville before, so had no desire to remain, and now journeyed by a pleasant route through Houlgate, Villers-sur-Mer, and Cabourg—all fashionable places of summer resort—to Caen, another of the ancient historical towns of France, and where, as indeed may be said of all this part of the country, you are "en plein Guillaume le Conquérant" and his Queen Mathilde. Their tombs—that of the former in the grand cathedral of St Stephen, commenced by himself 1066, finished 1077, and of the latter in the church of the Holy Trinity—are very impressive; that of the Queen, indeed, as I beheld it in a chapel surrounded by the nuns of an establishment founded by herself in 1066, was, in its effect, quite scenic. Unluckily, the interest of these tombs is much diminished by the fact that the Conqueror's remains, having been torn from their sepulchre by the Huguenots in 1562, were hopelessly dispersed, with the exception of one thigh-bone, which, being reinterred, was finally made away with in the Revolution of 1793. The bones of Queen Mathilde were also seized by the Calvinists, who scattered them abroad, after breaking to pieces the original gravestone: they were, however, subsequently recovered, and the tomb restored in 1819. So late as 1450, Caen was held by the English, and its university was founded by King Henry VI.

I stayed two or three days in this curious old city, but in what hotel I have forgotten ; and sleeping, perforce, at Lisieux on my return to Trouville, I crossed over to Le Havre for a couple of days, at the Hotel Frascati ; and thence by rail to Dieppe, where, being tempted by a fine morning, I threw over a pleasant engagement, crossed to Newhaven, and so home. I had resolved to return this autumn to Scotland, to which I was the rather disposed by my recent admission into the Royal Company of Scottish Archers ; so at once I set my face northwards, travelling as usual by easy stages—the first night Bakewell, then Carlisle, and the third, Jedburgh, in the vicinity of which I proposed to visit Dolphington Tower, possessed, as I have said, for many generations by the Ainslies, on their first coming to Scotland. At the inn at Jedburgh they gave me an excellent Scotch dinner, salmon and grouse—two better things I know not—with a capital bottle of claret ; and the following morning, hiring a gig, I drove four miles along the highroad to the Carter Fell, in the Cheviot Hills, dividing, as every one knows, Scotland from England, which brought me to the remains of the old Tower, consisting, I found, of a certain elevation of the soil, with fragments of stone masonry,—the Marquis of Lothian, to whom the property belongs, having, it seems, a praiseworthy respect for ancient localities and their traditions.

In Alexander Jeffrey's 'Antiquities of Roxburghshire' the following passages refer to Dolphington :—

"The castle was a strong Border fort, for centuries the scene of strenuous exertion and rude hilarity ;" and further on, "a guard of sixty men was stationed here to



protect the neighbouring country, and to watch over the forces of England.”

The next account is from the ‘Statistics of Roxburghshire,’ August 29, 1872 :—

“This district, so long converted by the licentious Borderers into the theatre of incessant feuds, reciprocal depredations, and violent sanguinary conflicts, was once numerously interspersed with castellated edifices or baronial forts, of which the most distinguished were Dolphington, Mossburnford, and the Cragtower.

“The first is generally conjectured to have been built by one Dolphus, and to have derived from him its name. It was held for a considerable period by the family of Ainslie, who greatly distinguished themselves in the Border warfare. Inscribed on the principal gateway were the words ‘Rudolph de Ainslie’; the walls, of which little more than the foundations remain, were from 8 to 10 feet thick, and had several vaulted apertures in the middle of them, originally intended either for concealment or repose, but so large as to admit of their being converted by farmers into receptacles for ladders and other agricultural implements: they were of such massive and durable construction, indeed, as rendered their demolition a matter of very difficult accomplishment. A little to the south there is a plot of grass twelve yards square, long unbroken by the plough or spade, which is alleged to have been formerly furnished with a watch-tower.”

The surrounding landscape is hilly, fine Border-land, stretching away for many miles, and the situation of the ruins just what one might expect for a fortalice of the

sort described above. The Tower, with the lands belonging to it, passed into the family of Ker by the marriage of my ancestress Marjorie Aineslie, sole daughter and heiress of John de Aineslie of Dolphington, with Mark, second son of Walter Ker of Cessford, ancestor of the Kers of Littledene.

“This young lady, Marjorie Aineslie, who had been a ward of Walter Ker of Cessford, had been served heir to her father, John Aynslie of Dolphington, on the 28th of August 1500, the lands having been in the King’s hands during the fourteen years of her nonage, since the death of her father in 1486. Her marriage with Mark Ker above mentioned took place before the 27th of April 1502, ever since which period their descendants have carried the quartered arms of Ker and Ainslie.”—Nisbet’s ‘Heraldry,’ p. 167.

“Mark Ker, first of Dolphinstone, was a man of note, and one of the Lords of Council, who in 1524 put a period to the regency of John, Duke of Albany, and subscribed a bond to support the Government of the young King James V. In the year 1528, King James V., at the head of 8000 men, made an expedition on the Border, and seized Mark Ker of Dolphinstoun, together with the Earl of Buccleugh and Ker of Fernihurst, for Border feuds and raids. He died before the 13th of November 1551, having had by the said Marjorie Ainslie, his wife, four sons: 1, Sir Andrew; 2, John; 3, Thomas; 4, William. Sir Andrew Ker was described of Dolphinstoun, Littleden, and Hirsell, promiscuously. He had a charter under the great seal—‘*Andreae Ker, filio et hæredi apparenti Marci Ker de Littledene et Marjoriæ Ainslie,*

Dominæ de Dolphinstoun, sponsæ præfati Marci '—of the lands of Dolphinstoun, with part thereof in conjunct fee to him and Margaret Cranstoun his wife, on the resignation of his mother, Marjorie Ainslie, dated 3d January 1525.

“This Sir Andrew Ker was familiarly known as ‘Dandy Ker,’ the terror of the English Border, and was slain in 1547, at the disastrous battle of Pinkie, with almost all his following, the Ainslies of Dolphinstoun.”—Family Papers.

The last known representative of the ancient family of Ker of Littledene, Walter Forster Ker, died in 1841, at Madras, a captain in the 9th Foot, and on the staff of Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Dick, commander-in-chief of that Presidency. He was the son of Major-General Walter Ker of Littledene, who in 1804, having been served heir-male to Robert, first Earl of Roxburghe, thereupon, in 1805, and again in 1812, unsuccessfully contested the dukedom and estates of Roxburgh with Sir James Innes, who proposed that whoever gained the cause should pay the joint expenses,—which liberal offer being rejected by General Ker, proved the ruin of himself and his family.

Such things passing through my mind, it was not, I confess, without feelings somewhat strange, and a certain emotion, that on this fine breezy morning, the fresh autumnal air bringing with it a kind of invigorating perfume, and amid the profound silence of such a country, broken only by the sweet notes of a lark far up in the blue sky, the barking of a shepherd's dog, or the soft tinkling of a sheep-bell, I looked over these quiet, healthy

downs, spreading their green carpet in every direction far and wide. The generations of my race who had lived and died in the old building whose scanty remains were lying at my feet, had long disappeared, leaving no trace behind; their home had passed ages ago into other hands, and imagination only could fill up the blanks of so many hundred years.

On returning to the town, my interest in what I had seen induced me to call upon Lord Lothian's agent at his pretty house close by, who received me with every civility. In Jedburgh, besides the ancient abbey, in course of restoration by the taste and liberality of the Marquis, there is a very curious old house—its garden at the back going down to the little river Jed, in which, for six weeks, lived Queen Mary, and where, moreover, she had a serious illness. It is difficult to imagine any one, of the most limited means, even in those rude days, far less a lady and a sovereign, residing in such a place. It was still inhabited, but by tenants of the humblest description, and belonged, I was told, to some one in Russia, who could not be induced to part with it.

From Jedburgh I went on a little round of visits, and first to the Pavilion, belonging to the Somerville family, and celebrated by Sir Walter Scott, at present occupied by Colonel and Mrs Learmonth, who have made it so comfortable and pretty—the grounds sloping down to the gentle Tweed, rippling through this charming country. In the immediate neighbourhood of Melrose, Huntleyburn, Abbotsford, and Dryburgh Abbey—where rest so appropriately the remains of the sweet minstrel whose strains have thrown, not over these scenes alone, but

over all Scotland, a halo of unfading lustre—the whole country hereabouts is full of historical and poetical association.

Who has not read with delight Washington Irving's exquisite descriptions of Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey? In one of my visits to the former, within an easy walk of the Pavilion, I observed that the Ainslie coat-of-arms—which, with those of the principal Border families, are emblazoned, I think, round the entrance-hall—was incorrect, a fact which I communicated to Mr Hope, from whom I received an obliging reply, promising an alteration. Elsewhere this might not have so much signified; but here was the very home of heraldry, although Mr Hope told me that mine had not been the only objection made on this subject.

In passing through Edinburgh on my way to Aberdeenshire, I went for the second time to Cramond, there to see a tablet which my cousin Colonel Ainslie and myself had put up to our grandfather, Sir Philip, and our grandmother, for which, be it said, we had to pay a fee of £5 to my friend Craigie Halkett.

Making a flying visit at sweet Dysart, I went on to Dundee, dining excellently upon "cockie-leekie" and grouse—the living at these Scotch hotels is far better than in England—and sleeping at the Royal Hotel, in order to drive on the following morning to the church of Foulis, in which my sister had put up a memorial window to her husband. This window, executed by Hardman in Birmingham, is emblazoned with the arms of Mortimer, Gray, and Ainslie—the barony of Foulis having come to the Grays by the marriage of Janet, daughter of Sir

Roger de Mortimer of that ancient and long-extinct family, with Andrew, first Lord Gray. Here, again, was an instance of the indifference in Scotland to memorials of the dead; for notwithstanding the centuries I suppose that the Grays had been buried in this church, my sister's window is the only sign of remembrance. The church is very small, ugly, and of great antiquity; and outside the entrance there still remained, attached to the wall, a sort of iron manacle, which on Sunday, it seems, it was long ago the custom for any carnal defaulter to put on during the service.

From Dundee the "bonnie" and exceedingly dirty, to Aberdeen for a night, grim and uninviting with its cold granite streets; and the next day to the station of Kemnay, two and a half miles from my destination, Castle Fraser, a genuine castle—one of the oldest in Scotland still inhabited, standing in pretty, romantic grounds, and the home of Mackenzie Fraser and Lady Blanche, daughter of an old friend, the Earl of Perth. The father of my host I had known well: he had served some years in the Guards, and lost a leg at the siege of Burgos in 1812. Between him and Sir Thomas Bradford there had always existed a great friendship; and in the drawing-room I found a very good portrait of the General. Staying in the house were my hostess's sister, Lady Edyth Drummond, and a brother of Sir Seymour Blane, a pleasant fellow, who, when captain in the 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers, had been badly wounded in the Crimea, losing the use of one leg, which was supposed to have been the cause of his being unfortunately drowned, while fishing, on the 4th of April 1874.



The neighbourhood here is well inhabited, and hospitable, of which I had good opportunity of judging. Among other places are Dunecht, a fine house not yet completed, but where, nevertheless, we went to church—the residence of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres (Lady Lyndsay is the daughter of that lady whose name, I hope, is still to be seen on the little rock in the Lake of Killarney); Cluny, the splendid property of Mr Gordon; Fetterneir, belonging to a family of the name of Leslie, through whose pretty grounds runs the Don—good, I believe, for salmon; Monymusk, a genuine Scottish house of the old fashion, and the residence of Sir Archibald Grant, Bart., once a captain in the 4th Light Dragoons, which gives its name to the time-honoured and popular reel so well known; and others.

Amiable, accomplished, and elegant Lady Blanche Fraser died in the spring of life at Bournemouth, on the 5th of February 1874.

In the train returning South was the first and last Lord Colonsay, whom I had met at dinner at Cluny, with whom I journeyed to Perth, whence, after a night there, and spending an afternoon at Kinfauns, I continued to the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn for two or three days at Dysart, a place combining so many beauties of land and water. The fine views over the Firth of Forth, with Edinburgh and its castle in the distance; the little harbour, a perfect gem; the picturesque ruins of the old castle of Dysart, and the admirable taste with which it is kept,—all make this a residence of singular beauty and enjoyment. I found here the Earl and Countess of Wilton; Count Münster, whose wife had

been a sister of Lord Rosslyn; and Hamilton Aïdé, the author.

Adjoining Dysart is Wemyss Castle, of which I have before said something as being one of the grandest places, and also one of the oldest occupied, in Scotland. The building is not handsome, and has none of the features of a castle; but its position, and the terrace overlooking the German Ocean, are superb, and the grounds—the gardens especially—are magnificent.

Dysart possesses everything to cause one to leave it with regret,—when, crossing the water to Edinburgh, and staying there a day or two, among other occupations, I signed my name to the Archers' Roll, an ancient and curious document, upon which the earliest signature is that of "Hamilton and Brandon, December 1714." The Royal Company of Archers was, however, incorporated in 1676, in the reign of King Charles II. I visited also, with much interest, the Archers' Hall, a hideous building in the Old Town, where I was gratified by the portraits, plate, and other objects shown there.

From Edinburgh to Glasgow and Ayr, to wind up my ramble with the gaieties of the "meeting" there, beginning on the 18th September, of which I really think the most striking feature was the shameful amount of drunkenness at the races, further enlivened by a murder one night on the course. I have seen a good deal of that sort of thing in various places, but nothing came up to this Scotch brutality. The ball was a good one: the reel-dancing always gives a particular character and liveliness to these things in Scotland; and there seemed, on the whole, a great amount of sociability. The inn, I for-

get which, where I had found a room, was crowded, as was the town generally.

On my way South, I passed Sunday at Carlisle, much admiring the elegance of its small cathedral; and finding here my old West Indian acquaintances, the 47th Regiment, I spent Monday morning very pleasantly with the officers quartered in the castle. At the Station Hotel here, they have a troublesome and unnecessary custom of giving you an ivory ticket for your room; but what I thought particularly odious, was my being ignominiously turned out of what it seems was a dining-room for “ladies only.” The housekeeper, a very civil person, assured me that there were many ladies who, sooner than come into a room where there was a man, would eat in their bedrooms! How can one be surprised that in England there should be everywhere so much restraint and vexation, when there exist such absurd and offensive regulations!

Worthy old Hodgson, one of the members for the county, whom I met in the street, kindly asked me to his place, about five miles distant, but which I could not accept; and so home to St James’s Street.

On the 25th of September died at his house, 32 Hans Place, where I had so long been formerly his neighbour, my good friend Hubert de Burgh, generally known as “the Squire.” He was brother-in-law to Lord Cardigan, and a universal favourite for his agreeable manners and good-natured disposition, which made him always ready to do a service. The Squire had a pleasant house at West Drayton, where I have spent some cheery days. He commanded the Middlesex Yeomanry, and had been an extra equerry to the Emperor Napoleon III.

Just a month later, on the 25th of October, died in London the Princesse Edward de Ligne; and having seen her quietly sleeping in her coffin, I went by invitation, on Thursday the 31st, to Farm Street Chapel to attend the funeral service; and a more splendid or affecting ceremony of the kind I never beheld. The chapel was arranged and decorated with the greatest taste, and the music so exquisite, so overpoweringly beautiful, that in one of those bursts of divine melody, so excited were the senses and the imagination, that one could scarcely have been surprised to see, breaking through that gorgeous *catafalque*, the form of her whose obsequies were being celebrated with so much unfeigned sorrow. The remains were afterwards conveyed to the Roman Catholic cemetery at Kensal Green, where a handsome monument has been erected to her memory. A day or two after the funeral, I received from the Prince a charming photograph, together with a little seal, having thereon an owl engraved, which, it appeared, I had given to poor Gussie Cunynghame in days long gone by, and which the Prince assured me, in a touching letter, she had always worn attached to her watch. This tender *souvenir* of younger and happier times, now removed to mine, will hang there until the silence of which it is the emblem shall, like hers, be that of the grave.

The 12th of November found me at pleasant Gumley, which brings me well forward in the winter of 1872, of which I spent Christmas at Aphthorpe in Northamptonshire, belonging to the Earl of Westmoreland, whose father, the eleventh Earl, who had been so kind to me at Vienna in 1852, I had visited there. At this time,

however, the house was tenanted by Mr and Mrs George C. Bentinck, with whom were staying an agreeable company, some, unhappily, since gone to return no more ; the good old Countess Poulett and Sir Rowland Errington. Here also I made the acquaintance of the Duchess-Dowager of Cleveland, who has ever since been so good and kind a friend to me, and of whose hospitable home at Osterley I have more to say hereafter. Among other gaieties, we went to a pretty little dance at the Marchioness-Dowager of Huntly's, near Peterborough. At this season in all country-houses the church is a great resort, for there are to be found the young ladies of the party, busied in the arrangement of all the green leaves of winter, mottoes, devices, &c., into suitable decorations—a scene, especially when candles become necessary, pretty, gay, and attractive. I may observe that I thought the Apthorpe pheasants the best and finest I had ever eaten—the effect, no doubt, of their feeding.

From Apthorpe I went on the 31st of December to Norwich, on which night the 7th Dragoon Guards, commanded for some time by cheery “Jack” Peyton, were giving a second and equally good ball as their former one, to bring in the New Year of 1873. I put up, as at my last visit, but for what reason I know not, at the “Maid's Head,” a rubbishy old house in a nasty situation, but very civil people.

I am not, I believe, more savagely disposed than the rest of the world ; nevertheless, as a soldier, I saw with great misgivings the abolition of corporal punishment in the army, for to that it had practically arrived. But to instance another of the many proofs of the twaddle which

pretended that it had a bad influence upon the moral feelings of the soldier, let me relate that, being at breakfast one morning in the barracks here, I was told that a Mr F. wished to speak to me. Upon going into the anteroom I found a most respectable-looking, well-dressed person, having the appearance of a retired tradesman, whom I presently recognised as old "Billy" F., formerly of my troop in the Royal Dragoons, and for years the trusty batman of my Lieutenant, now General Yorke, C.B. Nothing could be more civil than his manner, pleased as he was to see his old Captain; and among other subjects, alluding to the electioneering contests of Sir Henry Stracey, also an old officer of the regiment, he said,— "Well, General, I was right pleased to give the Captain a plumper." Now be it known that my friend "Billy" in his day had taken his 300 lashes, I won't say "without a word," for he holloaed lustily, but he neither thought the worse of himself nor any one else for what had happened, and which he knew he had deserved. A "punishment" parade was no doubt a distressing ceremony, but, in my opinion, in certain cases it was a necessary one, and the idea of its creating any bad feeling was absurd.

On the 18th January 1873 I lost an old friend, Lieutenant-General Sir John Scott, K.C.B., Colonel of the 7th Hussars, who fell from his horse in the Park, and being carried into the Knightsbridge barracks, there expired without having recovered consciousness. I hear many people say they should prefer this kind of death; but to my mind there is something dreadful in being thus cut down at once, in perfect health, following the ordinary business or pleasures of life, and I confess to joining



heartily in that prayer of the Litany for protection against "sudden death."

It must, I think, have been in the course of this same winter that I first went to Dytechley in Oxfordshire, the fine property of the old Lees, and of Sir Walter Scott's Sir Henry in particular, of whom, as of his dog "Bevis," there are portraits in the house, among a variety of others, and of interesting family and historical relics. The place now belongs to Viscount Dillon, into whose family it came by marriage into the above-named family of Lees, the original Earls of Lichfield. The house is large, the public rooms and the entrance-hall especially are fine, and in them what sweet music I heard from the Miss Hamiltons, nieces of my host, not only as they sang German songs to the piano, but with their delicious zittas, a Tyrolese instrument little known in England! Lady Dillon is French, and her pleasant accent sounded so familiar in my ears! Old Lady Poulett was here; the Spenser-Ponsonbys; Mrs S. P., a sister of Lord Dillon; his nephew, Harold Dillon, formerly of the Rifle Brigade, with his pretty Canadian wife,—were, I think, the party, besides the young ladies just mentioned.

On my way back to London I spent some hours for the first time in Oxford; but though much interested, it was not weather for lingering in chapels and cloisters.

In May I spent a few days at the Pier Hotel in Ryde, which, with the society I was in, passed only too quickly. Lord Templetown, married to a daughter of Sir Alexander Woodford, commanded at Portsmouth, whither, on the 24th of the month, I went to see the "Queen's birthday" parade on Southsea Common.

This summer the Shah of Persia came to England, causing a great deal of exaggerated fuss. He arrived in London, of course in a deluge of rain, on the 18th of June—a circumstance I have the more reason to remember from the fact of its rather damping a pleasant dinner with a foreign friend at the “Trafalgar” at Greenwich. Thanks to the favour of Lady Knatchbull, I saw his Majesty from her box at the opera, and a second time from that of Mrs Thistlethwayte, at the concert in the Albert Hall, where the *coup d’œil* was really grand, owing to the immense size of the building and to the majority of the company being in uniform. The diamonds with which the Shah was covered—most of them, however, I believe, of no great value—would, I thought, have been much more appropriately worn by the two charming women between whom he sat, looking exceedingly stupid. They were their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales and her sister the Princess Dagmar.

The day of the review at Windsor, the 24th of June, with lovely weather, was most enjoyable—going there, as I did, with the Whitmores, on their coach, from Virginia Water, the Edward-Cleatons making up the party, and returning to the comfortable inn there to dinner. The review itself, at which Lord Strathnairn commanded, was not remarkable, and, truth to say, the little manœuvring attempted did not go off particularly well. The force consisted of two batteries of Royal Horse Artillery, one battery of Field-artillery, one division of Cavalry in two brigades, and one division of Infantry in three brigades.

While the fleet of ironclads which had been assembled for the Shah was still at Spithead, Lord Howe kindly

gave me a day on board his fine steam-yacht, the *Mona*, when, starting from Southampton on a beautiful morning, and cruising round the fleet, going on board the *Sultan*—whose five masts had, I thought, a very awkward appearance—and the *Devastation*, in which hideous construction my relation Gerald Maltby was one of the lieutenants, we returned, looking in at Cowes on the way, to Southampton, dining and sleeping in every comfort on board the yacht; and the following morning our little party, consisting only of the Earl and Archie Campbell, went back to town.

Good Chepmell, not yet satisfied, prevailed on me, sorely against my inclination, to try one other season at Vichy, whither, after a short halt at Boulogne, I went on the 12th of August, and, as before, to the *Hotel du Parc*. Among the English here were Sir Gaspard and Lady le Marchant,—the General in very bad health; and indeed he did not live very long afterwards. He was a pleasant gentlemanly man in private life, and an officer of considerable reputation, who had held several high commands. Lady le Marchant, a tall distinguished-looking woman, was sister to Mrs Thomas, wife of the colonel of the 20th Regiment, so conspicuous in the affair at Ashton-under-Lyne in 1839.

Having gone through what, in my opinion and experience, were the useless absurdities of a fourth season of mineral-watering, I left Vichy for Bourges, sleeping a night at a villanous inn at Nevers, and thence for two nights to the *Hotel de France* at Bourges, where there is much to admire in the cathedral, with fine *vitraux*; and in the *Hotel de Ville*, begun in 1443, once the magnificent

residence of the wealthy merchant, Jacques Cœur, sometime Minister of Finance to Charles VII., but who fell into undeserved and unexplained disgrace, and died in exile in 1456. Louis XI. was born at Bourges in 1423. The *pralines* of this place are supposed to be particularly good. Thence for five pleasant days, as always, at Cangé; and so by Paris home.

Being at Gumley on the 5th of November, I went on the 24th for some days to visit an old "Royal," Sir Henry Stracey, Bart., at Rackheath Park, near Norwich, well known to me when quartered there in 1830-31, at which period Sir Edward, uncle of my friend, and whom he succeeded, was living there. Stracey had married while we were at Brighton in 1834, and, leaving the army, went into Parliament, where for many sessions, as a firm Conservative, he represented, at different times, both the county of Norfolk and the city of Norwich. Thence to Lord and Lady Howe, in Leicestershire,—a visit I greatly enjoyed, and thought Gopsall an extremely comfortable, as well as a fine house. In the handsome library is preserved the 'Journal,' in his own handwriting, of the great Admiral Lord Howe, remarkable for its simplicity and for many curious unpretending domestic details, but especially for the very modest notice made of the glorious 1st of June 1794. There certainly was a natural unaffected simplicity in the characters, feelings, and habits of the great naval officers of those days, as appears in their private correspondence, which is very touching. I drove one afternoon, with Lady Howe and Mrs Jolliffe, who, with her husband, was staying in the house, to Grendon, a quaint old place belonging to Sir George Chetwynde,

Bart., where Lady Hastings gave us tea, and Miss Chetwynde showed me the pretty rooms.

Leaving Gopsall for the house of some friends near Reading, I returned thence to London, where I was now, strange to say, contemplating another change of habitation; for my apartment, though really pretty, comfortable, and well situated, was actually too small for my requirements, especially considering the high rent I paid. Meanwhile, on the 24th of December I went to spend Christmas at Aldershot with Lord and Lady Edward Clinton, living at Mapperton Lodge. We went round the diners of the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade on Christmas-day; and on the 26th, Lady Alison, my old friend Sir Thomas M'Mahon, commanding the Cavalry at Aldershot, and Mr Buchanan, Rifle Brigade, dined at Mapperton. Monday, the 29th, we met a large party at dinner at Sir Thomas M'Mahon's, who lives here in a pleasant house which he has purchased; and on the last day of the year I dined at the mess of the Rifle Brigade. We brought in the New Year of 1874 with a cheery dinner of Riflemen at Mapperton—the Edmond-Hartopps, Seymour, Campbell, Norcott (son of my old companion in the regiment), and Grant; and on the 2d January I left my kind entertainers for London, where I completed the disposal of my rooms. Sending all my property to the Pantechnicon, I betook myself to the "Park Place" Hotel, until the day should arrive for going to Paris, where I had resolved to pass some time, when, returning to dress for a dinner-party at Lady Isabella Schuster's on the 4th of February 1874, my servant informed me that the Pantechnicon was in flames; and in a very few

hours, with the exception of my plate at the banker's, I had lost everything I possessed in the world.

This catastrophe completely knocked me down, and it was in truth a blow from which, at my age, it was not likely I should recover; for had I not lost at once all that was dear to me, and which, at some future time, might have enabled me to make a fresh home, and end my days at least in comfort and respectability in my own country? Among my treasures were a pair of handsome silver-mounted pistols of my grandfather Sir Philip, and a beautiful portrait of my father by Reinagle, in the full dress of the 4th or "Queen's Own" Dragoons, and mounted upon a horse that had carried him in Spain. I had also some of his uniforms, and the sword he had worn at the battle of Talavera. It may well be supposed that I had also *souvenirs* of other kinds, some with an interest attached to them far beyond their intrinsic value, and of which, even at this distance of time, I never think without pain.

The cup indeed was now running over. Life in England, with my tastes and habits, never really suited me. I was extremely mortified at the failure of all my hopes and repeated applications for employment: idleness, and, as I believed, neglect, made me impatient and unhappy; so, turning my back upon my vexations and disappointments, I came to Paris, to enjoy, as I never fail to do, this bright and smiling capital, where, at any rate, are to be found all the best remedies for low spirits. Besides my French relations living here during the winter, I had quite as much society as I desired, and I had always been a great frequenter of theatres. For six



months I was admitted into the Cercle de l'Union on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, perhaps the best composed club in Paris, where I made many agreeable acquaintances. But, as I have elsewhere remarked, I am not a "clubbable" man: I think men's society in general dull and monotonous, and, however necessary in London, I found that in Paris the "restaurant" was a far more amusing resort; so that when the six months expired, I did not offer myself as a permanent member. The Paris clubs, as well as I could judge, are not upon so good a system as ours, and are very expensive.

## CHAPTER XVI.

PARIS — THE RHINE — HOLLAND — METZ — GRAVELOTTE —  
 SEDAN — ENGLAND — OSTERLEY PARK — EASTCOURT —  
 THE PRINCESS MATHILDE — VISIT TO THE EMPRESS  
 EUGÉNIE — SWITZERLAND — PARISIAN THEATRES —  
 — FRENCH LITERATURE — REMARKS ON ENGLISH, AND  
 ON POETRY.

ON the 30th of April I attended, in the Église de l'Oratoire, Rue St Honoré, the marriage of Mademoiselle Hecht, sister to Madame Roger de Monbrison, with Monsieur le Baron Boissy d'Anglas, grandson of the Comte Boissy d'Anglas, celebrated for his conduct in the French Revolution, and especially on the 20th of May 1796. The Lutheran service is cold and unimpressive, and the appearance of the church added nothing to the effect of the ceremony.

As the fine weather advanced, although the month of May this year was one of almost continued rain, I enjoyed it among the many pleasant resorts in the neighbourhood of Paris: Fontainebleau, St Germain, Rueil, Fontenay-aux-Roses, Enghien, Montmorency, St Denis—a filthy

place, but to see there the cathedral, in which the plaster-casts of the Royal tombs, destroyed in 1793, make a very paltry display—Sevres, St Cloud, Versailles, and Rouen, which may almost be included among the environs of Paris, and of which I shall take another opportunity by-and-by of speaking more at length.

Having just previously attended the annual review at Longchamps, at which the number of troops on the ground was stated to be 60,000, I started on the 4th of July, by way of Brussels, for the Rhine and Holland, where I proposed making a second visit to my relations the De Bruyns. Again I passed a day of complete enjoyment at Waterloo, dining afterwards with the pleasant Allixes in their charming house on the Boulevard du Regent; and so by Cologne to the indifferent Hotel Bellevue at Bonn; thence loitering up the Rhine to the comforts of the Hotel du Géant at Coblenz for some days. Among other associations with this city is, that in the island passed just before arriving from Bonn, King Edward III. of England resided for several months in 1332, at the time of his installation as Vicar of the German Empire by Louis of Bavaria, in the Church of St Castor in Coblenz.

Sitting one day listening to the military band which plays once a-week in the pretty "Rhein Anlagen" or "Queen's Gardens," erected by the present Empress Augusta of Germany, there was suddenly a movement round me; every one stood up, and I saw, quietly taking a chair near the small *café*, and attended, I think, by only one lady and a gentleman, a plainly dressed, ordinary-looking person, who proved to be the Empress

*en personne*. The *garçon de café* brought her a basket of cakes, which her Majesty, in the kindest, most unaffected manner, proceeded to distribute among the children present, who each in turn came forward to receive them without any awkward shyness. It was altogether a pretty and characteristic scene.

Notwithstanding the frequent residence of the Empress at Coblenz, of which she is known to be so fond, and that her plain carriage and pair of horses are constantly to be seen in every part of the city, the streets are, many of them, very ill kept and in very bad order, which may be said also of the roads in the neighbourhood.

I now retraced my steps, sleeping on the 21st July at the Hotel Bellevue—not good—in the pretty Dutch town of Arnheim, on the Rhine, whose neighbourhood is, I fancy, the most attractive and the best inhabited in Holland, and for an Englishman, having an especial interest; for here, on the 7th October 1586, expired Sir Philip Sidney, from the effects of a wound received at the battle of Zutphen on the 22d September previous. The next day, having the good fortune to meet in the train Madame de Bruyn's daughter, Madame Blankenhagen, and her husband, I went on with them to Scheveningen, the fashionable Dutch sea-bathing place, where the De Bruyns have a pleasant villa, with whom I remained till the 10th of August, sleeping at the Hotel d'Orange, which I found good and clean.

Scheveningen, in the midst of a desolation of sand-hills, with a fine open sea before it, is not a gay place. The weather was detestable—cold, stormy winds, and constant rain. The climate, I imagine, must be as rough as

that of England. The drive of three miles to the Hague, through a wood of fine oaks and elms, is charming; and thither I went frequently, to revisit the Museum, the picture-galleries, the Park, with its pretty drives and fine trees, and occasionally the very good band of the Grenadiers. The ornamental water of this park, of which there is a good deal, is unfortunately so much covered with weeds, as not only to spoil its effect, but to be dangerous, and accidents have happened in consequence. Leaving my kind and pleasant cousins with much regret, I stayed two or three days at the Old Doelen in Amsterdam, and found no want of amusement. Among other sights, Henri de Bruyn went with me to Saardam, and Peter the Great's cabin there—very interesting. There is an originality and character about Amsterdam which, for a little while, makes it very entertaining. I do not think living so particularly good in Holland, and certainly it is very dear.

On my way to Düsseldorf I had the company of Henri de Bruyn as far as Utrecht, where we were to breakfast and spend the morning with the Blankenhagens, who entertained us admirably in their new house,—when, after a pretty drive round the city, they deposited me in the train for my destination, where I slept the same night, though not in the old Breidenbacher Hof, which unluckily was quite full.

Though in every respect so altered for me, I never return to Düsseldorf without emotion; nor has the lapse of years by any means deadened the recollections of other and happier days. I now lingered back to Frankfûrt, making easy stages of several of those tempting and less

frequented places—Königswinter and the Drachenfels; Rolandseck and sweet Nonnenwerth; Andernach; thence on my journey to St Goarhausen, visiting the Laucher See and the picturesque ruins of the abbey of Lauch. In the vicinity of St Goarhausen is the grand ruin of Reichenberg; and at the Hotel Adler, seated at the cheerful window of the little "Speise Saal," what delicious salmon did they serve me as I looked out upon the spot where it had been just caught! In the still evening here, the shadows deepening on the solemn mountains and the gleaming river, the effect of an echo produced by some variations played on a key-bugle is really beautiful. From here to Rheinstein—in itself lovely always, and touchingly associated with memories of its late Royal owner—and Assmanshausen opposite, whence I drove by the Niederwald and its fine scenery to Rüdesheim, where, the weather becoming very wet, I drank a *halb Flasch* to the noble Rhine, which I was leaving with so much regret, and railed to Wiesbaden, at the "Quatre Saisons,"—bad, dear, and the people uncivil. The place I found a desert, and left it almost immediately for the admirable Hotel de Russie at Frankfört, coming in there for the races—a very poor affair; but I fell in with agreeable company, and was amused. My sister was at Homburg, whither I went occasionally; but, as a residence, I infinitely preferred the comfort and quiet of the "Russie" to a place whose natural prettiness I think quite spoilt by the confined space, and the sort of English tone that seems to prevail there.

We had one day a very pleasant dinner at the "Russie," after the races,—Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar,



Lord and Lady Barrington, Mrs Aubrey Beauclerc, the Dudley-Carletons, and a few more. Another and a smaller party I remember also with pleasure at the "Palmen Garten,"—H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and his aide-de-camp, Lady Sebright, Mrs Townley and her daughter, and Lord Winchelsea.

As usual, I went to the cemetery, where I always fancy each visit must be the last; and how much I lament not having upon every occasion left, like other mourners, a wreath or some such memorial of these sad stages in my pilgrimage! I found that the young healthy woman with whom I had conversed when last here had taken her place in this garden of death, while her old parents were still carrying on their dismal occupation. The mother took me to see her daughter's grave, which she had prettily arranged.

I may here relate that, finding the grave in which I was specially interested a good deal neglected, and being desirous of providing for its better care in future, I bethought me of applying to the British consul, who, I fancied, might be obliging enough to assist me in this object. On going to the consulate, I was there informed by a very saucy clerk that "it was not the office-hour;" that "the consul came there only one hour in the day;" that he "lived in the country, but he did not know where." The next day I returned at the time specified by this flippant young gentleman, but still no consul; and as my time in Frankfür̃t had almost expired, I wrote a letter to the British chaplain, who also lived out of town, explaining my wants, and soliciting his aid,—to which this gentleman vouchsafed me no reply whatever.

Now, to begin with, it seemed to me that in a large city like Frankfür, and at a season when British travellers were especially numerous, one hour a-day—and that, as I had found, by no means to be depended upon—was a short allowance of consular attendance; and that, moreover, the address of this functionary ought to have been known at his office, where also a little more civility would have been desirable. And with regard to the clergyman, his rudeness in not answering my letter is, I imagine, quite inexcusable. I had written an account of these circumstances to the ‘Times,’ the usual refuge for British complaint; but, by the advice of a friend, I did not send my letter, which I have ever since regretted, for I am of opinion that such things ought to be made public.

One lovely morning I took an early train to Mayence, there to see march in, on their road to some manœuvres in the neighbourhood, the 13th Prussian Hussars, of which I wrote a description to the Adjutant-General in London. It was a pretty sight, though in a military sense I was disappointed. The sweet, sunny morning; the smiling and tranquil landscape around; the noble Rhine, gliding swiftly and quietly along; the beautiful music of the Hussars as they tramped across the bridge of boats upon which I was sitting; the gay effect of the uniforms,—what a charming scene it all made up! At the Hotel d’Angleterre, where I breakfasted, I fell in with Dawson Damer, with whom I dined one day afterwards in Frankfür at the Zoological Gardens. Since my last visit this city had become Prussian, whose uniforms had entirely replaced the mixed garrison that used to occupy it; and now, after a parting dinner at the “Russie” with

Mrs Round and her niece and Frank Heathcote, I slept at Biberich, and taking once more to the Rhine, on the 1st of September I found myself in the comfortable Hotel du Nord at Cologne for two days—a place with which every one is more or less acquainted, and abuses, I believe, far more than it deserves, considering the many very remarkable objects of interest it contains, and the excellence of its hotels. Thence to Rolandseck again, at the little Hotel Billau, on the water's edge, and immediately below a restaurant commanding one of the most exquisite views on the Rhine; and how pleasant was it to sit out on that terrace, feasting one's eyes upon the marvellous scenery, listening to the delightful music of the Hussars from Bonn, and every now and then applying with considerable satisfaction to a bowl of delicious *May Trank*, made with strawberries or peaches and Moselle wine!—all this a thousand times the more enjoyed that I was now no longer alone, but with a companion to whom everything was new, and who entered into these pleasures as keenly as myself!

Again I strolled among the sweet shades of Nonnenwerth, whence, going on to Königswinter, upon this occasion I made the ascent of the Drachenfels, and on a donkey, to the intense amusement of my companion—at the summit of the rock to be absolutely confounded with the ravishing beauty and extent of the view. On our return, after dining at my former quarters, the Hotel de l'Europe, in Königswinter, contrary to the advice of the prudent waiter, we set out on our homeward journey in a small boat, and the night being excessively dark, not altogether without risk, for we grounded several

times, when the boatmen were obliged to get out and tow us along, so that the lights of the Hotel Billau shone very pleasantly in our eyes when at length we brought up at the little landing-place.

From Rolandseck in the steamer to the excellent "Géant" at Coblenz for some days, spending one of them at pretty Ems. The Castle of Stolzenfels—belonging to the Queen-Dowager of Prussia, restored by King William IV., and where he received Queen Victoria in 1845—four miles from Coblenz, overlooking the Rhine and the village of Capellen, I thought very inferior in beauty and interest to the much smaller one of Rheinstein.

At St Goar, the next stage, the "Liebfraumlilch," always a pleasant wine, at the Hotel Rheinfels, was, I think, the best I ever drank. We crossed the Rhine in order to revisit Reichenberg from St Goarhausen, whence in the morning, taking the train to Assmanshausen, we there made an excellent breakfast in the garden of a little hotel whose name I forget, kept by a civil Frenchman, close to the river, and with Rheinstein before us, which we then crossed over to explore. So lovely was the day, the last fine one indeed of the season, that we continued in our small boat to Bingen, whence by steamer to Mayence at the Hotel d'Angleterre,—very good.

We spent a long day in Frankfûrt, where we saw the "Palmen Garten," the Zoological Gardens, the Quartier des Juifs et des Rotschildts, dined at the "Russie," went to a very good *cirque* in the evening, and returned to sleep at Mayence.

One miserably wet day we passed in deserted Wiesbaden, which, however, did not prevent our wandering

about the forlorn Kürsaal and its silent colonnades, and driving to the elegant Greek church containing the beautiful statue of the late Duchess of Nassau, a Russian princess. From Mayence to Heidelberg for two days at the comfortable Hotel Schrieder, close to the railway station. All the world knows this old town on the Neckar, with its ruined castle of the thirteenth century, one of the most picturesque monuments in Europe—its celebrated tun, and its charming neighbourhood; and so next by Mannheim to the abominable Hotel de l'Europe at Metz, of which city, finely situated at the confluence of the Seille and the Moselle, the environs surprised me by their beauty. At Longueville, three miles on the road to Verdun, the landlady of one of the larger houses told us that the Emperor Napoleon had slept there and given a dinner of thirty *couverts*,—an honour, however, of which she did not express herself very sensible, not having apparently realised as many francs as she expected. Thence to Gravelotte and neighbourhood, the scene of the battle of the 18th of August 1870.

A little way out of Metz, Marshal Bazaine had a pleasant residence. The indignation expressed here at his conduct was universal and unbounded,—my own opinion being, that by his shameful surrender on the 28th of October he compromised the military prestige of every uniform in Europe.

Our next stage was naturally Sedan, the scene of the great drama of the 1st and 2d September 1870, where the accommodation at the Hotel de l'Europe—the same, nevertheless, which had been occupied by the Prince of Wales—was positively revolting; while the living, to our

astonishment, was exceptionally good, and everybody very civil. Under the intelligent guidance of Mr Thompson, we first visited Bazailles, one and a half miles from Sedan, burnt by the Bavarians before the capitulation,—all that remains of a thriving little town of 600 houses being a portion of the church and the house in which Marshal Turenne was born. Close by is Balan, where Marshal de M'Mahon was wounded on the 1st of September, the spot marked by a stone cross erected by the Duchesse de Magenta; and then to the little cottage of the weaver and his wife at Donchéry, in which, at 8 A.M. on the 2d September, the Emperor Napoleon had an interview with Count Bismarck, and constituted himself a prisoner. The room up-stairs in which they conversed, and whose furniture, with the two chairs marked with their names, the woman said she might have sold for any money, as well as the four napoleons the Emperor took from his pocket and gave her, which, with a feeling that does her honour, she has had placed in a frame; the garden where, smoking a cigar, the Emperor walked up and down waiting the return of Bismarck, who had gone to his own quarters a little way off,—were all deeply and painfully interesting. Next to the pretty Château de Bellecour at Frenois, three miles from Sedan, belonging to Monsieur Amour, where, at 11 A.M. the same day, the capitulation, surrendering to the German forces under King William of Prussia the entire French army, with Marshal de M'Mahon, was signed, I think, in the billiard-room. The interview between Napoleon and the King took place at 2 P.M. in the château, whence the Emperor, having slept there, proceeded the following day to Wil-



helmshöhe. All these and other memorable localities lie in the midst of the field of battle of Thursday the 1st of September, and it was impossible to view them without feelings of grave reflection and astonishment.

Our last halt was at Rheims, at the extremely bad Hotel du Lion d'Or—just opposite, however, the magnificent cathedral, upon which, at the moment of our arrival, a lovely moon, from a sky of the most transparent blue, shed upon the building that sweet, holy light so peculiarly favourable to architecture of that description. Commenced in 1212, and for centuries the place of coronation of the sovereigns of France, this church is unquestionably the finest I know in this country. The church also of St Remi, in the Norman style, is a grand edifice; and there is here a remarkably beautiful and well-preserved Roman arch—larger, it is said, than any in Rome. To Paris on the 18th of September, after a little excursion, so happy that, for the first time in my life, I was really sorry to return to the Boulevards.

On the 2d of October I went to England, breaking the journey to Calais by a few hours at Amiens, and making an excellent dinner at the Hotel de France et d'Angleterre. The *pâtés de canard* here at the proper season are much esteemed. The fine cathedral of the thirteenth century well deserves a visit; and with how much romantic history are not Amiens, and the Somme, upon which it stands, associated! From Dover to Hastings for a night, at the capital Victoria Hotel, where, the year previous, after a long illness, died an old companion in the 14th, Major-General Stuart, C.B., colonel of the 11th Hussars; and thence to the Edward-Clintons at South-

sea, arriving just in time for an inspection of the Portsmouth garrison, under Lieutenant-General Sir Hastings Doyle, K.C.M.G., by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. The first thing that struck me was the weakness of the regimental bands as they marched to the ground, so much too few in numbers to produce any good effect. With one or two exceptions, the regiments were very weak, and their composition appeared to me indifferent. There was a ball the same evening, given by the Admiral, my old friend Sir Rodney Mundy.

To Ryde for two days, at the Pier Hotel, and, as always when they are at home, a pleasant and excellent dinner with the Somerset-Calthorpes at Woodlands Vale. Thence to Sir Cornwallis and Lady Caroline Ricketts at Holly Hill, near Fareham, a pretty place on the Southampton Water, belonging to Admiral Mazie. The Baronet, a brother of my old St John's Wood companion, who afterwards commanded the "Greys," I had known in Halifax in the winter of 1825-26—then a lieutenant, I think, in the Niemen frigate. Here I met a most agreeable person and distinguished admiral, Sir Thomas Pasley, Bart., father of the captain of the Niobe, whom I have mentioned among my West Indian acquaintances. From the 14th to the 19th October I spent at Kingswood Warren, a place lately purchased by Sir John Hartopp, married to a relative of my own, in a charming country, four miles from Reigate and four from Epsom, and which, in truth, he may be said to have created anew. The church, and especially the churchyard, standing in the grounds, are extremely pretty.

Thence on the 20th to the 24th, to Osterley Park, near

Southall, tenanted by the Duchess-Dowager of Cleveland. It belongs to the Earl of Jersey, into whose family it came by the marriage, on the 23d of May 1804, of George, fifth Earl of Jersey, with the Lady Sarah Sophia, eldest daughter of John, tenth Earl of Westmoreland, her mother being daughter and sole heiress of the celebrated banker, Robert Child of Osterley Park, for whom the house, of which the rebuilding had been commenced in 1760 by his brother Francis, was finished by Adams in 1770. This marriage between the Earl of Westmoreland and Miss Child, which took place on the 20th of May 1782, had been what they call a "runaway" one; and I remember a story of my grand-uncle Charles, Lord Gray, who was a friend of the Earl's, having in some degree assisted the flying pair, inasmuch that, being at the time a captain in the King's Dragoon Guards, and quartered somewhere on their line of flight, he happened to be exercising his troop in marching order when their carriage came thundering along the road; and Lord Westmoreland, putting his head out of the window, begged my uncle to throw all the impediment in his power in the way of Mr Child, who was close behind—which Lord Gray contrived to do, by arranging his dragoons in such a manner that it required some time to pass them. The Childs had long been a family of eminence, Sir Francis Child having been member for London, and Lord Mayor in 1699; his son, Sir Francis, Lord Mayor in 1732. Samuel Child, M.P. for Bishop's Castle in 1752, was twelfth son of Sir Francis Child. Robert Child, Esq., who, as has been related, completed the present house of Osterley, died in 1782.

In the reign of Edward I., Osterley was a manor held by John de Osterlee, and in the mansion, finished in 1577 by Sir Thomas Gresham, he received Queen Elizabeth the following year. The present house is a large imposing pile of brick, of which the work is remarkably perfect. At the four angles are turrets, and in the centre a fine stone portico, arrived at by a broad flight of steps. There is a spacious entrance-hall; the public rooms are handsome; and there is a noble and extremely pleasant gallery, 140 feet in length. The sleeping accommodation is very comfortable; but what is particularly to be remarked is the admirable solidity, the taste and perfection of finish throughout, for which the architect had a well-deserved reputation. There are some good pictures, especially of the Child family, and in particular one or two lovely portraits of Mrs Child, mother of Lady Westmoreland. It seemed strange, almost startling, to see still attached to the bells labels with "Mrs Child's bedroom," "Mrs Child's dressing-room," &c. One almost expected her to ring them.

The park, like almost everywhere in this neighbourhood, is flat, with fine trees and a pretty sheet of water.

On the 24th, to the pretty rectory of the William-Talbots at Hatfield, and thence on the 27th, by London, to Lady Scott at Great Barr Hall, until the 4th November with Lady Hartopp and the Edward-Clintons, during which a day at Lichfield, whose small cathedral I think in no way remarkable; nor was I greatly interested by Chantrey's "Sleeping Children," a monument, however, of considerable reputation.

To Gumley on the 4th November to the 12th, in

which neighbourhood, about nine miles distant, is Kilmarshe, belonging to Mr Naylor, whose wife is the daughter of Mr and Mrs Thorold, whom I had known in my Ipswich days when they lived in Suffolk; and in Mrs Naylor's fine eyes I was glad to see once more those of her lovely mother. Kilmarshe is a large handsome house, and something told me at once it must have been built by Adams, the architect of Osterley, as proved to be the case.

Half an hour's rail takes you from Market Harborough to Kettering in Northamptonshire, within four miles of which town appear the stately woods of Boughton, a grand place belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, and at present occupied by Lord and Lady Walter Scott, to whom I went from Gumley. The house, originally built by Ralph, first Duke of Montague, but subsequently reconstructed by John, second Duke, is immense, and everything about it on a corresponding scale. It has not, I believe, been regularly occupied by the Buccleuch family for many years; but the apartments lived in by my host and hostess are as comfortable as pretty arrangement, and glorious fires in grates far beyond modern dimensions, can make them. Some genealogies carved on the wainscot of two or three of the rooms struck me as very curious.

Leaving here on the 18th for London, I went on the 20th to my old friends the Arthur-Bentincks, at Eastcourt, in a charming country four miles from Wokingham, until the 23d. In this neighbourhood I found, in a pretty and original style of house, of which she had herself been the architect, Mrs Blakeley, whom I have first

mentioned as the wife of Johnny Tonge of the 14th, after whose tragical death in the Pyrenees she married Captain Blakeley of the Artillery, and of gun notoriety, whom she also survives. At their house, or rather houses, in London, I had spent many pleasant evenings, to say nothing of their good and pretty dinners, served only by nicely dressed women. Mrs Blakeley had been a considerable traveller, and was a person of varied and extensive accomplishment. Among other people I remember meeting *chez elle* was General Todleben.

In the ancient church of Finchampstead, a mile or so from the house of Eastcourt, I observed a black marble tablet on the wall, with the following inscription, copied for me by the kindness of a lady in the neighbourhood :

“ Here lyeth buried Henry Hynde, Gent., Lord of the Manor of Finchhampsted, East Courte, Purveyor to Kinge Henry VIII., Kinge Edward Sixt, Quene Mary, King Philipe, and Queen Elizabeth, of there stables, who, for his heartie zeall in religion, his faithful servis to his Prince and countrie, and heartie love to his neighbours, was as a perfecte mirror to his ensueing posteritie to imitate. He departed this life the 28th day of December 1580.”

To Quorndon House from the 23d to the 28th, and Newstead Abbey from that date to the 1st December, on which day I left with the persuasion of reaching Dytchley the same evening ; but such was the shameful irregularity of the trains and their delays, that I could get no farther than Woodstock, where I slept, of course at the old inn, and where, equally of course, was lying on the table of the coffee-room the novel, which, always delightful, now helped through a miserable supper. The inn and the



fare, I doubt not, were a good deal better in Roger Wildrake's time; but now I was very glad to leave an uncomfortable bed and a cold room on the following bright, frosty morning, and drive through the splendid grounds of Blenheim to my friends at Dytechley, with whom I stayed till the 4th.

Driving one day to the village of Spitzburg, in whose church are several tombs of the Dillons, I recognised the monument to the late Viscount, which I had last seen in Fuller's studio at Florence—an excellent likeness.

London from the 4th to the 9th of December, when again to Osterley. On the 18th of the month I slept at Dover, and crossing to Calais the following day, went on at once to Paris.

Dining on the 1st of January 1875 *chez* Bignon, while at dinner a sudden and very disagreeable chill was felt even in the small cabinet of the restaurant; and on coming away, it was with the utmost difficulty we could manage to reach home. So sharp and instantaneous a frost, with sleet, had come on, that the streets had become at once impracticable for carriages and horses, which were to be seen stranded in every direction, while people on foot could make their way only by the greatest efforts, and many serious accidents occurred. The events of this night gave rise to a piece at the theatres, silly enough, called "*Le Verglas*."

This winter I had the honour of being presented by my friend the Baron Larrey, son of the celebrated military surgeon of whom the Emperor Napoleon said in his will, "*C'est le plus honnête homme que j'ai connu*," to H.I.H. the Princesse Mathilde, from whom, both in Paris

and at her charming residence St Gratien, I have ever since received much generous kindness, as I shall have occasion to record more particularly further on. With the return of spring, I left Paris for England on the 9th of May 1876, the day after a beautiful ball *chez la* Comtesse de Pourtalés, one of the most distinguished of Parisian *élégantes*; and after my arrival, I put up for some days at an old haunt of mine, the little inn close to the station at Redhill, which, then unpretending, comfortable, and quiet, I now found turned into a hotel, and, like the generality of such places, greatly fallen off. Thence to Sir William Fraser's at Clapham—a house full of interest and amusement in the way of books, prints, caricatures, and many other objects, of which the Baronet has a valuable and always increasing collection, the very chairs and floors being strewn with precious things. On the 1st of June I went to Osterley, where the Duchess of Cleveland took me one afternoon to Kew to drink tea with H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, who received me most kindly, and seemed well pleased to talk of Hanover, and of persons and days there of whom I ventured to remind her, though indeed her Royal Highness's memory was often better than mine.

Thence to the Edmund-Hartopps at Windsor, where, on his leaving the army, they had settled; and during my stay with them until the 8th, I saw for the first time the beauties of the justly famed Rhododendron Walk in the park. My brother Ralph's boy Tom was at Eton, and breakfasted with me one morning at the Castle, where I had a room—a very gentlemanly, pleasant companion, as indeed these Eton boys usually are; but the account

he gave of his course of education considerably astonished me: with the exception of making Greek and Latin verses, he appeared to learn nothing whatever.

The Fred-Ricardos having been so good as invite me for the Ascot meeting to The Hut, near Brackwell, to them I went on the 8th, Tom seeing me off in the train; a lovely day,—from which, however, to the 12th, when I left them in a deluge of rain, the weather was as stormy as winter; and pitiable it was to see the ladies on the course covered with furs! I nevertheless enjoyed the meeting exceedingly; and our small party in the house, including the Somerset - Calthorpes, was so pleasant, especially with Mrs Ricardo's exquisite singing, and the music we had in the evening. I left these agreeable quarters for the Castle Hotel, Richmond, until the 17th, dining on the day of my arrival with my old friend Laurenson, whom I found established at the "Star and Garter."

During this interval I went to London to attend the annual dinner of the Royal Dragoons—being, I suspect, the last of my attendance upon these occasions, which, as they have now become an institution throughout the service, I may mention among the military innovations of late years. It certainly has a pleasant sound this annual gathering of old friends and companions, whom otherwise probably one would never see at all, and it is supposed to keep up *esprit de corps*, and a connection between the actual officers of a regiment and their predecessors: but, for my part, I confess to never having seen how they realise these objects; and I believe, moreover, that if truth were spoken, these same dinners are gen-

erally considered a bore,—in themselves they are bad, expensive, and inconvenient. The dinner of the 7th Hussars, that of the Nulli Secundus Club of the Coldstream Guards, had no doubt particular reasons for their origin, and have existed many years; but the introduction in recent days of these meetings wholesale was, I think, unnecessary and ill-judged.

To Hatfield from the 17th of June to the 19th; Osterley again from 26th to 28th; and then for two days to the “Royals” at York—always a great pleasure: but how little did I foresee this was to be my last meeting with their commanding officer, who died quite unexpectedly in these barracks on the 10th of April 1876, after a very short illness! A memorial window of this event has been put up by the entire regiment, officers and men, in the chapel of the York barracks.

Early in July I went to Camden Place, Chiselhurst, for the purpose of paying my respects to the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial, and of presenting to her Majesty a letter with which I had been honoured by the Princess Mathilde. Of this visit, as also of another which I subsequently paid at the Chateau d'Ararenberg, I wrote an account, which her Majesty graciously permitted me to publish. How sincerely do I lament to record that Count Clary, from whom upon this occasion, as indeed afterwards, I received much amiable attention, is since dead!

On the 7th of July I went to the Pier Hotel at Ryde until the 13th, where also were staying my sister, Elizabeth Maltby, and poor Henry's widow, Annie Atkinson. Gerald Maltby was then serving in the Excellent at

Portsmouth, and one day he took his mother and myself over the Victory, with which I was highly interested. We were told on board that the sails worn by the ship at Trafalgar had been recently discovered in store, I think at Sheerness, and were to be hung round one of the cabins. It was, I believe, at one time the practice for every ship in the navy—at any rate of a certain size—to have a portrait of Nelson; but I cannot forget how, when I desired to buy one for my house in London, they told me in a print-shop of the first class that “they believed they had one, but that they were now so seldom asked for!”

Again one of the pleasant dinners at pretty Woodlands Vale. Mrs S. Calthorpe, I have not, I think, mentioned, is the daughter of Captain and Mrs Chamier, old Paris friends of mine. The Captain, as a clever, amusing writer, is well known.

Ryde certainly is one of my few favourite resorts in England. I like its lively streets and nice shops; its pier, always more or less gay and animated with arrivals or departures; its smart dresses, and their often attractive wearers; and its music. The environs are pretty, well wooded, and cheerful; and there is always the beautiful view—of which one cannot tire—over the water to Portsmouth, whose batteries gleam in the distance; the men-of-war riding so grandly at their anchors, or else coming into or leaving Spithead, with the fine effect of the “salutes;” the crowds of other vessels—steamers, yachts, pleasure-boats, &c.—passing in every direction, and making up altogether a picture of its kind nowhere to be surpassed. I left on the 13th, and staying two

miserably wet days at the Bedford Hotel, Brighton, on the night of the 15th I embarked at Newhaven, and made an excellent passage to Dieppe.

Remaining a month in Paris, as usual at the Hotel Clarendon—though in truth I spent the greater part of my time in a pretty villa at charming Maisons Laffitte—on the 19th of August I started by night train for Dijon, staying there one extremely hot day, at the Hotel de la Cloche; then Besançon for a night; Basle, at the old comfortable “Trois Rois,” on the Rhine; and Neuhausen, at the Hotel Bellevue, close to the station, and with a beautiful view of the Falls of the Rhine—better, I fancy, than at Schaffhausen. Thence to the Hotel de l’Isle at Constance, the special object of my journey being the Chateau d’Ararenberg, in the immediate vicinity, the residence of H.M. the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial; but of my travels thus far, and of my visit to Ararenberg, I have, as I said elsewhere, published an account.

Constance, which is often erroneously imagined to be Swiss, is, in fact, in the Grand Duchy of Baden: it is a dull town, and the lake an uninteresting sheet of water of considerable extent, lying in a country with no particular features. The scenery, however, of the lesser lake, as seen from Ararenberg, is much superior.

I may here observe that in travelling I make the following, which I consider to be “golden” rules: 1. Never to continue, unless, of course, from necessity, for more than six or seven hours at a stretch. I have never been able to comprehend the mania of so many people for rushing from one point to another—a system



by which you see nothing, and which is very fatiguing. 2. Never to take a "return" ticket for anything like a journey. 3. Never to travel with a "friend," by which I mean a man. It would be easy, but too long, to give the reasons for these maxims.

After a halt of five days I moved on to Berne, where, the principal hotels being crammed, I lodged, comfortably enough, at the Abbaye des Tisserands in the Grande Rue, my two days here being rendered very agreeable by the kindness of the British minister, an old acquaintance, Mr Corbett, and his family. Hence to Ouchy, or rather Beaurivage, with which fashionable and extremely over-rated establishment I was so disgusted that I came away the moment I could settle myself at the Hotel Mounet in lovely Vevay, where I remained in every comfort a month, and blessed with weather that enabled me thoroughly to enjoy this exquisite neighbourhood. It is, I think, probable that the exact site of this same Hotel Mounet is the most perfect on the whole lake of Geneva: certainly I am acquainted with none equal to it.

The view from the terrace of St Martin's Church is one of the finest in Switzerland; but indeed it would be idle to attempt any description of the well-known beauties of Vevay, or of the delightful excursions I made, particularly by the steamers that were continually touching at the picturesque and busy little pier almost beneath my windows. Landing at one of the inviting little havens, of which there is such a succession, and breakfasting, I would then stroll on to another, sure of a return conveyance of some kind; and, to select one

out of these rambles, with what intense delight have I not again and again enjoyed that lovely saunter from the Hotel Byron at the farther end of the lake, past Chillon, and so to Montreux! The glorious Alps; the rich woods; the exquisite colours of the creepers and hanging plants that tapestried the old walls by the wayside; the blue, transparent sky, with an occasional fleecy cloud reflected in the clear bosom of the smiling lake; the sweet freshness of the air,—what an incomparable walk that is!

One day I went to revisit the Gorge de Trient by Aigle and Bex, a beautiful drive: and here let me advise that in Switzerland as little use as possible be made of the railway, by which you see nothing; you lose all the benefit of the delicious air, and you are annoyed by the crowds of objectionable tourists who beset you at every turn. Moreover, one feels so often a desire to stop—to walk a little way—to linger here and there, the better to enjoy the marvellous scenes that invite one so temptingly to stay among them. The little French town of Evian, in the Haute Savoie, and opposite Lausanne, is pretty enough to reward a visit, easily made by steamer.

Living in the hotel were some agreeable and accomplished acquaintances; travelling friends, too, occasionally came for a day or two; and I amused myself indoors with putting together some notes of Vevay,—so that time passed but too quickly. In these Swiss hotels, however, admirably managed as they generally are, life is not without its shadows; and chiefly among these are the incessant hammering upon pianos, scraping upon fiddles,

singing or screaming, as the case may be; the merciless band, more or less tolerable; the evening dances; and the swarms of noisy and often ill-bred children, who seemingly have the run of the house. French children I have observed to be generally the most disagreeable, no doubt in consequence of their absurd system of education, which makes little old men and women of them before their time. The enjoyment of this marvellous country is also much diminished by the inundation of tourists of all classes and nations, but chiefly British and American, to which Mr Cook has so largely, but by no means so pleasantly, contributed.

The long sunny days, by me so dearly prized, were now becoming shorter and less bright; the air began to feel what the French call *frisqué*; the mountains were whitening with snow; and the lake, so long calm and smiling, was now frequently shadowed by dark, ominous frowns, and crisp, angry little waves,—all which signs of approaching change decided me to pack up once more for France. I slept a night in Lausanne, as detestable a town as I know, and at the very indifferent Hotel de Richemont, where, on the afternoon of my arrival, I walked down that tiresome hill to Ouchy, in hopes of finding Mr and Mrs Campbell at home in their paradise on the lake, but was disappointed. The following day I travelled by the beautiful route by Neuchâtel to Pontarlier, sleeping there at the inn, bad as ever; and so in something less than six hours to Dijon, again at the Hotel de la Cloche, one of the best I know anywhere, in which I settled for a fortnight, partly with the object of seeing the vintage, for which, however, I was just too

late. I did, nevertheless, see something of the wine-making process, which is simple enough, and far from inviting: the whole country seems smeared with the lees of wine. I also tasted an abominable mess, which I was assured, notwithstanding, would become in proper season "Chambertin," at twenty francs a bottle or more. These wines, I was told, were known to the Romans. Those, which I indulged myself at the hotel by changing every day, were, I suppose, of their kind, as fine as any in the world; and exquisite many of them were—incomparably superior, in my opinion, to those of Bordeaux. Indeed, for good cheer in general, it would be difficult to find better than at Dijon; and the cheapness of living is an additional merit. The *lassis* made here, "Crème de Dijon," as it is called, is the best known; and there is also a *spécialité* of excellent and peculiar gingerbread.

There are many objects of interest here, detailed in guide-books, &c.; but in none of them have I seen mentioned a richly carved old house in the Rue des Forges—the date on its façade being 1561. It is supposed to have formed part of the ancient Hotel Chambellan. Marshal Vaillant was born at Dijon; and in the *musée*, arranged in a handsome case presented by his family, are his orders and decorations, being, I should fancy, except perhaps that of the Duke of Wellington, the most remarkable collection ever conferred upon one individual.

In the environs, at the village of Fixin, is a very remarkable monument to the great Napoleon, little visited, of which I have published an account.

My pleasant fortnight over, I went on to the "Aigle

Noir" at Fontainebleau, always a favourite haunt of mine, where, upon this occasion, I met with a little episode worth including, I thought, in my "Sketches," of which more by-and-by; and after five days of the chateau and the splendid forest, now beginning to look very autumnal, once more to Paris.

At this season, one of my chief amusements here is the theatre, without doubt, in every class, the first in Europe. The houses themselves are, many of them, very shabby and uncomfortable, in which respect they are inferior to those of London; but in the representations what a vast difference also! In Paris I never go to the play without spending an evening more or less agreeable, and often instructive: in the language it is always a good lesson; and if the pieces be sometimes extravagant or dull, the acting, which is frequently perfection, never fails to carry them through. For a striking instance take the "Hernani" of Victor Hugo, the dialogue of which is very weak; but on the stage of the "Français" the play comes out with admirable effect. In some of the theatres—the "Gymnase," the "Vaudeville," and the "Variétés" especially—the charms of the actresses, and their exquisite toilettes, go a long way; though the talent of these ladies is often quite equal to their appearance, which is fortunate, for the Paris public is a very severe one—and properly so. The pieces at the theatres in London have for a long while been chiefly bad translations and mutilated copies from the French, wretchedly acted; and in the matter of toilette the less said the better. On the English stage the performers are always playing to, and thinking of, the spectators—a remark I once ventured to make to an

actress of well-known elegance and reputation, who admitted its justice. The taste, however, in England, seems to have fallen to the level of the performances, for I hear people express the greatest delight with such entertainments.

In connection with this subject is that of French literature,—the lighter kinds I allude to in preference, and of which I confess to being a great consumer. Amid, of course, a considerable proportion of rubbish, very many of these *romans*, written by authors of the first quality, are truly charming; and if the subjects be not always fresh, they are, at any rate, more originally treated, and expressed in elegant, poetical, and vigorous language. French writers excel, I think, particularly in their descriptions of women—not merely of their persons and appearance, but of the female character, tastes, habits, and ideas. Be it observed that the female novel-writer, whose name in England is legion, is almost unknown in France. The floods of trash which at home inundate the tables of country houses, the clubs, and the circulating libraries,—stories without plot, beginning, or end; twaddle, in short, of the genuine namby-pamby descriptions, and which one is astonished to see eagerly devoured,—are almost invariably the productions of Annie This, of Lady Somebody or other, or of Mrs That. As for poetry, that is indeed a bygone dream. Names even so recent of those who were masters of the English language, which, in their divine numbers, expressed ideas the most exquisite and original, are already almost forgotten, laid aside, or utterly unknown. Pope, Gray, Burns, Mickle, Leyden, Campbell, Southey, Scott, Moore, Byron,



—who in these days ever opens their matchless compositions? So far as I understand the meaning of poetry, it is the expression of original and peculiar ideas and feelings in musical language and harmonious verse: where do we find these in the productions of the so-called poets of the present day? For ideas, these must come from heaven; but for melody and versification, there is always the example of Pope, whom Byron pronounced the great master in rhyme. Only the iron pen of the profound and implacable criticism of Johnson or Gifford could stay the tide of the present silly and vapid authorship, and correct the degenerate taste of the times.

On the 9th of December I slept at Calais; and crossing to Dover the following day, I went direct to the Edward-Clintons and the Rifle Brigade at Winchester, where I had not been since quartered there in 1833 with my troop of the Royal Dragoons. The old "White Hart," where I had lodged, existed, I found, no longer; and having slept two nights at the "George," of which my recollections of old were not to its advantage, I got a comfortable bedroom at the "Black Swan," an ancient hostelry possessing one of those old-fashioned, stuffy coffee-rooms, for which I have a certain respect.

As usual, my visit was a great pleasure; and with her aunt, Lady Edward, was staying Miss Scott, since become Mrs Adrian Hope. We had a dance in the barracks, and a concert in the town by the capital band of the Rifle Brigade, still led by old Miller, who had been in the regiment with me fifty years before.

I left on the 24th to spend Christmas with Mr and Mrs Fletcher at their place near Southampton, remaining

there until I went to London for the purpose of paying my New Year's compliments at Camden Place, on the 1st of January 1876—a dreadfully wet day, and only one other visitor besides myself.

In the evening I attended a dinner at Willis's Rooms, given by the old officers of the 14th Hussars to those of the regiment just going to India, at which I sat opposite their young and good-looking commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, apparently in the best health and spirits, but who did not live, poor fellow, six months after reaching Bangalore. The following day I went to Brighton, and having promised to see the 14th off from Portsmouth, on going there on the 8th January, the day of their embarkation, I found that, much to the disappointment of others as well as myself, they had sailed before the hour appointed.

The officers of the "Scots Greys," quartered in Brighton, were good enough to invite me to a splendid ball in the Pavilion, the best certainly of several I had seen there, including a very lively dance given by Mr Plestowe of the 7th Dragoon Guards when we were here in 1849. A day or two later I had a pleasant dinner with the "Greys" in the barracks, which had been much improved since my time.

On the 14th I went to the Bentincks at East Court till the 17th; Newstead Abbey, 18th to 26th; Gumley, 26th to 11th of February, during which the Yeomanry ball at Leicester, to which we went a large party, although the gaiety was a good deal saddened by the death of their colonel, Earl Howe, on the 4th of the month. Of him I have had occasion to speak already.

He was an agreeable, friendly, gentlemanly man, who entered warmly into a variety of pursuits. Military, for he was an enthusiastic Yeomanry officer; a sportsman, having for some seasons hunted the Atherstone; and of his fine yacht, the *Mona*, I have before made mention. Lady Howe, a tall handsome woman, with very pleasing manners, died on the 29th January 1877, under very distressing circumstances.

Boughton from the 11th to the 13th, and Gumley again for the capital Harborough ball on the 14th.

Going to the Gerald-Talbots for a few days at their pretty new house in Kent, near Eden Bridge, I left them for London, where, on the 2d of March, a French friend arriving from Paris for a fortnight, I went through a course of "sights," only seen under such circumstances. We visited the Thames Embankment, St Paul's, the Kensington Museum twice, the Zoological Gardens, the Tower, the Mint—which, I think, interested me more than anything else—on which day also we were given places to see the Queen going in a kind of "state" to open some hospital in the city; Westminster Abbey; the Houses of Parliament, where we had the good fortune to hear something of a speech from Mr Disraeli; the new Aquarium, where as yet, however, the fish were not; the Queen's Stables at Buckingham House; Madame Tussaud's; some theatres, notably the Alhambra, the Criterion, the Panorama of the Prince of Wales's Tour in India, the Christy Minstrels, and a circus. We dined at one or two of the detestable restaurants, and supped once at the still more objectionable Evans's—all which elegant and luxurious resorts, after the "Café Anglais" and the "Moulin Rouge,"

could not fail to astonish my companion. We spent a dreadfully wet Sunday at Brighton, and went to Hampton Court and Richmond, almost always, I need scarcely say, in miserable weather; but of what the English climate can show in this line, we had a perfect specimen on our last Sunday, when we had projected a visit to Windsor. Beginning with a genuine London fog of the yellowest and thickest description, as though "made to order," which lasted till past mid-day, it then changed to a very heavy fall of snow, finishing off with tremendous rain and strong wind, which continued till night. We went also to the Crystal Palace, to Chisellhurst, to Chelsea and Greenwich, where, it seems, they now eat whitebait—a delicacy I have never thoroughly appreciated—quite regardless of seasons,—so that our fortnight was filled up even to the last minute, for we wound up our last evening at the Strand theatre; and on the 16th leaving London for Folkestone, we there found that the weather was too much for the steamer—so we spent part of the afternoon with a friend in the 12th Lancers at Shorncliffe, and saw a game of polo played on the Downs under considerable difficulty, owing to the violence of the wind. We crossed the following day to Boulogne, and reached Paris the same evening.

The Governor of the Hotel des Invalides, General the Comte de Martimprey, having been good enough to give me a special permission to visit the tomb of Napoleon in detail, I went there on the day appointed, and was received by an officer of the establishment, whom the Governor had had the additional courtesy of placing at my

disposal ; so that under the guidance of my obliging companion I saw this beautiful monument with every advantage. Its general effect must be familiar to most visitors to Paris, and in my opinion nothing can be more imposing and characteristic than this splendid mausoleum, everything connected with it being at once grand, harmonious, and simple. Among the stands of colours grouped round the sarcophagus, I observed three British, which had been taken, I was informed, at Bergen-op-Zoom in 1814. In a glass case are deposited the Emperor's cocked-hat and sword, ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honour, and a gold chain that he had worn, I think, at his coronation. Unlocking this case, my companion placed in my hands the hat worn at Eylau, whose peculiar form is made familiar to us by thousands of statues, pictures, and engravings : its extreme lightness was remarkable ; and the sword,—both of which I confess to having received with profound emotion ; and as I myself replaced these imperial relics on their velvet cushion, I felt it to be one of “ the moments of my life.”

The chapel of the Invalides is in no way remarkable, except for the many tattered remnants of flags of almost every nation—among them again two British, taken in some boat affairs—and for the tablets recording the names and services of deceased governors and officers of distinction, with which all the world are so well acquainted. There is, besides, a vault appropriated to the Marshals of France, where, in gold letters on a ground of black marble, may be read many famous names ; and another in which are buried General Officers of note. A more interesting morning I have seldom passed.

If ever I was either useful or ornamental in a ball-room, that time assuredly is long gone by ; but on the 9th of April a lady whose parties have a celebrity in Paris, Madame la Baronne de Poilly, giving a *bal costumé*, and obligingly sending me an invitation, I went, the rather that I was desirous of seeing how such affairs were managed here. The whole thing struck me as far prettier than I had seen of the sort elsewhere. The costumes were remarkably elegant and well chosen—no trumpery, nor were any uniforms admitted. What is called the Venetian dress was general among the men who were not in fancy dresses, and is both convenient and becoming, especially when worn complete, as it ought to be, with knee-breeches and stockings to match the lining of the cloak.

On the 16th of June took place the great annual review at Longchamps by the Marshal-President of the Republic, of which I saw as much as a simple spectator ever does see of such things, amounting to a mere general effect. It was said, I think, that the troops on the ground did not exceed 40,000, of whom unquestionably the handsomest were the “Gendarmerie” and the “Garde Republicaine,” horse and foot. The appearance of the former especially, with their laced cocked-hats worn *en bataille*, the fashion of their uniform and appointments, with a good deal of white lace, and mounted upon powerful horses, was very imposing, and made one think of Dettingen. The day was lovely, and I drove on the same evening to St Germain-en-Laye, where, at the nice comfortable “Pavillon Henri IV.,” I purposed staying some weeks. The weather again suddenly changed, and



for some days I was glad of a fire ; but in the beginning of July, summer at length set in for good, and time passed delightfully, idling in the fine air upon the splendid terrace commanding one of the most beautiful and interesting views in Europe, driving in the forest, or visiting the many places of attraction in the neighbourhood. Indoors I amused myself in putting down these pleasant impressions of a residence with which I have so many associations.

The *curé* of St Germain, Monsieur l'Abbé Chauvel, was an agreeable acquaintance. Extremely well-informed and of pleasant manners, he had been chaplain to Bertram, seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury, with whom he had travelled, and had attended at his early death at Lisbon, on the 10th of August 1856, when, accompanying the Earl's remains to England, he spent some little time with the Talbot family, by whom he was presented with a ring.

I had a fancy to see Fécamp and Etrelât, as well as to take a little warm sea-bathing ; and on the 18th of July I made the journey of a few hours to the former of these places, putting up at the very indifferent Hotel des Bains. I found Fécamp excessively dull, and the bathing establishment forlorn and neglected. It is true that as yet it was early in the season. Some dirty streets lead from the sea to the town, in which there is a museum of curious local antiquities, and a fine old church of the Benedictines. The scanty ruins of the abbey of Fécamp, founded in 664, stand upon a cliff rising considerably above the town. Towards evening, looking out to sea, which is here particularly fine and open, I used to be struck with the effect of the fishing-smacks, to the

number of six or eight, suddenly and simultaneously appearing at different points on the horizon, returning to port: it was really quite scenic.

The country about Fécamp is charming; and an excursion I made through the valley of Valmont, to the Abbaye and the neighbouring castle of that name, is as pretty of its kind as any I remember. The Abbaye belongs to and is partly inhabited by a Monsieur Bornot; and in the ruined and picturesque chapel of the eleventh century, adjoining, are tombs of the ancient and distinguished family of d'Estouteville,—now, I believe, long extinct, but who once possessed the grand old castle above mentioned, in a splendid situation, embosomed in fine trees, and commanding the town and valley of Valmont. In it was born the Cardinal d'Estouteville, who in 1461 built the greater part of the archiepiscopal palace at Rouen, and in 1477 finished the Tour Saint Romain of the cathedral there. The castle had at one time belonged to Du Guesclin, and had shown its hospitality to Francis I. It was purchased not long since by a Monsieur Barbet, whose widow resides here when not in Paris.

I drove one day to Etrelât, eleven miles, through the pretty village of Yport, and was kindly asked to a sociable little dinner by a Spanish family I had known in Paris. Etrelât is said to owe much of its notoriety to the *romans* of Alphonse Karr and the sketches of Le Poitevin, and is much frequented by artists of different kinds—by the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, with a fair sprinkling of *cocottes*, by whom it is much affected. It is extremely pretty, though the sea view is not nearly so fine as at Fécamp;

and the place seemed to me confined and overcrowded. What struck me unfavourably was the principal street, which, in itself really pretty, is so full of butchers' shops, that, being very narrow, and the meat exposed outside, the effect, both upon sight and smell, was absolutely revolting.

Between Fécamp and Etrelât is a considerable traffic in flour, which is conveyed in enormous waggons, drawn by six horses of splendid breed. I followed one of these magnificent teams one day, admiring the skill with which the carter conducted his horses; and inquiring what might be the price of the team, all milk-white, I was told 6000 francs, which, for such animals, appeared very little.

Fécamp, as most people are aware, produces a *liqueur* called "Bénédictin," which, however, I had not the curiosity to taste.

As a set-off to the *ennui* I had felt here, I moved to Dieppe, which I found marvellously changed in point of society, of which there was any quantity, but of a quality far inferior to what I remembered of old; and there was an almost total absence of those eccentric but often very attractive toilettes for which Dieppe used to be renowned. During a whole fortnight that I was tempted to remain by the comforts of the Hotel Royal, I did not meet a single face I had ever seen before: the weather, too, was very stormy.

Leaving this for Le Havre, I there met at Frascati's H.I.H. the Princess Mathilde, making a little *tournée* in Normandy; and crossing over to Trouville, I found the races were to begin the next day, when the hotels, of

course, being more than full, I was obliged to put up with a wretched lodging procured for me by the landlord of the Hotel de Paris. My object in coming here at all was a certain ancient town, Dives, in whose church, I had been informed by an agreeable captain of "État-Major" on duty at Fécamp, I should see carved the names of the Norman followers of William the Conqueror to England, and of which, strange to say, I had never heard in my former visits to this neighbourhood.

Starting, therefore, immediately after breakfast at the Hotel de Paris, by the road already familiar to me, through Houlgate, Villers, and Cabourg, in something less than two hours I was standing in admiration before the fine picturesque church in question, one of the most venerable in France, and evidently in sad need of repair. Within I found a stone slab of very large dimensions, placed upon the wall, and bearing the names of 475 of the original invaders of England; but as William's army amounted to 50,000, these, of course, could only have been the chief personages of the expedition. Many of these names are at such an elevation that it is difficult or impossible to read them without a glass, which, unluckily, I had not with me; but, nevertheless, I made out several well-known among us to this day—Talbot, De Ros, Malet, and others. This tablet was inaugurated with great ceremony on the 17th of August 1862.

Dives lies upon the little river of the same name; and besides this church, it possesses a very curious market-house, built by the English, and some quaint houses of great antiquity, as also an inn of the eleventh century—the "Guillaume le Conquérant"—quite a picture in its

way, and in which Madame de Sévigné had resided for some time,—her room and articles of furniture she had used being preserved. The Conqueror's army lay encamped in the neighbourhood for a month, his fleet being in the harbour, where he finally embarked; but since that period the configuration of the ground has materially altered, and the sea has retired considerably. Taking my carriage again at the inn, I returned to Trouville and a very uncomfortable dinner at the hotel in a room ten times overflowing.

The next day, Sunday, 13th of August, on a course within an easy stroll of the town, began the races, which were well attended by company infinitely superior to what I had left at Dieppe; and I had occasion to admire, among the ladies, many exquisite costumes. Some English yachts had come over—one that of some acquaintance, to whom I paid a visit on board; but I had no inclination to remain longer at Trouville, where I was already disgusted with my miserable room, the exorbitant charges, and the crowd; so that on Monday I took once more the charming road to Honfleur, where I dined, slept, and breakfasted in quiet, and far from badly, at the “Cheval Blanc,” preparatory to taking the steamer to Rouen. This little trip of rather more than six hours I had also made before; but the Seine had lost none of its attractions, to say nothing of the relief of escaping the horrible railway. Sleeping at Rouen, at the Hotel d'Angleterre, in which, contrary to former experience, the living was now very bad, I went the next day to Les Andelys, intending, always by the advice of my friend of the “État-Major,” before mentioned, to stay a night at the “Grand Cerf,”

for the purpose of visiting the ruins of the celebrated Chateau Gaillard—most remarkable, and well worth seeing—of which I have published a little history. The extreme heat rather got the better of me here; and truly glad was I, on the night of the 17th of August, to sleep once more in my nice room at the “Pavillon Henri IV.,” where for three weeks I recommenced my former pleasant way of life, during which period happened the “Fête des Loges,” greatly fallen off to what I had known it of old.

On the 12th of September was unhappily drowned, in the garden of a house at Maisons Laffitte, where his mistress had been passing the summer, poor little “Charley,” a very handsome Scotch terrier, which had been procured for me by Colonel Ainslie when quartered in Edinburgh with the Royal Dragoons. What added to the distress of his mistress was, that by a rare accident she had gone to Paris for an hour or two without him. Fond as I really am of dogs, nothing would induce me to accept the anxiety, care, and pain they often cause.



## CHAPTER XVII.

THE CASTALIA—EASTCOURT—MORTON BERKELEY—CIREN-  
 CESTER—ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL LIFE—FUNERAL  
 OF GENERAL CHANGARNIER—WATERLOO AND QUATRE  
 BRAS—AZINCOURT—CRÉCY—CHATEAU DE ST GRATIEN  
 —VERSAILLES—CHARTRES.

ON the night of the 21st of September I slept at Calais, as usual at the Hotel du Buffet, which I find very comfortable and convenient, crossing the following day to Dover in the new steamer the Castalia, a miserable imposture,—two hours forty minutes in perfectly smooth water, and with certainly as much motion as in an ordinary vessel! I need scarcely add that she proved a total failure, and has since disappeared altogether. On landing, I drove at once to pleasant Waldershare; whence on the 26th to Kingswood, finding there the Arthur-Bentincks, to whom I went on the 5th of October,—a lovely evening, which tempted me to walk from the Wellington College station.

While at Eastcourt we drove a good deal about this charming neighbourhood, and particularly, on the 7th, to the R.M. College at Sandhurst, where we were kindly

shown over the establishment by the Governor, Lieutenant-General Napier, drinking tea afterwards at his house.

I had not been here since, in 1823-24, I was a cadet under the old *régime*, to which—or something very like it—I am told they are to return. It was to me rather a painful visit than otherwise, for how many recollections and dreams of the past did this same building, of which I had by no means forgotten the general effect, bring back to mind! My companions of those boyish, thoughtless, hopeful days, how had they all dispersed, changed, or disappeared for ever! And, for myself, what prospects blighted, hopes disappointed, affections sorely tried, vexations of all kinds, had I not known since last I had seen these walls, where all then seemed spacious and imposing, whereas now everything looked insignificant, almost mean! I recognised also the inn at York town where I had slept the night before my examination and admission into the College. It was a dull, sad afternoon, and as we came away, thick mists were rising from the low damp grounds and from the lake; so that, depressed by these sombre reflections, my spirits, though with friends so cheerful as the Bentincks, were “below par” during our drive home.

Lord and Lady Alan Churchill have in this country a little paradise, where we spent an afternoon; and upon another occasion I was taken to a place I had often wished to see — Bramshill — belonging to Sir William Cope, Bart., once an officer in the Rifle Brigade, of which he has lately published a history, but now a clergyman. It is a grand old house, finely situated, and with sufficient

means might be one of the most splendid residences in England.

From Eastcourt to London, to attend on the 12th October, at St Paul's, Knightsbridge, the marriage of Lady Scott's daughter to Mr Hope; after which ceremony a pretty breakfast in Eaton Square—all very nice; and in the afternoon I went to Osterley. No one in the house but Lady Gilbert Kennedy. The George-Bentincks, Lady Sykes, and S. Lyttleton came from town on Sunday to dine.

The Duchess of Cleveland took me one day to make a visit which, she said, would be one to remember; nor was her Grace mistaken, for the individual we found at home, in a small house just outside Crauford Park, belonging to Lord Fitzhardinge, was certainly a character and a curiosity.

In his day, long gone by, for he was now in his eighty-first year, Morton Berkeley, in the world of sport, had been a celebrity. The story of his birth, and his refusal to assume the Earldom of Berkeley, to which *de jure* he is entitled, may be read in the 'Peerage'; my business is with his appearance, manners, and conversation that morning in his cold, forlorn little drawing-room, or rather parlour, in which, while waiting for him a considerable time, and looking over the few books lying on a table, I found them to be 'Sporting Magazines' half a century old. Enter at last a little, decrepit old man, very much bent and broken, dressed in a rough jacket and waistcoat, corduroy breeches, blue worsted stockings, and coarse shoes, giving very much the idea of a superannuated post-boy, who welcomed the Duchess in unmis-

takable Gloucestershire, acknowledged my presentation, and then began talking of the birds in his garden, of which it seems he is very fond, but especially of a certain stoat which had been killed that morning, and which he was very anxious her Grace should see. He was evidently gratified by the visit, and at its conclusion attended the Duchess to her carriage, pointing as we went out to the dead stoat lying on the grass; and thus we came away, leaving once more, to his solitude and apparent discomfort, this eccentric specimen of a race, it may be truly said, passed and gone for ever.

To the Edmund-Hartopps at Windsor on the 17th, where a pleasant forenoon one day in the barracks with Colonel Stewart, 2d Life Guards, in which regiment I found young Anstruther Thomson, whose grandfather, Thomson of Charleton, in Fife, I may well remember as a cousin, seeing that on that account he made a small gift to my sister and myself. The relationship comes through the Anstruthers. Thence on the 20th to Lord and Lady Shannon at Cirencester for five days, which passed only too quickly. Luncheon one day with Lord Bathurst at Oakley Park, the entrance to which is in the town; and then a drive with the Earl through his splendid domain, laid out in the French style, with long avenues of fine trees and *rond-points*. The picturesque old church of Sapperton, included in our drive, is beautifully placed, commanding views over the "Golden Vale," as it is called. Lady Shannon drove me another day to Rencombe, the beautiful property of Sir Francis Goldsmid, Bart. There is at Cirencester a fine and ancient church,

formerly an abbey, with monuments to the Bathursts, who are the great family here.

To Eastwood on the 25th: a charming journey, beginning with the "Golden Vale," to Stroud; then Gloucester, whose cathedral, like many others in England, appears so small after those abroad; and the "Vale of Berkeley."

One lady only staying with the Jenkinsons, Lady J.'s music every evening being the great charm of my visit; and thence on the 28th to Newstead, where the Webbes were quite alone, but my stay with them not the less agreeable. Quorndon, with the Farnhams' pleasant neighbourly dinner-parties, from the 1st November to the 6th; and then Gumley, whence, on the 14th, I went to Deene Park, where all I thought much changed. In the church, however, beneath a handsome tomb erected by Lady Cardigan, he lies whom mortal chances can affect no more. The monument is by J. E. Boehm: the likeness and figure of Lord Cardigan are extremely good. Lady Cardigan, moreover, has entirely restored the church, and with admirable taste.

On the 20th to my old quarters at the "Maid's Head," Norwich, on a visit to the regiment, which I left on the 25th, making a pleasant luncheon on my way to Cambridge at Morley, with Mrs Graver Browne, *née* Stracey, who kindly sent for me to the station, delivering me there again when it was time to go on to the end of my stage, where I slept at the "Bull," a hotel apparently more remarkable for its collection of prints than for comfort. I had hoped to see something of the beauties and curiosities of Cambridge; but the friend to whom I trusted was unluckily too busy with his examinations, and, moreover,

it rained in floods : so there was nothing left but to go on to Hatfield, where my purposed visit at the Rectory was unexpectedly cut down to that one afternoon ; and after dinner I continued to London, and so to Sir William Fraser at Clapham.

On the 3d December, after a long illness, died, at 97 Eaton Square, Pakenham Aldersen, an amiable, friendly man ; clever, and whose conversation was original and amusing. In his society I had spent many pleasant hours.

I went to London for two nights on the 9th ; and then to Boughton, always so cheery and comfortable : no one but the Edward-Clintons, and for two nights William Farnham. While here, I went to the dog-show at Birmingham—a detestable day's work, and to no purpose, since I did not find what I wanted, although assisted by the kindness of a lady much more knowing in such matters than myself. The crowd of hideous roughs ; the indescribable noise and abominable smells ; the trains of course crowded, and more irregular than usual ; the cold, wretched weather, and the dirt everywhere,—all made up an amount of confusion and discomfort truly dispiriting. At one of the stations, where the civility of the clerk allowed me to sit by the fire in his office, I was amused by the sudden appearance at the little window of a rough, good-humoured face of about forty, which said to the clerk, “ I'm under age, ain't I ? ” to which my friend replied, “ Well, you don't look like it ; ” when there came the next question of “ How much to ——,” I forget where. The reply being 3s. 6d., the face thereupon paying the money, with the remark—



"Hang it, that'll shake 5s. confoundedly!" It was a droll enough little scene. The glowing fires and good cheer of Boughton were doubly welcome when I got back late and hungry.

We went into Kettering one evening to a very pretty concert of bells, upon which subject, interesting enough, the leader gave an amusing and instructive lecture.

To London again from the 16th to the 22d, during which time I went to Coney Park, near Reading, and bought little "Jem:" all the "doggy" world know the celebrity of Mrs Monck's Yorkshire or "broken-haired" terriers. At the same period, also, I became accidentally acquainted with "Fanny Lear," under which name an American lady, who figured conspicuously not very long ago, has published an account of her Russian adventures, since which she became a short-lived celebrity in Paris. She is a handsome, attractive woman, with a great deal of pleasant conversation.

I spent Christmas at Kingswood Warren with Lady Hartopp and the Edward-Clintons—the latter, unhappily, being compelled to leave immediately afterwards for Ireland—remaining with my kind friends there till the 28th; and then to Brighton, where, deserting the "Bedford," I now put up at the "Albion," and found the change a good one. Under what circumstances I brought in the year 1877 I do not recollect. My journeys to London were as few as possible, and only upon business, and to superintend the publication of my 'Sketches Here and There,' which had for some time occupied and amused me. During the whole of my stay at Brighton the weather was dreadful, with storms such as they told me had

not been known there for forty years. On the night of Friday, however, the 12th of January, I made a quiet and speedy passage from Newhaven to Dieppe, landing the following morning early, and, as usual, to the excellent Hotel Royal; whence, on Sunday 14th, to Paris, where the same evening, to my infinite relief, I delivered little "Jem" to his mistress in perfect condition.

I am often asked by those whose kindly regard makes them regret my living so much away from them, what can be the greater attractions of the Continent which induce me so persistently to turn my back upon my own country, with all its ties and associations,—a question too easily answered, although it embraces all the reasons that make up the enjoyment of life, except the separation from those attachments and intimacies which no man values more tenderly and gratefully than myself. To begin at the beginning, and to go back no further than my late arrival at Dieppe, how different was my reception there to that which awaits me at Dover or Folkestone, where, instead of a civil, pleasant welcome, with all the comfort, not to say luxury, of one of the best hotels in Europe, I find no one in the shape of proprietor or landlord, but in his place a dull, self-sufficient waiter, offering me the refreshment of the odious brandy-and-soda, beer, or the hateful "dry" sherry! The daily conventional *menu* of an English hotel it would be superfluous to particularise. In the formal bedrooms, where the prim housemaids are always drawing down the blinds, beds whose hardness rivals that of the floor—everybody knows that France is the only country in Europe for good beds; and thus it is, with rare exceptions,

throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. The difference of living—that, I mean, which is compulsory upon all who have not establishments and houses of their own, and depend upon hotels, lodgings, &c.—it is impossible to exaggerate; for to my notion these matters in England are in general not only immeasurably inferior, but often positively revolting. The easy habits of life abroad, and the hours, suit me a great deal better; and I find on the Continent, especially in France, a more universal tone of courtesy and pleasant manner, not in the higher classes alone, but in the more ordinary ranks. In England there seems to me a perpetual difficulty and obstruction in everything; while the police regulations, as also those of places of public resort, especially on Sunday, which seem every year to become more stringent, are, I think, vexatious and absurd. There is far too much petty social legislation; and for my part, I prefer countries in which, provided I behave properly and do not offend public propriety, I can do as I like, and “no questions asked.” By no means the least of British annoyances is the wretched want of management and the unpunctuality of the railroads, causing serious inconvenience, as I have frequently experienced, and have already spoken of. We are very fond of boasting of the superior rapidity of our trains, a quality entirely neutralised by their shameful irregularity and the far greater number of accidents.

To enjoy and appreciate England, one must positively have, more or less, those sporting propensities in which, unluckily, I have always been totally deficient: one must fraternise in clubs, and take, I think, a part, or at least

an interest, in politics, which subjects appear to compose in a great degree English life and conversation. The never-ending question of climate enters also largely into the case; and although that of the Continent has of late years lost infinitely of its prestige, still that of the United Kingdom keeps up its reputation as the worst in Europe. The history and private memoirs of 150 years ago speak of it in the same terms. Weeks and months of uninterrupted bad weather are as trying to the health as to the spirits. Every one ought to make his home in his own country, and think it the best in the world; in which opinion, however, as far as material and physical existence is concerned, I regret being unable to agree, seeing that in England I believe one gets less out of life than in any other country I am acquainted with, and where, to sum up in a homely way, one gets infinitely less for one's money.

Having received an invitation on the 23d January 1877 to one of the two or three great balls given during the winter at the Palais de l'Élysée by the Marshal-President of the Republic and the Duchesse de Magenta, after a pleasant military dinner given by Major-General Conolly, British military *attaché* here—at which I felt rather ashamed of being the only one of the party in plain clothes—I went to this entertainment from curiosity chiefly, for I scarcely expected much amusement; but, having waited for an hour or so in the entrance of the Élysée, exposed to all the bitterness of the night, without being able to get even to a *vestiaire* wherein to deposit my *paletot*, I gave up all idea of the ball, and taking up a position in a snug corner out of the icy draught, I

amused myself in watching the struggling crowd endeavouring to force their way in or out—a scene I could only compare to those I remembered in the palaces of London on Court days, where, at the last levee I attended, my new helmet was crushed to pieces in one of the apartments adjoining the Presence-Chamber; nor, in truth, were the ladies at the “drawing-rooms” better behaved.

This republican state of things at the Élysée brings me to consider generally the aspect, the social appearance, life, and habits, of this city since the vast changes which unquestionably have told cruelly upon the brilliancy, elegance, and attractions of Paris, still, *quand même*, the centre of pleasure and enjoyment. I have lived a great deal in Paris—know it, at any rate, as well as most foreigners, and prefer it incomparably to any other residence in Europe; but with all my partiality, it is impossible to blind one’s self to the many fallings off, and the depreciating changes which, during the last three years especially, have made themselves progressively and painfully felt.

Without attempting to go into the causes, let me instance a few of the effects: and first, the condition and police of the streets, so inferior to the days of the Empire, when you walked about as in a well-kept garden; whereas now they are very indifferently clean or in good order, while the *trottoirs* in all directions are encumbered with *marchandise* from the shops, and tables from the *cafés*, to an extent extremely unsightly and inconvenient, and to people walking, very embarrassing. The butchers’ shops, too, which used to be so carefully kept as to be quite

inoffensive, now, with few exceptions, rival those of London in their disgusting exhibitions. Street-begging, singing, and the merciless organs, which formerly were prohibited, are now in full operation. The Champs Élysées and Bois de Boulogne are far from being in their former beautiful condition, and the handsome “Gendarmerie d’Élite” and the “Gardes Forestiers,” in their green and silver uniforms, who there maintained such irreproachable order, are seen no more. There seems a general paucity of *employés* and of *gardiens de la paix*, as they now call the late *sergents de ville*, who, moreover, for the most part, are mean-looking, shabby individuals, doing their duty indolently and with indifference.

The classes now usually met with on the Boulevards, at the theatres and restaurants, are of inferior appearance, —even at the opera I have seen men in the stalls in shooting-jackets; while the restaurants themselves and the *cafés*, always excepting the “Café Anglais,” by far the best, and three or four others, have fallen off in style and entertainment, though by no means in their prices. I am certainly of opinion that cookery here in general is not what it used to be; monster hotels and their *tables d’hôte* have much contributed to the decline of the French *cuisine*; cheap tourists and excursionists come in crowds totally unknown of old; everything is now for the “million,” and the natural consequence is a great loss of comfort and elegance. Living so much as I do in hotels and restaurants, of necessity I see a good deal of the habits and manners of the French of various classes, and it is impossible not to be impressed—and often very disagree-



ably, I am constrained to observe—with those I come in contact with so frequently. Nothing can be much nastier than the conduct at table of many of the persons I meet, belonging apparently to the better if not the highest orders of life. It is said that in all countries these same highest orders are pretty much alike; but I have never in England, as has frequently been the case abroad, “sat at meat” with counts and persons of distinction who persistently ate with their knives, went through their dinner with the same knife and fork, and wound up with the disgusting operation of the *rince bouche*, which even delicate ladies use with revolting effect. I know that in French houses where the knives and forks are changed with every dish, it is called dining *à l’Anglaise*; and I confess to a particular dislike to a napkin two or three days in use, rolled up in one of those hateful *ronds*, as I have seen at the table of Princes.

You will often see a well-dressed man, looking like a gentleman, begin his preparations for dinner with tucking a napkin under his chin as if he were going to be shaved. During his repast you will find him making quite as much use of his knife as of his fork, and thrusting it indiscriminately into salt, pepper, or whatever he may require, salt-spoons being still rarely introduced in the restaurants or hotels. He will very likely take the bone of his cutlet or fowl in his fingers—only a few days ago I saw at the “Café Anglais” a gentlemanly-looking man eat a whole dish of smelts in this way—and in order that nothing may be lost, he will wipe his plate clean with a piece of bread, and swallow the last symptom of sauce. The crowning nauseousness of “washing his mouth

out," I need not repeat. How often have I observed nice-looking, elegant women holding their knives half-way down the blades, at the risk of cutting their fingers; and few sights are nastier than these same white fingers tearing to pieces a *homard à l'Américaine* or *des écrevisses Bordelaises*. These matters, of course, depend upon early education, and among French children seem never to be thought of; but the want of their observance makes a dinner-table often absolutely disgusting.

In the streets of Paris there are now, I think, fewer private carriages; and the immense increase of omnibuses, with this latest introduction of the vile tramways, even into the fashionable and elegant parts of the town and on the charming Boulevards, is a very ugly and disagreeable nuisance, however convenient they may be to the "million." The almost universal closing of the shops on Sunday, and on week-days many of them shutting up earlier, is another new feature here. A mania which I cannot but think very pitiful and absurd, is that of changing the names of the streets upon the smallest pretence. The taking down of Imperial or Royal insignia upon any of these regrettable political crises, one can understand; but the perpetual alteration of names and designations consecrated by history and tradition, is childish and devoid of common-sense. With all this, however, the *fond* of Paris life remains more or less the same; improvements and new streets spring up in every direction, and the Avenue de l'Opéra, scarcely yet completed, will be the most beautiful street in Europe.

In this Hotel Clarendon, on the 18th February, died very suddenly "Josey" Little, whom I had known many

years; and on the same day I went to the "Invalides" to witness the obsequies of General Changarnier, which showed a mixture of the impressive and the shabby. The chapel, hung throughout with black and silver, would have been very well, the green-coloured flames from the lamps producing also a good effect; but on the draperies were attached a number of pasteboard shields and trophies which looked very paltry. The music was bad; and just outside the great door, and close to where I stood, was a small guard of Invalides, and every now and then, at particular portions of the service, there came sounds of "Portez armes!" "Présentez armes!" which had a very absurd effect. The Marshal de MacMahon was present with his staff, but not many officers. The day was very fine; and the funeral car, a handsome one, being drawn up at the great entrance of the hospital, the troops on duty marched past it, and so ended the ceremony.

By the way, there is at the "Invalides" a remarkably interesting collection of representations of French military costume from the very earliest times to the reign of Louis XIV., admirably executed under the superintendence of a colonel of artillery.

I have said something before of the Paris theatres, where in particular the historical pieces, which are extremely well represented, have an attraction for me. In this line a new opera has just appeared at the "Opéra Comique," a favourite house of mine: it is called "Cinq Mars;" the music, by Gounod, charming, I think, throughout; the costumes, *décors*, &c., all excellent. The story, so well known, is highly dramatic, and full of sympathetic interest. Born in 1620, the Marquis de Cinq Mars was

executed in 1642, at the age of twenty-two; and however we may feel inclined to join in the commiseration of his fate generally shown at the time, it must be admitted that, considering the state of France at the period, this stern justice was imperatively demanded, and the more deserved that Cinq Mars had been guilty of the deepest ingratitude, both to his sovereign Louis XIII. and to the Cardinal Richelieu. Of this class of plays, “La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.,” “La Tour de Nesle,” “Charles IX.,” and “La Dame de Monsoreau,” are those I remember with the greatest pleasure.

On the 25th of April, luckily a beautiful day, was celebrated, in the Église de l’Oratoire, in the Rue St Honoré, the marriage of my cousin Louise Cottier with the Baron Christian de Waldener Freundstein, lieutenant in the 4th Hussars—an event giving the greatest satisfaction to every one connected with the youthful couple. Previously we had a great *dîner de famille chez les Cottiers*, Rue de Labeaume; then a *soirée* for the *signature du contrat* and the display of the wedding presents, which were both numerous and handsome, upon which occasion the dress and charming appearance of the *fiancée* were universally and deservedly admired. Lastly came the ceremony of the 25th.

The Church de l’Oratoire, where I had already been at the marriage of the Baronne de Boissy d’Anglas, was now equally hideous, cold, and dirty. The members of the two families assembled a little before twelve in the *sacristie*, where the *contrat* was read; and among those present, and in full-dress uniform, was the fine old General the Comte de Waldener Freundstein, eighty-eight years

of age, who had been *décoré* at Wagram, shot through the jaw at the passage of the Beresina, and was again badly wounded at Waterloo, when a captain in the 10th Cuirassiers. In one of the aunts of the bridegroom I found a former London acquaintance, the Comtesse Stephanie de la Pagerie, a relation of the Buonaparte family, and at one time attached to the household of the Empress Eugénie. The elder brother of the young Baron, the Comte de Waldener, Secretary of Embassy at Vienna, is married to a charming and amiable woman, who speaks English as well as I do. The bridegroom, as well as several officers of the 4th Hussars, who had come expressly from Nancy, where they are quartered, and who presented the bride with a lovely bouquet on the part of the corps, were all in regimentals. The service of the Lutheran form I have already described, but the clergyman gave an excellent and impressive address, introducing the military element with great success. The church was crammed, and after the ceremony the struggle in the *sacristie* to shake hands with the *nouveaux mariés* very disagreeable. At two o'clock a great assemblage and a perfect breakfast in the Rue de Labeaume, where the ladies, of whom there were many conspicuous by their attractions and the beauty of their exquisite toilettes, appeared to the best advantage in Madame Cottier's handsome *salons*.

Altogether it was an extremely pretty *fête*, and a perfectly successful day, which I finished by a pleasant dinner *chez* S.A.I. la Princesse Mathilde.

Thursday evening, May 3d, I attended one of the weekly receptions held at the Élysée by the Marshal-

President and the Duchesse de Magenta, a *réunion* certainly not brilliant to the eye, and dull in proportion. I cannot say much for the beauty of the ladies, or for the elegance of their dresses; and the French uniforms, of which naturally there was a large proportion, are now so ugly and unbecoming, as in no degree to improve the appearance of the rooms. As an officer of distinction and reputation, Marshal de MacMahon must be universally appreciated, but in a *salon* he certainly does not seem to have acquired that art of "receiving," that courtesy and facility of address, that we commonly find in those who are "to the manner born," and which have such a prepossessing effect, especially upon strangers. Of Madame la Maréchale I can say no more than that she appears to be a homely, unpretending woman.

While speaking of Paris, it is pleasant to recall the hospitalities of Lord Lyons, her Majesty's Ambassador, whose table is not only second to none, but is remarkable for the completeness and beauty of its arrangements.

Saturday, May 19th, at 3.50 P.M., I took the train to Brussels, arriving there, after a journey of incessant rain, at 10.35, and drove to the Hotel Bellevue, where I had friends; but after two days, was so much disgusted with its vexatious regulations, indifferent living, and exorbitant charges, that I removed to the Hotel de Flandre, close by, with which, three years before, I remembered to have been well pleased. Now, however, I found it was "out of the frying-pan into the fire," for in every respect this hotel had greatly changed for the worse; and in truth, the kind hospitalities of my old friends the Allixes, and a charming entertainment at the British Minister's,



Mr Lumley, were in every way most acceptable. Long established here, and an *intime* of the Allixes, I found M. Oriel, an old Paris friend of the Grays.

The wretched weather and merciless rain made any outdoor enjoyment of Brussels impossible ; but in one of my rare strolls down the Montagne de la Cour, I met the old Count de Lalaing, a gentleman who has had all his life the singular fancy of wearing the dress of the seventeenth century, which, as may be imagined, looks odd enough in these days of the nineteenth. I saw also for the first time the Wirz Gallery, an extravagant, and in truth disgusting, collection of pictures by an artist of that name, but which have about them a certain degree of insane originality. In the matters of comfort, living, economy, and civility, I thought Brussels greatly fallen off, articles of almost every kind being inferior and dear, the best coming from Paris, and the people seemed to me rude and extortionate. Improvements, however, and building, were going on, especially in the Rue Royale and that neighbourhood. The troops I saw were, as of old, stout able-bodied men, well clothed and appointed, but heavy, and wanting smartness.

On Sunday, 3d June, the weather promising more cheerfully, I took train to Braine la Lend, with the intention of spending a couple of days at the Hotel du Musée, on the field of Waterloo, whither I walked the two miles from the little station, under a sun hotter than I had bargained for. The rest of the afternoon I spent very pleasantly idling in the museum, among the many relics of the great battle, or poring over the various books on this engrossing subject. Besides again looking

at the French position here, I wished particularly to visit Quatre Bras, the scene of a conflict which, though so glorious to the British and German infantry, abounding in incident and desperate fighting, is comparatively sunk in the superior interest of the mighty events of the 18th of June.

Starting, therefore, on Monday, in a nondescript vehicle driven by my landlord, I travelled the eleven miles to Les Quatre Bras in greater discomfort—I might even say suffering—than on almost any journey of my remembrance, and it required all my patience and patriotism to carry me through the painful jolting of the execrable carriage, fearfully increased by the scandalous condition of the road. Passing La Haye Sainte, and on the same side of the way, you come to the rising ground to which Napoleon advanced with the Imperial Guard, and whence, on witnessing the failure of their attack, and sensible that “all was over,” he turned his horse’s head and rode away into the night. At the *cabaret* of “La Belle Alliance” I copied the following inscription on a stone tablet on the wall:—

BELLE ALLIANCE

RENCONTRE DES

GÉNÉRAUX WELLINGTON ET BLUCHER

LORS DE LA MÉMORABLE BATAILLE DU XVIII JUIN

MDCCCXV.

Se saluèrent mutuellement Vainqueurs.

There is every reason to believe that the last line was added to the original inscription by some subsequent proprietor; it is in smaller characters, and has evidently

been crowded in. These wretched attempts to detract from the glory of the one and only conqueror upon that immortal field are as contemptible as they are utterly without foundation.

The spot where the heroic Ney had his fifth horse shot under him cannot be passed unnoticed; and now, beyond the "Belle Alliance," on the same side of the road, is the cottage of the Emperor's guide, Costa, in front of which his Majesty sat for some time examining his maps upon a small table, some straw being spread upon the wet ground under his feet. A little farther on is a spot where, on the morning of the battle, his generals assembled to receive from their illustrious chief his final instructions. In the neighbourhood are still living individuals who perfectly remember, as boys, looking on with wonder at the scene. Still farther to the rear, and on the left, is the farm of Gros Caillou, of which, the principal building having been occupied on the night of the 17th by the imperial staff, Napoleon himself, I was told, slept in a small cottage some few yards distant, belonging to a person of the name of Aubris, son of him who was living there at the time of this memorable visit. The present occupant of Gros Caillou would seem to be not only an admirer of the Emperor, whose N.'s *couronnés* are conspicuous on the gate, but likewise a person of decided military proclivities, the bars of this same gate being made in the form of bayonets! Every yard of this road conjures up animating recollections of the 17th of June, during the whole of which day the British troops were falling back from Les Quatre Bras upon the position of Waterloo; and particularly as you reach the neat, clean

little town of Genappes, the scene of that cavalry affair with the French Lancers, in which, brilliantly as it ended, there would certainly appear to have been a want of judgment, as well in the moment chosen for the first charge as in the means employed. The 7th Hussars were very roughly handled, Major Hodge, father of my friend General Sir Edward Hodge, being among the killed. In the street was pointed out to me the house at the door of which the French General Duhesme is always represented to have been brutally massacred by the Prussian cavalry on the night of the 18th; whereas I am assured that on his monument, in a village at some little distance in the neighbourhood, he is distinctly described as having died of a wound received in the battle; and further, I have been subsequently informed by a French officer at St Cyr that the General had been well cared for, and attended by Marshal Blucher's own surgeon. It was at Genappes, as may be remembered, that Napoleon's carriage fell into the hands of the Prussians.

The face of the country continues gently undulating, and chiefly arable, with occasional patches of wood in the distance, until you come to Les Quatre Bras, the straggling village being at a considerable distance from the cross-roads whence it takes its name. Here, as at Waterloo, the ground seems made expressly for fighting. No traces, however, could I discover of the 16th of June 1815, with the exception of a solitary grave, to which I strolled, to find a large flat stone rather prettily placed, but no remains whatever of inscription, nor could any one give me the slightest information on the subject.

The spot is pointed out where the Duke of Brunswick received his death-wound ; but it is, I think, astonishing that no memorial, however slight, should have been raised on so interesting a locality. An absurd and hideous mound marks where at Waterloo H.R.H. the Prince of Orange was severely wounded ; and no time was lost in erecting at Balau a cross, to tell where Marshal de MacMahon was shot by the Germans on the 1st of September 1870 : still the spot remains bare on which the princely Duke of Brunswick, fighting by the side of England, met the fate of his gallant father at Jena.

The field of Quatre Bras could not but remind me of an acquaintance I had made years before at Cangé, where one morning there came to breakfast a fine, tall, soldierlike gentleman, Colonel Bojoin, whose peculiar boots I could not help casting a glance upon occasionally, when from his own lips I heard, sitting in the little *pavillon* commanding that beautiful panorama of which I have spoken, the story related in many accounts of the battle—Gleig's, I think, among others—of his having been shot through both ankles in a charge of the regiment of Lancers in which he was lieutenant, and saved from being afterwards bayoneted by a sergeant of the 92d Highlanders, who dragged him into the square of that noble corps.

It was, I think, nine o'clock ere I got back, very tired, to the "Musée," where one could have wished to find a better dinner and more comfortable accommodation ; but although the landlord and his English wife are very attentive and obliging, the house is sadly deficient in

all its arrangements. On Tuesday the 5th June, taking train through Brussels—where I breakfasted at the station—to Arras, I slept there comfortably enough at the Hotel de l'Univers, my object in coming here being to visit the fields of Azincourt and Crécy, and so rejoin the highroad from Calais to Paris at Abbeville—a route I have found to be as pleasant as it is full of interest and instruction. In Arras I was struck by the Spanish character of portions of the town, which, in fact, had been built by the Spaniards during their long occupation of Artois. The larger and smaller *places* reminded me strongly of Valladolid; and the Hotel de Ville, Spanish also, and built in 1510, is one of the most beautiful that can be seen: its interior has of late been admirably restored, strictly in accordance with the original designs. Arras was taken from the Spaniards by Louis XIII. in 1640, and has ever since belonged to France.

Wednesday the 6th, sending on my servant and the bulk of my baggage direct to Paris, I made a short stage by rail to the small town of St Pol for the night. Here may be seen, though much lost in underwood and rank vegetation, some remains of the castle of St Pol, the residence of the Counts of that name, a family once of great influence. The Comte Waleran de Luxembourg Ligny de St Pol, born here in 1355, served under King Charles V.; and having been taken prisoner by the English and carried to England, he there gained the love of the Princess Matilda, sister of King Richard II., whom he married. After his return to France, Charles VI. sent him as ambassador to London; and subsequently, after holding various high appointments, among them



those of Governor of Paris and Constable of France, he died in 1415. His nephew and successor, the Comte Jean de Luxembourg Ligny de St Pol, becoming also Governor of Paris in 1430, was the person who received, from the Governor of Compiègne, Jeanne d'Arc, who had been taken prisoner there on the 24th of May 1430, and was base enough to deliver her to the English for the sum of 10,000 francs. He died in 1440, and was succeeded by his nephew, Le Comte Louis de Luxembourg St Pol, a man of very turbulent and ambitious disposition, who, in the reign of Louis XI., commanded the advanced guard of that monarch's army at the battle of Monthéry, on the 16th July 1465, against the troops of the "Ligue du Bien Public," and at the treaty of Conflans the same year, obtained the post of Constable of France, with the hand of a sister of the Queen. His object seems always to have been to create for himself an independent principality; but, after ten years of intrigues and machinations, these projects were discovered, when, to escape the vengeance of Louis, the Count fled to the protection of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who, however, to secure his own independence on the frontier of Lorraine, gave him up to the King of France, who ordered him to be decapitated on the Place de Grève. It was this Comte de St Pol who, in 1470, built the citadel of Ham; and with him, I believe, expired the line of this illustrious family.

On the morning of Thursday, 7th of June, I left St Pol in a little one-horse carriage for Hesdin, distant about thirty miles, for which I was to pay twelve francs, with a *pour-boire* to the driver. The road begins at once

to ascend, and so continues for a great part of the way, the country on all sides being entirely arable, with no particular features, and seemingly thinly populated by a remarkably ugly peasantry. At about eleven miles is the village of Blangy, standing prettily above the Ternoise, here an insignificant stream, but producing, I was told, excellent trout; and I now began to discover that if the general aspect of the landscape was tame and monotonous, the villages, of which there was no want, each buried in its little cover of trees, made a very pleasing relief. At Maison Celle, one and a half miles beyond Blangy, and in its immediate vicinity, the army of King Henry V. passed that night of the 24th of October 1415 which has been the theme of so many descriptions, but especially that of Shakespeare; and thence, on this sweet summer afternoon, jogging along a good road at the sober pace of a stout little Norman horse, the bells on whose bridle jingled the time to his footsteps, I became suddenly aware of a pointed steeple rising from a wood on the left; and inquiring what it was, I confess to a thrill of emotion as my driver replied, "Azincourt."

And who, let me ask, having an English heart within his breast, but would feel it beat more quickly at the sound of that memorable name, uttered on the very spot, and in sight of that modest spire, which, like the "Diadem of Trees" at Annesley, is seen throughout the whole of the civilised world?

Leaving the highroad, a very few minutes brought me to this celebrated village, which is extremely pretty, and embosomed, like its neighbours hereabouts, in trees. I at once sought out the *cure*, who proved to be obliging

and well informed, and who, leaving his schoolroom of the little Azincourtois, brought me to the site of the chateau whence Henry took the name of his victory, and thence to the church, which is of very respectable antiquity, though dating much since the battle. The exterior is rather picturesque, and it is sufficiently decorated within. Two coloured coats of arms of 1726, the *curé* told me, he had recently brought to light in repairing the walls. Adjourning to the *presbytère* close by, and sitting in its cool little parlour, looking upon a simple garden glowing in the sunshine, my host produced several books and plans of the events which have invested his neighbourhood with such immortal associations. He told me that his parish contained about 300 souls, and that Azincourt, with the castle of which I had just seen the site, had been inherited, at the death of the two last of the family of that name, father and son, both killed in the battle, by the ancient and noble family of Tramcourt, of which the last Marquis had lately deceased, much regretted, and leaving a widow. While thus pleasantly talking, the day was getting on ; so declining the refreshment hospitably offered, I took leave of the good *curé*, and by his advice drove to the old church of Tramcourt, in the village adjoining the chateau of that name, and containing some curious monumental slabs of the family, of which the oldest I could find, assisted by the energy of my coachman, dated 1596. Returning to the highroad, I now drove through the actual scene of the great conflict, which is a perfect flat, and narrow in its breadth. On the right of the road is an enclosed cemetery with a *Calvaire*, and an inscription relating that it had been

erected by "Victor Marie Léonard, Marquis de Tramcourt, et Aline Marie Cecile, son épouse," to the memory of their ancestors and those who perished with them on the "fatale journée d'Azincourt. Priez pour eux!"

And now, after 460 years since the event by which they became possessed of these lands, upon which they have resided during that long period, the last of the Tramcourts has followed those who fell on this spot on the 25th of October 1415, a day that, if in England never to be thought of without pride and admiration, was indeed fatal to France, which, out of an army of 50,000 men, of whom 14,000 men-at-arms, left on the field 10,000 slain, 8000 being gentlemen, knights, princes, and personages of the highest distinction. There were, besides, 1800 prisoners. The 'History of France,' by Henri Martin, speaking of Azincourt, says: "Jamais la noblesse Française n'avait essuyé un désastre comparable à celui d'Azincourt: Courtrai, Créci, Poitiers, étaient surpassés." The English army, which had commenced its march from Harfleur upon Calais on the 9th of October with 15,000 men, could only muster on the day of the battle at most 12,000, of whom 10,000 at least were archers: their total loss was 1600, including the Duke of York.

Again, as at Crécy, with the addition of the horrible state of the ground, which rendered the French cavalry immovable and worse than useless, the result of this extraordinary day must be ascribed to the folly, obstinacy, and incapacity of the French leaders. Formed in a solid mass upon the narrow plateau, which neutralised the advantage of their numbers, the horses of the men-at-arms, embedded, as it were, in the mud, could not stir;

while the relentless, unceasing storm from the English bows soon converted this unwieldy and helpless body into a frightful scene of inextricable confusion, and ultimately of hideous massacre, when, throwing aside their bows, the English infantry rushed in among them with axes, swords, daggers, and leaden clubs. From Azincourt the fighting may be said to have continued for about two miles, as far as the charming village of Ruisseauville, where I struck the highroad to Hesdin, distant about eleven miles, ending my journey there soon after six o'clock at the Hotel de France, kept, I found, by an old acquaintance who had been eighteen years *femme de chambre* at the Hotel des Bains at Boulogne, and who now took very good care of me.

I may add that the celebrated *oriflamme* of France appeared for the last time on the field of Azincourt.

Hesdin, on the small river Canche, is a respectable town, lying in a hollow well surrounded by wood; and indeed on the road I had already driven through the Forêt d'Hesdin. I was now between sixteen and seventeen miles from Crécy; and arranging for a carriage to take me to Abbeville for eighteen francs and the *pour-boire*, I left Hesdin at 12.30 on Friday the 8th, and drove through a very pretty and variegated country for the greater part of the way. At the picturesque village of Lebroye on l'Authier—a stream in which, I was informed, they catch trout of 30 lb. weight—you leave the ancient province of Artois and enter that of Picardy, and so on to Crécy, charmingly situated in a pleasant, fertile neighbourhood. I found it quite a little town of from 1700 to 1800 inhabitants; and making my way as usual to the *presbytère*,

where, over the entrance, was the date 1719, I found the *curé* at home, and disposed to give me all the details he knew of this very interesting locality. The church is in no way remarkable, but in the main street there is a brick cross, supposed to have been erected by the Spaniards; and now, following the directions of the *curé*, I walked up a hill just outside the town to a windmill, the same from which, on the 26th of August 1346, Edward III., one of the most warlike and powerful sovereigns who ever sat on the British throne, had watched the chances of a battle, to this hour never mentioned among us but with justifiable gratification, while in France it is still remembered with bitterness and dismay.

Already the passage of the Somme by the English army, at the ford of Blanque Taque, on the 24th of the month, had been one of the most remarkable military operations of the time. Gobin Agace, the individual by whom it was pointed out, being a native of the Ponthieu, into which it conducted the army, and which, in right of his mother, belonged to Edward, may be considered to have been his subject, although it is pretended that this man, with several others, was a prisoner in the English camp, and that it was the promise of his liberation, with one hundred crowns and a good horse for himself, which induced Agace to discover the ford. The spirited exclamation of the English monarch, on finding himself on his own side of the Somme, is well known: "*Je suis maintenant chez moi, nous verrons bien qui m'en chassera!*"

Here was I, then, at this identical old mill, in front of which, 531 years ago, such grand events had taken place; and in truth, the scene before me was as beautiful to the



eye as it was impressive to the imagination. The sails of the mill had, of course, long disappeared ; and possibly the strong beams, the ladders, and the now silent machinery, may have been renewed since 1346, though they looked coeval with the masonry, of whose antiquity there could be no doubt ; and indeed, close by, were two or three veteran mills, apparently of the same age, working away seemingly as fresh as ever. The position taken up by Edward is probably one of the most advantageous ever occupied for the purpose of battle. On the slope of a range of gentle elevation, his right rested upon the village of Crécy ; while a wood, in which are two farm-houses called “Crécy Grange,” protected the English left. The extent of front, I fancy, was not much more than a mile.

It was about 4 P.M., the hour at which the battle had commenced, and the same glorious sun which had dazzled the eyes of the French army as King Philippe de Valois led them across the extensive plain at my feet, was pouring his rays over this wide surface of teeming fields, shady woods, and pleasant habitations, now smiling in tranquil gladness around me. But how different must all this have appeared to the noble Edward as he calmly watched the approach from Abbeville of the King of France at the head of 100,000 men, of whom 10,000 men-at-arms, led by the very *élite* of the kingdom, blazing in embroidery, splendid armour, waving plumes, and all the brilliant and imposing array of chivalry !

The story of this celebrated day has been told in numberless accounts, all agreeing that it was lost ere it was well begun, and that never were defeat and disaster

more complete. Of the French, 11 Princes, 80 knights-bannerets, 1200 knights, and about 30,000 soldiers, were slain on the ground. Philippe de Valois, having received two wounds, and had a horse shot under him by an arrow, was nearly taken prisoner, being with difficulty forced from the field.

According to Froissart, the English army numbered in all 32,000 men, of whom 14,000 English, the remainder being made up of 1200 Welsh and 6000 Irish. The battle was fought on Saturday the 25th; but the day following, which Edward spent in Crécy, was again disastrous to the French, who, Froissart tells us, lost by the destruction of two strong detachments which had not joined the army on the 25th, and by stragglers killed in their flight, “*quatre fois plus que la veille.*”

By the way, in alluding to the well-known reply of Edward to those who urged him to send assistance to the Prince of Wales, at one moment hardly pressed, my friend the *curé* rendered it in a manner peculiarly French, but which sounded oddly enough, making the King's answer to have been, “*Qu'ils laissent gagner à l'enfant ses épaulettes !*”

The destruction of the French army, to which they themselves so greatly contributed, must be ascribed to the miserable arrangements of Philippe de Valois, who, notwithstanding, besides being personally a brave man, was not without military experience; and also to the overweening vanity of the French Princes and leaders, who, setting aside all control and discipline, thought only of making themselves conspicuous in front. It may be remembered that some pieces of artillery in the English

army were the first ever used on a field of battle, although cannon were known in France in 1339.

Among other French authors, Henri Martin, from whom I have already quoted, thus speaks of Crécy :—

“C’était la chevalerie même qu’on portait au tombeau. La bataille de Crécy est un événement immense dans l’histoire du moyen âge.”

And again : “La milice féodale a été jugée et condamnée à Crécy : l’honneur au moins lui resté, mais après Crécy va venir Poitiers et elle ne pourra même plus dire, ‘Tout est perdu fors l’honneur !’”

Michelet expresses himself still more strongly and at length, who says : “Cet immense malheur ne fit qu’en préparer un plus grand. L’Anglais s’établit en France.”

And further on : “La bataille de Crécy n’est pas seulement une bataille ; la prise de Calais n’est pas une simple prise de ville : ces deux événements contiennent une grande révolution sociale. La chevalerie tout entière du peuple le plus chevalier avait été exterminé par une petite bande de fantassins. Les victoires des Suisses sur la chevalerie Autrichienne à Morgarten, à Laufen, présentèrent un fait analogue, mais elles n’eurent pas la même importance, le même retentissement dans Chrétienté. Une tactique nouvelle sortait d’un état nouveau de la société ; ce n’était pas une œuvre de génie ni de réflexion. Edouard III., n’était pas un Gustave Adolphe ni un Frédéric. Il avait employé ces fantassins faute de cavaliers.”

Again : “La bataille de Crécy révéla un secret dont personne ne se doutait, l’impuissance militaire de ce monde féodal qui s’était cru le seul monde militaire.”

Lastly these fine passages, full of animation and poetical description :—

“Toute la chevalerie était là réunie ; toute bannière flottait au vent ; ces fiers blasons, lions, aigles ; tours, besans des Croisades, tout l’orgueilleux symbolisme des armoiries. En face, sauf trois mille ‘hommes d’armes,’ c’étaient les va un pieds des communes Anglaises, les rudes montagnards de Galles, les porchers de l’Irlande.”

“Malgré le romanesque bravoure de Jean de Bohême et de maint autre les brillantes bannières furent tachées ce jour là. D’avoir été trainées, non par le noble gantelet du seigneur, mais par les mains calleuses, c’était difficile à laver. La religion de la noblesse eut des lors plus d’un incrédule. Le symbolisme armorial perdit tout son effet. On commença à douter que ces lions mordissent ; que ces dragons de soie vomissent feu et flamme. La vache de Suisse et la vache de Galles semblaient aussi de bonnes armoiries.”

It was not, however, until after Poitiers and Azincourt, that the prestige of chivalry and the nobles fell into utter disrepute ; but I have transcribed these long extracts from authors of their reputation, not only on account of the beauty and poetry of the language, but because they describe so powerfully the results of this great victory. I have heard that Napoleon himself, on that disastrous night after Waterloo, observed, “Cela a toujours été la même chose depuis Crécy !”

Sitting on the grass by this old mill in the quiet of that sultry afternoon, and pondering over the glorious page of English history that lay open before me, it was in truth possible for the mind to look back through the

long vista of intervening generations, and so, by Poitiers, Azincourt, Blenheim, the Nile, and Trafalgar, to connect the victory of the 25th of August 1346 with the unequalled and crowning triumph of Waterloo. My thoughts also returned to where, in distant England, at historic Newstead, I had frequently occupied a room called "Edward III.'s lodging," in which hangs a portrait of this mighty sovereign; and assuredly, if ever destined to sleep in that room again, the recollections of this day will give it tenfold interest.

It was with great difficulty I tore myself away from this memorable field; but evening was drawing on, and there remained thirteen miles between me and Abbeville, where I proposed to sleep: so, taking again to the road, I passed, about one and a half miles from Crécy, and on the left, a stone cross, much decayed, but on that account only the more precious, that marks where the blind and noble Jean, King of Bohemia, fell, with his two attendant knights,—an episode, in the whole history of warfare, perhaps the most touching. The drive to Abbeville is very pleasant, and the view descending into the city particularly so. There is a tree somewhere—which, however, was not pointed out to me—under which Napoleon I. once breakfasted, eating, as the landlady of the execrable "Tête de Bœuf" told me, "*deux œufs à la coq.*"

Here ended my little dip into these regions of history, long gone by, but never forgotten; and I left them, struck more than ever by the indelible marks which the hand of England has stamped upon so many parts of France. Saturday, 9th of June, to Paris, meet-

ing in the train an agreeable gentleman from Touraine, whose son, he told me, had lately published a book called 'De Paris à Pekin,' which I can answer for being a good one.

Wednesday, 20th, to the Chateau de St Gratien, of which charming place what shall I say but that, within twenty minutes' drive of the station of Saunois, thirty-three minutes' rail from Paris, it combines a most agreeable and convenient situation with every comfort and enjoyment that good taste and refinement can bestow?

Belonging at one time to the celebrated Marshal Catinat, who died here on the 22d February 1712, at the age of seventy-four, in a house still remaining in the grounds, the property came into the hands of the Comte Lucay, Préfet du Palais under the First Empire, who built the present chateau; and subsequently, in 1851, into the possession of H.I.H. the Princess Mathilde, who has considerably added to and embellished both the house and the estate, and to whom indeed the greater part of their present attractions is due. The house, not very large, is most convenient, comfortable, and tastefully decorated and furnished. The grounds, extending to the Lac d'Enghien, are charmingly laid out, and planted to the best advantage. There is a pretty little sort of "home-farm," and excellent gardens. A well-ordered *train de maison* and an admirable table complete the comforts of the Chateau de St Gratien.

The Princess Mathilde, besides her personal elegance and distinction, is not only an admirer and a liberal patroness of art, but she is herself possessed of superior talents in this way. The society admitted to the honour



and pleasure of her hospitality is as remarkable for its cheerful animation as for its intellect, and seldom have I left it without having been instructed as well as amused. It is not, however, by any means *chez elle* only that her Imperial Highness shines with such grace and amiability, for outside her park gates her goodness and charities are universally felt and appreciated. The new church of St Gratien, of which she laid the first stone on the 14th of April 1857, stands upon ground presented by herself; and in it she has caused to be suitably placed, after the necessary restorations, the monuments of Marshal Catinat, of his sister, and of his grand-niece, which had been defaced by the savages of the Revolution of 1793. Of the village schools, as of everything that can benefit those around her, her Imperial Highness is a never-failing benefactress.

In speaking of these pleasant days, it would be most ungrateful not to remember the kind, gentle amiability of the Princess's *dame d'honneur*, Madame la Baronne de Galbois, to whose friendship I have been so much indebted.

Sunday the 24th, I left in the evening for Paris—returning, however, to St Gratien on Tuesday, 3d July, for one of those agreeable dinners *sans façon*; after which, the same night, I came to sleep at the Hotel Vatel at Versailles, with the intention of making some stay; but the living was so bad, that I moved to my old acquaintances at the “Réservoirs.”

During a residence here of several weeks, I spent a good deal of time among the pictures and galleries of the chateau, which indeed had been a chief reason for

coming to Versailles ; but since the war, and the removal of the Chambers from Paris, nearly two-thirds of the palace have been given up for the accommodation of the Senate, the *Chambre des Députés*, and other public departments, so that a great deal that is most interesting cannot be seen,—such as the portraits of the “*Connétables de France* ;” very many of the Marshals ; the pictures of some of Napoleon’s battles ; those of the late African, Mexican, and Italian campaigns ; a good deal of sculpture, and the Royal apartments. All this, of course, is an immense loss to strangers and to the public, for whose especial benefit and instruction this magnificent sculptural and pictorial history of France was collected. Of these pictures a fair proportion is, truth to speak, indifferent, not to say bad ; they have all, however, attached to them a certain interest, historical or otherwise. In the battle-pieces, and other subjects of the kind, the infinite superiority of Horace Vernet, Bellangé, and Eugene Lami is very striking, as is likewise that of the beautiful sea-pieces of Gudin. Somewhat by special favour of one of the servants, I did one day go through the Royal apartments, which I think are very improperly allowed to be inhabited, where I was scandalised to see the introduction of modern furniture for the accommodation of the President of the Senate, the Duc d’Audrifet Pasquier, and the Duchess ; but above all was I disgusted to observe some pairs of clumsy boots and other things in the oratory of poor Marie Antoinette !

Sunday, 8th of July, I strolled to the Trianon, where, in the lesser palace, I saw for the first time the apartments of Marie Antoinette ; the decorations in perfect

order, and the furniture the same she had used,—the whole very elegant and in good taste. No damage, it appears, was done to the rooms, and the various articles they contained had been carefully put away. Several objects belonging to the Queen—presents, &c.—were arranged as they had been of old; but what particularly affected me was her harpsichord or spinette, a poor little instrument, and beside it a stand with a piece of her music on it, of which I wrote down the name: “*La charmante Gabrielle, des mystères d’Isys, de Vernier, pour la Harpe;*” and to any mind of the commonest sensibility, what a host of cruel and touching associations does not that sheet of paper recall! There indeed lay the notes, but the musician who once played them so sweetly, where was she? Gone, we hope and believe, to that better world into which all such martyrs are received and made blessed for ever! But by what a dreadful road had the Royal victim been sent thither! Reviled, insulted, outraged in all her tenderest feelings as a mother, her delicacy as a woman, and her dignity as a Queen, to be finally dragged, with every ignominious aggravation, to a vile and bloody death! One is astonished, in reading the disgraceful records of those hideous crimes, that the whole of Europe, professing Christianity and civilisation, should not have made one general crusade for the extermination of the infernal wretches of the French Revolution, whose atrocities, it may be said, will never be effaced. It was left for the mighty hand of Napoleon to crush these reptiles, and to raise the nation from the depravity into which it had fallen; and well and proudly might he say, “*J’ai trouvé*

la couronne dans la boue, et je l'ai ramassé avec mon épée !”

The pretty grounds and miniature Swiss village in which her Majesty so much delighted, now silent and abandoned, have a touching interest about them ; and although the circumstances were entirely different, yet in thinking over the painful story of the former charming mistress of these sweet scenes, one involuntarily connects her with our own lovely Marie Stuart, her companion in the same sad fate.

At the Grand Trianon are shown some gala carriages of the French Court at different periods, which are curious and worth a visit.

Staying at the Hotel des Réservoirs for the purpose of making an inspection of the artillery in Versailles, is the Baron de Berkheim, General de Division, with whom I had made acquaintance in Paris, and whose daughter lately married Monsieur Colbert, Chef d'Escadron in the 3d Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, formerly of the Chasseurs à Cheval of the Imperial Guard, who is related to the Grays,—the Colberts being, in fact, the Scotch Cuthberts. The General was good enough to ask me to a dinner he gave on Thursday the 12th to the officers of the Artillery and some few other military guests, to the number, I think, of forty. We had the band of the Artillery, and I spent an agreeable evening. General de Berkheim took the trouble of writing me an introduction to General Henrion, commanding the École Militaire de St Cyr ; and to-day, Saturday, 14th, I returned from a second visit to this fine establishment, which is about three miles from Versailles. I had the

additional advantage of finding there the General de Division de Vouges de Chanteclair, in course of inspecting the cavalry branch of the school.

The history of St Cyr is soon told. Originally it was an establishment, founded in 1686, for the education of young ladies of poor families, under the special protection of Madame de Maintenon, who, after the death of Louis XIV., retired here, and four years later, dying herself in one of its apartments, is buried in the chapel, in a recess indicated by a black marble sarcophagus bearing the simple inscription in gilt letters—

CI GÎT

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

1635—1719—1836.

At the Revolution of 1793, the institution disappeared, and subsequently the present military school was founded by the Emperor Napoleon I.; and I was glad to see still untouched, over one of the principal entrances, the original inscription, “École Impériale et spéciale Militaire.” Since its foundation, the establishment has undergone some alterations, and has been greatly increased: at the present moment there is another new building, only waiting to be sufficiently aired prior to occupation. Everything seemed to me in excellent order; no expense spared, and all requirements supplied on a liberal scale. I did, however, hear something of a difficulty about water. I was a good deal struck, and indeed surprised, at the proficiency in the riding department, which was highly creditable to all concerned. The two years passed

here seem to be every moment employed. The course, I imagine, must be very fatiguing, and I could not help fancying that the students in general looked worn and far from robust—indeed I was told there were instances, by no means unfrequent, of their being unable to go through the entire course.

A pleasant breakfast *chez* Madame Henrion made an acceptable break in the morning's work.

To-day, Sunday, 15th, instead of going, as I had proposed, to Chartres, I have been persuaded to stay for the *fête de nuit*, and have passed some of the afternoon in the barracks of the 7th Cuirassiers, where I was obligingly shown everything I desired to see by the Capitaine de Semaine, who bore on his cheek a *souvenir* of Reichs-offen. He told me that on the opening of the campaign the Empress had presented every officer in the army with a revolver. Among the recent wholesale changes in the French uniforms has been the suppression of the gauntlet-gloves in the Cuirassiers and Dragoons, which has a very bad effect, these being the invariable accompaniment of the helmet; and I think the substitution of blue for the traditional green of the Dragoons and Chasseurs is also a mistake. But of far more real importance is the abolition of the lance, unquestionably a most powerful and useful weapon, which, in a cavalry so numerous as the French, might well have been retained; the traditions, moreover, of their Lancer regiments were particularly glorious. It was, I believe, during the War Ministry of General Cissey this measure, which is by no means popular in the cavalry, was carried out. My friend the Captain, whose name, Gréterin,



I am glad to remember, told me that these same barracks had been occupied by the cavalry of the Royal Household, when there was one, ever since the reign of Louis XIII. I finished my pleasant visit to the 7th Cuirassiers with a plate of soup and a glass of wine in their canteen, after which I was kindly sent back to the hotel in the regimental omnibus kept by the officers.

At night the effect of the waterworks and illuminations would have been quite beautiful but for the rainy, boisterous weather, which sadly interfered. The arrangements were excellent. I paid ten francs for one of the best places, where I seated myself without the smallest difficulty, about eight o'clock; and although the crowd was immense, everything passed off in perfect order.

This morning, Monday, I was awoke by the sound of military music, which, although nothing new here, brought me to the window about seven o'clock, when I saw two fine squadrons of Dragoons march by, headed by an excellent band. Their appearance was very martial; and indeed, upon the whole, I am inclined to prefer the Dragoons to the rest of the cavalry. Again being compelled to defer my expedition to Chartres and Maintenon in consequence of a provoking mistake about the railway, I spent the afternoon in making visits to Colonel Bignon, commanding the regiment of Cuirassiers I saw yesterday—a quiet, gentlemanly man, with whose wife also I became acquainted; to General Thomas, commanding the Artillery here; and to Colonel Pluvier, of the 1st Regiment of Engineers.

Tuesday, 17th, on sending in my card at the chateau to the Questeur de la République, by whom I was very

civilly received, he allowed me to go through the rooms containing the pictures of the African, Crimean, and late Italian and Mexican campaigns, by Horace Vernet, Ivon, and others. I think Vernet's "Taking of the Smala" must be one of the finest, as it is probably the largest battle-piece in the world. Ivon's pictures are very effective also.

Notwithstanding the discouraging weather, I got into the train at 5.25 P.M. for Chartres, arriving there at 6.47, and went to the hotel of the Grand Monarque, one of the most infamous I know. The discomfort and dirt quite prevented any eating; and going absolutely dinnerless to a miserable bedroom, after trying, but ineffectually, in the morning, to make amends by a better breakfast, I went off to the object of my visit, the cathedral, which, I think, is the largest, and certainly one of the finest in France, but in a shameful state of dirt, degradation, and, one may add, ruin. It contains a profusion of statuary and ornamental stone-work, both outside and within, but miserably defaced and mutilated; the coloured windows, incrusting with the neglect of centuries, are very fine. There is also an extensive crypt or underground church, which has been better cared for. The old woman who showed me through it, struggling all the time with a distressing cough, pointed out some portions of it which she said were of the third and fifth centuries. In strolling about Chartres through an infinity of steep and narrow streets, filthy beyond description, one is at the same time delighted with the variety of picturesque corners, gables, quaint old iron gates leading into courts green and gay with trees and flowers, that are continually

attracting the attention. Round the city winds a branch of the river Eure, which would be quite charming but that it is poisoned with every conceivable nuisance ; while rows of washerwomen, under their rotten sheds, increase the pollution of the unhappy little stream with their soapy contributions. At the old, old Port de Guilleaume, looking to either hand from the bridge, is a delicious bit of scenery : these little bridges across the Eure are very pretty. The church of St Pierre is very ancient, but in no better condition than the cathedral.

Coming into the newer, and, I am bound to confess, cleaner part of the city, I fell in with a column in a small place, erected to Marceau, a distinguished general under the French Republic, who was born at Chartres on the 1st of March 1769, and fell mortally wounded at the affair of Altenkirchen with the Austrians on the 19th September 1796, after a career as extraordinary for its brilliancy as for the shortness of its duration. On his monument he is stated to have been a soldier at sixteen, a general at twenty-three, and to have died at twenty-seven. There is also a statue to him on the Place des Epars.

Chartres was taken by the English in the reign of Charles VI., but in 1432 they lost it again to the French troops under Dunois. It is undoubtedly a place worth seeing, and its woodcock *pâtés* may be remembered as having a reputation. Its environs looked extremely pretty from the railway carriage on my return to Versailles—stopping, however, for the afternoon, at the station and small town of Maintenon, for the purpose of visiting the chateau close by, the beautiful and interesting resi-

dence of the Duc de Noailles, into whose family it came by the marriage of the Duc d'Ayen, son of the Marshal de Noailles, with the niece of Madame de Maintenon, who thereupon presented her with the property.

The estate had been purchased from the Marquis de Villeray in 1674 by Louis XIV., and by him bestowed upon Madame, in 1688 created Marquise de Maintenon, who greatly embellished and added both to the chateau and to the park, in which latter Le Notre made considerable improvements. It is a charming little stroll from the station to the house, whose exterior is very elegant and picturesque, with the exception of a hideous construction of great length, intended for the convenience of Louis XIV. as a communication between his apartments and the chapel. The interior, notwithstanding that the family were at home, appeared to me somewhat formal and comfortless. The long building just mentioned, the Duc de Noailles has converted into an extremely handsome gallery, hung with portraits of the family, one of the most illustrious in France, commencing with a Seigneur de Noailles of 1111, and continuing to the last Duke, who died in 1846-47: a very proud and remarkable collection. One especially of these portraits struck me—that of a Seigneur de Noailles, with a black shade over one eye, who fell at Azincourt. I observed that one only of the family here represented appears to have served under the First Empire—a young Vicomte de Noailles, in a Hussar uniform, killed at the passage of the Beresina in 1812.

One female portrait only has been admitted into this gallery—that of the donor of the property, taken in 1719,

the year of her death. In other rooms are two more, one painted at the age of twenty-seven—a lovely face.

With all the interest that attaches to portraits, one is compelled to remember that, beyond a certain date, they must be almost imaginary—portrait-painting having been very imperfect, and indeed scarcely known at all, until the fifteenth century ; and consequently those of earlier times must have been made by description, from busts, monuments, coins, &c. Still one likes to persuade one's self that one is looking upon the actual features of the original.

The rooms occupied by Madame de Maintenon are neither many nor large ; they are, however, elegant, and their furniture has been renewed in precisely the style and materials of her time. Great damage was done to the chateau in 1793, when the chapel was totally destroyed, in which condition it still remains. The house is surrounded by a moat, fed by the rivers Eure and Oise, and the pretty pleasure-grounds are quite in character. The prominent feature in the park are the ruins of an aqueduct, commenced, and to a certain degree finished, by Louis XIV., with the intention of its bringing the waters of the Eure to the gardens of Versailles, but which proved a complete failure : the immense arches, now overgrown with foliage, are very picturesque.

The latest event of importance connected with Maintenon was the arrival, at two o'clock in the morning of the 4th of August 1830, of King Charles X., with the Dauphin, Madame la Dauphine, Madame la Duchesse de Berri, Monsieur le Duc de Bordeaux, and Mademoiselle, with their respective suites, the Artillery of the Guard, the Gardes du Corps, two regiments of cavalry, and the

Cent Suisses, coming from Rambouillet. The circumstances are graphically related by the Duc de Noailles in his 'Histoire de Madame de Maintenon;' but the extract would be too long to introduce here.

After a night of the greatest anxiety, at 10 A.M. on the following morning his Majesty heard Mass in the chapel; and at eleven, having dismissed all the troops with the exception of the Gardes du Corps, the mournful *cortège* resumed its journey to Cherbourg, there to embark for that exile from which the deposed monarch never returned.

In one of Madame de Maintenon's apartments, which he had occupied during his brief and melancholy visit, there is a portrait of Charles, with an inscription stating the circumstances.

Dining in a very rough fashion at the little Hotel de St Pierre in the village, I got back to Versailles at 9.25 at night, both well tired and well pleased.

Thursday, 19th, to St Gratien, where the usual circle of *habitués*, whose names it is so pleasant to recall: Mademoiselle Abbaticci, the Comte Benedetti, General Chauchard—a charming pianist—Popelin, Anastasie, Blanchard, Giroux, with the addition of occasional ladies at breakfast or dinner. Sunday is always a day of company; and to-day, the 22d, arrived the Prince Napoleon, brother to the Princess Mathilde, with his two fine boys, the Princes Victor and Louis, both extremely good-looking, and so well-mannered: the eldest fifteen, and his brother, I think, thirteen.

Monday afternoon her Imperial Highness took me to St Leu, long the favourite residence of Queen Hortense,



as likewise of the last Prince de Condé, who was found so mysteriously hanged in his bedroom on the 28th of August 1830. The chateau in which this tragedy happened being left to the Prince's mistress, the Baronne de Feuchères, an Englishwoman, was sold by her in 1835, and demolished. A monument erected to the Prince, surmounted by a cross, marks the spot where his body was discovered.

In the new church of St Leu, begun in 1852, and very ugly in outward appearance, are deposited in a vault the remains of Charles Buonaparte, father of Napoleon I.; as also those of Louis, King of Holland, and of his two sons, brothers of Napoleon III. Behind the high altar is a fine statue of King Louis, in white marble, by Petitot. In the body of the church, in a side chapel, is the tomb of the Baronne de Broc, *dame d'honneur* to Queen Hortense, with a monument and an inscription commemorating her tragical death before the eyes of her Majesty at the Cascade de Grévy, near Aix-les-Bains, in 1813. Her sister, the Maréchale Ney—to whom, oddly enough, there is no monument—is also buried here, as well as a Comtesse de Villeraÿ.

Returning by a different road, the drive to St Gratien, of barely an hour, is very pretty, with charming views, and passing through several villages with numerous country houses and pleasant villas on all sides. The other lady in the carriage was Dina Felix, a sister of Rachel, and herself now at the "Français"—very lively and agreeable. Thursday, 26th, to Paris, with Madame de Galbois and the Comte Benedetti; and on Saturday to Versailles.

Monday, 30th, taking train to Ville d'Avray, I strolled through the park and by the ruined palace of St Cloud to the Seine—a shorter but by no means so pretty a walk as round by Sèvres. The view hereabouts, from any point, embracing the bridges of St Cloud and Sèvres, is exquisite, and, among many other artists, has been painted by Turner. It is such a pity that, unless one be prepared to take a house, there is really no possibility of settling in any comfort upon the sweet banks of the Seine. St Germain is the only place having a good hotel; and even there the "*Pavillon*" is not actually on the river.

Having promised the young Princes Napoleon to go and see them at their Lycée at Vanves, on Wednesday, 1st of August, I took the rail to Clamart, a lovely drive of half an hour; and thence, in about the same time, I strolled to my destination, where I found these two nice boys living in the pretty house of their tutor, just outside the college grounds. They took me over the whole establishment, where great preparations were in progress for a distribution of prizes the following morning, after which the pupils were going home for their two months' holiday. This giving of prizes is always a grand affair in French schools, and a large building was handsomely arranged for the numerous company expected, including a military band.

The college is beautifully situated on a fine terrace, in an extensive, well-wooded park, with delightful views in every direction. Prior to the Franco-German war of 1870-71, it was called the Lycée du Prince Impérial, and numbered between 1500 and 1600 students, which num-

ber is now reduced to between 500 and 600, and it is called simply Le Lycée Vanves. I stayed a couple of hours with my pleasant entertainers, who took me to the Gare de Mont Parnasse, whence I returned to Versailles. Of these two Princes, the elder, Victor, is not only astonishingly like the portraits of the great Napoleon, but also, I should imagine, resembles him in character and manner,—grave, reserved, and perfectly well-bred. The younger, Louis, has also, in a different style, a great resemblance to the earlier portraits of the Emperor; he is very lively, and full of intelligence.

Versailles is well circumstanced for excursions; and these environs of Paris are delightful,—the country so varied and *accidenté*, well wooded, the villas and houses hid away like nests among trees, gardens, and vineyards. To-day I was particularly charmed with Meudon and Bellevue.

One of the most curious, if not the most agreeable sights which enliven the dull streets of Versailles, are the tourist carriages, which come along with tremendous rattle, drawn by five horses, and containing, some of them, as many as fifty-two of these excursionists, besides the coachman. These people come from England in droves, stare about them for a fixed number of days at objects of which, for the most part, they are entirely ignorant, and which they cannot appreciate, and so return, being in truth far from a pleasant addition to the floating population.

This morning, Friday, 3d, I drove to Satory, believing I should see at exercise the 7th and 10th Cuirassiers, as I had been so informed by an officer of the latter corps;

but although on the ground before seven o'clock, I found but one regiment, the 10th, and that already preparing to return to barracks. As they filed past me, it seemed to be well composed, both in men and horses, though many of the latter were rather "tucked up"; they are indeed constantly at work. The officers were mounted upon good useful animals, without much breeding. The morning was beautiful, though cold for the time of year; and on my way home I looked in at the cathedral, a fine building, of what order of architecture I know not; and then, buying the 'Figaro,' I enjoyed it sitting under the trees before breakfast,—which trifles I mention as showing the easy way of life, *sans façon*, to be had only on the Continent.

Saturday, taking the train to Sèvres, with some idea of dining in Paris, I walked from the station to the celebrated porcelain manufactory, where the collection, though very beautiful, did not interest me, who desired more especially to see the *ateliers*; but while the *gardien* was explaining to me that for this purpose it was necessary to procure an order from some functionary in Paris, a gentleman came forward and obligingly offered to include me in a permission he had for four persons, of whom his wife, daughter, and self made only three. This kindness enabled me to see the whole process, which is most curious and interesting. On taking leave of my new friends, I found them to be the Vicomte de Batsalle, a retired cavalry officer, who had served in the Crimea, and his family.

While afterwards enjoying, as always, the view from the bridge of Sèvres, I suddenly came face to face with

my friend Wylde, a well-known and charming landscape-painter, many years settled in Paris, and his daughter, with whom, after a chat, parting company, I sauntered along the banks of the Seine to the restaurant of the "Pêche Miraculeuse," which, covered as the house was with ivy and green leaves, looked inviting enough to sit down there and call for the inevitable *quelque chose*, in the shape of a *demie tisane de champagne*. Thus refreshed, I got on board one of the *bateaux hirondelles*, and went down the river to St Cloud, returning again to Sèvres: it was a soft, warm evening, all around disposing to calm enjoyment, and reminding me particularly of those charming lines by Sir Walter Scott, "An Evening at St Cloud," written, however, long before these waters were profaned by the vulgarity of steamboats. We had a *noce* on board, rather a dismal affair; and with every inclination to make the best of the party, I could not bring myself to envy the "happy man," who, in truth, himself seemed "down on his luck." From Sèvres back by rail to a late dinner at the "Réservoirs."

Friday, 17th, I visited certainly one of the most interesting of the many historical associations of Versailles—viz., the Salle de l'Opéra of the palace—where, on the 2d of October 1789, took place that famous banquet, given by the officers of the Gardes du Corps to those of the Régiment de Flandres, which, it may be said, lighted up the long-smouldering flame of the French Revolution. It is now used for the meetings of the Senate. The decorations, carvings, &c., date from Louis XIV.; but although restored by Louis Philippe, and inaugurated afresh on the 17th of May 1837, they are again much

faded: still the appearance of the Salle, entirely scarlet and richly gilded, is imposing. With the exception of a *tribune*, brought from the Palais du Luxembourg in Paris for the accommodation of the President, the temporary seats required for the Senators, and some screens put up in the upper tier of boxes, it remains much in its original condition; but my attendant, a civil but very dirty and unshaved servant of the Republic, could answer none of my questions as to the great events which have conferred upon it so much celebrity.

Sitting down, however, in a corner of the box appropriated to the *corps diplomatique*, I was soon lost in the mental resuscitation of that memorable scene of which the theatre was now before me. The house, crowded with elegant spectators of both sexes, dressed in all the costly brilliancy of the time; the rich uniforms; the inspiring strains of martial music accompanying the enthusiastic acclamations which followed the toasts drunk by the hosts and their guests to the flashes of their drawn swords; the addition of the soldiers of the two regiments admitted at a certain moment to the *fête*; the national tricolor replaced with shouts of triumph by the white cockade of the Bourbons, or the black and yellow of Austria; and lastly, as the climax to this military effervescence, the appearance in one of the boxes of Louis XVI. and lovely Marie Antoinette with the little Dauphin in her arms,—all this glowing picture of history, though in colours dimmed by time, and saddened by shadows so terrible, seemed nevertheless to rise again in the silence and solitude of that empty hall.

Wednesday, 29th, as I was actually starting for St



Germaines to dine with my sister, the beautiful music of the 1st Regiment of Engineers, a rival to that of the Garde Républicaine, preceding a small detachment, passed, as I soon ascertained, on their way to receive the colours at the quarters of the colonel, a few doors from my hotel; and as I knew there must be something "going on," I followed them to the Place d'Armes, where, under the command of my friend Colonel Pluvier, were drawn up, for the inspection of a General of Engineers, the two battalions stationed here, out of the five of which the regiment is composed. This was not to be resisted; so, putting off my journey, I stayed out the inspection, which lasted about two hours. These two battalions mustered 800 men each, in four companies of 200; there was also a mounted detachment: and the whole looked very well, the men young, and neatly dressed and equipped. There was little manœuvring, but they marched past well. On the ground were two Greek officers in a uniform which seemed to be black, with light blue sashes over their shoulders, and a ridiculous head-dress—a sort of forage-cap with a plume of horse-hair stuck in it.

My stay in Versailles is drawing near its close, and I cannot say it is a place I ever care to see again. It is extremely dull: the long deserted streets and avenues become very oppressive, and there are no views anywhere to be obtained. The formal gardens of the chateau have no privacy; one soon tires of them, and I always felt that one should never walk there but in Court dress, with wig and sword. Not by any means the least of the evils of Versailles is the horrible pavement of the

streets, which in a very short time made me quite lame. The avenues and *boulevards*, if they have not this inconvenience, are excessively dusty. The Hotel des Réservoirs is not so good as formerly, but I thought the charges moderate, and everybody is very civil.

To-day, the 31st, the music of the 117th Regiment played in the gardens for the first time, and was much admired. The musicians of the French infantry are losing their only remaining distinction, the neat shoulder-strap they have hitherto worn being replaced by the red worsted epaulette of the ranks. This rage, now so general, for suppressing all distinction and ornament, is carried to a very ill-judged and unpopular length. The Cavalry and Infantry are all gone to the *grands manœuvres*; and the desertion of the place becoming intolerable, on Sunday, 2d September, I returned to Paris and the "Clarendon," whither, on the morning of the 4th, came accounts of the death of Monsieur Thiers at the "Pavillon Henri IV." at St Germain: in my opinion a very happy public event, since it relieves the country from an agitator who had of late been going about a good deal creating far too much demonstration—all in view, no doubt, to his own ultimate benefit, the grand object of all Republicans in public life. Thiers died, as for so many years he had lived, a determined opponent of every existing order of things. As a writer, he was powerful and charming. The Government, with great propriety and good feeling, proposed to give him a public funeral, which, after many *pourparlers*, Madame Thiers ungraciously declined; and to-day, Saturday 8th, he is buried "privately," though with great pomp, at the

expense of the family. The weather is very bad, but an immense crowd in the streets through which the procession passed—everything, however, going off quietly.

I went on Monday the 10th to pay my respects at St Gratien before going into the Touraine, and as usual was kindly kept to dinner; and leaving Paris on Thursday 18th, at 7.45 P.M., I slept at the very bad Hotel de St Agnan at Orleans, whence continuing my journey the following day at 12.5, I got to Tours at something before 3 P.M., and found the carriage waiting for me, driven by Charles, the English coachman, who has been with the Cottiers twenty years. It was a beautiful day; Cangé looking so pretty, and my relations busy with their annual entertainment to the school children of the neighbourhood. No visitors in the house, which is much improved by some recent alterations.

Saturday, 15th, the Marshal-President of the Republic made his official entry into Tours; again a splendid day, and we went to see the review to be held at 2.30 in the Avenue de Grammont. The troops, consisting of a company of "Sapeurs Pompiers," a detachment of "Gens d'Armes à pied," the 13th "Chasseurs à pied," 32d and 66th Regiments of the Line, a section of soldiers of the Administrative departments of the army, a detachment of "Gens d'Armes à cheval," the 2d "Chasseurs à cheval," the 3d Dragoons, and two batteries of Horse Artillery, were well composed and made a good appearance; but they marched past the Marshal badly, especially the Infantry of the Line, with which, perhaps, the confined and unfavourable ground had something to do. They were commanded by General du Bareilles. Tours looked

gay, and was tolerably well decorated with flags. There was a considerable crowd assembled, whence came occasional shouts of an indistinct or mixed character. At the Préfecture there was an official dinner, but I made one of a pleasant party *chez* my old acquaintance Monsieur Cordier, at his pretty house in the town, afterwards driving to see the illuminations, which were poor enough, as also were the fireworks shown from the opposite side of the Loire, with the exception of a beautiful "bouquet" at the close. It seems that even these meagre demonstrations had been got up with some difficulty, and only by means of private liberality. We saw the *retraite aux flambeaux*, a disorderly affair, which might better have been dispensed with; and I was not surprised to learn that seven arrests had been made of vagabonds who had been making a disturbance, singing the "Marseillaise," shouting "Vive la République," &c. Home about half-past eleven.

To-day, Sunday, at the French church in Tours; but of all forms of worship, the Lutheran, in a bare dismal building, is, as I have elsewhere observed, the least impressive and sympathetic. A cold, caught, I suspect, on Saturday in Cordier's garden, and increased by a sudden change in the weather, now became so violent that I passed a whole week in great discomfort; while, to make matters worse, I had left all my warm clothes in Paris, little expecting to need them so soon. The last day of my visit we drove to a beautiful place belonging to Monsieur Mame, a printer and publisher in Tours, where his establishment is one of the most important of its kind in Europe. The house, a cottage in character, though of

unusual dimensions, buried in creepers and rich foliage, is called “Lestouches ;” but charming as it is, and admirably kept as are the grounds, commanding a fine view, in which the Chateau de Luynes stands conspicuous, it is the gardens and conservatories that form the chief attractions here,—and these are probably some of the rarest in Europe, maintained of course at vast expense, thirty gardeners being the ordinary establishment.

To Paris the following day, the 27th, by an excellent train, in three hours forty minutes, in company with the agreeable Préfet of Tours, the Marquis de Nadaillac, with whom, as well as the Marquise and their daughter the Vicomtesse de Florian, I had made acquaintance at Cagé. In passing Orleans I did not forget to bring away some of a delicious *compote* of quince called *cotignac*, for which it is famous.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

PROMOTION TO GENERAL—DEATH OF SIR M. W. RIDLEY,  
 BART., AND OF SIR FRED. ARTHUR, BART.—ENGLAND  
 —DEATH OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. BENTINCK—  
 KINGSWOOD—HINTON ST GEORGE—ASTON—STAIN-  
 VILLE—CHISELHURST—PARIS EXHIBITION—LE HAVRE  
 —THE SEINE—ROUEN—REFLECTIONS—CONCLUSION.

IN the 'Gazette' of Tuesday, 2d October, my name appeared as being promoted to the rank of General in the army, the abolition of "purchase" having, among other measures, necessitated a system of compulsory retirement, inaugurated by Royal Warrant of 13th of August 1877, and a consequent promotion taking place on an extensive scale. In the 'Galignani' of the following day I read, with infinite concern, the death, at his place Blagdon in Northumberland, of Sir M. White Ridley, Bart., at the age of seventy—one of my oldest friends, our acquaintance having commenced in Hanover in the winter of 1829-30. He was a kind-hearted, friendly man, and some pleasant days I have occasionally spent at Blagdon. Moreover, there was a connection, as I think I have elsewhere mentioned, by the marriage of his brother Harry Ridley with my half-sister Frederica.



Sunday, 14th, a day of great excitement throughout France, being that of the voting at the general elections. The Boulevards were crowded, I believe, all night, but everything passed off quietly.

On Thursday night, the 6th December, I slept at Calais, as usual at the Hotel du Buffet; and in the steamer to Dover the following day I met my friend Allix. Going out at once, on landing, to Waldershare, there were in the house Lady North and her daughter Lady Flora, Lieutenant-Colonel Billington, Lord Guildford's two brothers, and subsequently Major Dickson. On the last evening of my stay we were joined by Mrs Morant. One raw miserable afternoon I spent at Canterbury, where an old friend, Colonel Tower, was commanding the Cavalry depot, including those of my two old corps, the 4th and 14th Hussars.

Leaving kindly Waldershare on the 12th, I passed through London on my way to Osterley, where during dinner I was painfully startled by the abrupt announcement of the death of my old and steady friend and companion Arthur Bentinck, at Thomas's Hotel in London, on the 11th of the month—in fact, the very day previous. I don't know when I have been more shocked! For eight-and-twenty years we had been on most intimate terms; we had been brother officers for six years, he having succeeded me in the command of the 7th Dragoon Guards; and a more honourable, kind-hearted man never lived. Of a frank, genial disposition, his manner was often rough; but he was always a gentleman, and had nothing "second-rate" about him. I had not even the satisfaction of following him to the grave, for on running

up to town to make inquiries, I found that his remains were going down to Scotland that same night; and thus is broken for ever another of the few kindly ties that still hold one to life!

In the church of Hestor, not more than a mile's walk from Osterley, which the Duchess of Cleveland attends with the greatest regularity, is a monument to "Lord George Bentinck, Colonel of Foot, second son of Henry, first Duke of Portland; born December 1715, died 1759." He appears to have lived some time in this neighbourhood.

This churchyard used formerly to be the burial-place for the regiments quartered at Hounslow; and on Sunday, after service, Dr White, who lives at Osterley, took me to see a gravestone which he rightly thought might interest me, being that of a soldier whose case many years ago so agitated the public mind, that the result eventually was the virtual abolition of corporal punishment in the army. The inscription on it is simply—

FREDERIC JOHN WHITE,  
PRIVATE IN THE 7TH QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS,  
WHO DIED 11TH OF JULY 1846,  
AGED 27 YEARS.

On Saturday came Lord Claud Hamilton, Mr Brandt, and another whose name has escaped me, all from the Foreign Office, and M. de Grey, brother to Lord Walsingham,—the whole party, including Miss Fane, who had been here for two days, returning on Monday to London, myself on the way to Kingswood Warren, arriving there to dinner.

At a quarter of an hour's walk or so from the lodge gate of Kingswood, across a sweet, breezy common, in summer bright with golden gorse, stands a house belonging to the Heathcote family, to which is attached a dismal story; and indeed Tadworth Court, both in itself and by its situation in a kind of old-fashioned *pleasure*, secluded among lofty, ancient trees, and away from public traffic, has all the scenic characteristics of a drama, of which, however, but very obscure details can be found. At one period a family of the name of Wessell appears to have lived here, and on the ceiling of a small room next the library is the monogram of Leonard Wessell, Esq.—L.W. reversed. Purchased by Robert Hudson, Esq., his daughter about 1772 became the second wife of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart.; and in 1862 her grandson, Lionel Heathcote, succeeded to the property, at whose death in 1875 it came to its actual possessor, William Henry Heathcote, her next grandson, at whose decease it will revert to Lord Aveland, son of the first Lord Aveland, eldest grandson of Lady Heathcote, *née* Hudson. Up to the year 1862 the place had been occupied by Mrs Hudson, *née* Spencer-Stanhope, widow of Robert, grandson of Robert Hudson, who had originally purchased it, and who must have decorated the ceiling of the hall which bears his arms. Who decorated the walls of the staircase is unknown. The arabesques are in a different style—that of Louis XV., a portrait of whom appears in one of the medallions; neither has it been ascertained who placed on the wall of the staircase the full-length portrait of a lady, which has perpetuated the tragical history connected with it, and has occasioned

my little notice. The whole tale is lost in mystery—all that is certain being, that she was an Italian, young, handsome, living at Tadworth, but when, or under what circumstances, is unknown; that she was, it seems, very unhappy, and throwing herself from the balcony of the hall on to the floor beneath, was killed on the spot. Her ghost is firmly believed to frequent the scene of her earthly troubles and their violent end, though no one pretends to have seen her. The picture has a strange interest about it, but its position makes it difficult to see very well.

Leaving the hospitalities of Kingswood on Monday the 24th, with the idea of sleeping the same night at Hinton St George, Earl Poulett's place in Somersetshire, whither I had been asked to spend a fortnight, let me now relate the events of my journey on this Christmas Eve of 1877, as another instance of the way in which things are managed on English railroads, premising that any excuse on the score of the particular day must go for nothing, seeing that, as it happened, there was absolutely not the smallest additional traffic on the line. I left Kingswood Warren to take a train to Salisbury professing to leave Reigate at 3.20 P.M., but which, being twenty minutes late, caused me to miss a corresponding train at Aldershot, and, in consequence, I was detained fifty minutes, until I could proceed to Salisbury, where was another delay of two and a half hours in the coffee-room of a hotel where I had sought refuge, enlivened by the brutal drunkenness of a Salisbury shop-keeper. Lord Poulett had ordered a fly to meet me at his station, Crewkerne, at 8.40 P.M., to bring me on to

Hinton, four miles ; but, of course, this being now out of the question, I telegraphed to desire it might wait for a train by which I ought to arrive at 1 A.M. on Christmas morning, as in fact I did, punctually. No fly, however, was there ; and after half an hour, I sent my servant to Crewkerne, a walk of a mile and a half, to get me a room for the rest of the night. Meanwhile appears the brute of a flyman, who, of course, had been spending the evening in getting exceedingly drunk, bringing with him his vehicle literally smashed to pieces ; followed shortly after by my servant, who returned with a report that not a bed could be procured in the town, but that at any rate it would be possible to find shelter. So putting my baggage into the broken fly, between two and three o'clock A.M. this procession set off to walk to Crewkerne, the morning bitterly cold, but luckily dry and a bright moonlight. I forget the sign of the inn where, in a sitting-room, I was accommodated with an exceedingly hard horse-hair sofa, upon which I spent the time until a conveyance could be procured to take me to my destination, where I landed between nine and ten in the morning. Now all this fatigue, discomfort, vexation, and extra expense had been brought upon me by the shameful and inexcusable irregularity of the trains, which confirmed me in the opinion that the management and arrangement of the British railroads are the worst with which I am acquainted.

My fortnight at Hinton, in the pleasant company of Lady Winston Barron, the Poulett-Somersets, Colonel Byrne of the Artillery and his wife—a Spanish lady—Sir George Dallas of the Foreign Office, and a younger

brother of Poulett - Somerset, was most enjoyable, and the place itself very remarkable.

The days of family consequence, of respect for ancient descent, and the pride of heraldry, are wellnigh spent; but I confess to being one of those who still have a reverence for such matters, and I am indebted to Lady Barron for an interesting notice upon Hinton and the Poulett family, with which she is nearly connected. The paper is too long to transcribe here, unfortunately; but I may mention that in the time of the Normans, the place, then called Haintone, belonged to William de Ow, and passing subsequently through various hands, it remained for a long period in the family of Deniband, from whom it came into that of the Pouletts by the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter and heir of John Deniband, with Sir William Poulett, Bart. In the annals of this family one of its members must always hold a conspicuous place, Sir Amias Poulett, who, having the custody of Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay, there assisted at the cruel tragedy of the 18th of February 1587, dying himself the following year on the 26th of September, being then possessed of the estate of Hinton St George. His memoirs in manuscript are in the library. In 1627, John, eldest son of Sir Anthony Poulett, was created Baron Poulett of Hinton St George; and subsequently, in 1706, John, Lord Poulett, was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Hinton St George and Earl Poulett. My kindly host is the sixth Earl, being the youngest son of George, second son of John, fourth Earl, so remarkable has been the mortality in the family.

The house of Hinton is immense, and contains several



magnificent suites of rooms, with pictures and other things of great value. The "Dome-room," in particular, is probably one of the finest in England.

The church contains a curious monument of a Sir John Deniband, besides many others, and tablets to the Pouletts. Their mortuary chapel is especially fine, and in it I spent the greater part of the evening service one Sunday, when, the church being lighted up, the marble or stone figures and tombs, among which that of Sir Amias Poulett before mentioned, showing fitfully through the gloom, made a striking effect of light and shade. In the neatly-kept churchyard, also, it was a pleasure to observe several memorials to old servants of the family.

The Earl is famous for his stable, which here contains chiefly harness horses, and he took us out occasionally on his well-appointed drag. One day to Lord Bridport's, at Cricket, through a fine country; but another drive was to a place far more interesting and remarkable—Montacute House, belonging to Captain Philips, formerly of the "Carabineers," in whose family it has remained ever since it was built by Sir Edward Philips, Kt., the "Queen's Sergeant," in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who began its construction in 1580, and completed it in 1601.

These Philipeses came originally from Wales, where, in the reign of Edward I., they had been a family of consideration, and migrating into Somersetshire, had settled at Barrington, a few miles from Montacute, where a priory of black monks had been founded and dedicated to St Peter and St Paul by William, Comte de Montague in Normandy, and Earl of Cornwall in England, whose predecessors had come over with William the Conqueror.

The forty-third and last abbot of this establishment, Robert Whitelock, surrendered his priory to King Henry VIII. on the 20th of March 1539, when the building was demolished, with so many others of the same kind. The appearance of the present old mansion is extremely elegant and picturesque. For the above particulars respecting it, I am also indebted to Lady Winston Barron.

I remained at Hinton until the 7th January 1878, when I left for Cirencester, where, during a charming week with Lord and Lady Shannon, I missed good old Earl Bathurst, who was in London ill, which illness terminated in his death on the 24th of February, at the age of ninety-three. He was an acquaintance of many years' standing — a kindly, pleasant gentleman, with address and manners much in the old-fashioned style; well informed, agreeable in conversation, and not a little remarkable for the peculiarity of his dress, which, always of a very antiquated cut, consisted, in the evening, generally of a blue coat with an immense velvet collar, green velvet waistcoat, and black velvet trousers!

From the 14th to the 19th of January at Leamington, with Captain and Mrs Evans, sleeping, however, at the Clarendon Hotel. On the 15th of this month, at the "Albergo Danielli" at Venice, died, at the age of sixty, my cousin, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., K.T., of Keir and Pollok, who may certainly be reckoned the most eminent Scotchman of his day. At the time of his death he was, as he had been for many years, one of the representatives for Perthshire; and if not brilliant in society, or of prepossessing appearance, he was distinguished alike

for his conduct in public life as for his cultivated tastes and literary abilities.

From the 19th to the 28th at pleasant Gumley, whence to Boughton till the 1st February, when back there to meet Sir John and Lady Hartopp, where I found that the Baronet had settled to go on the following morning, with his two daughters, to Aston Stainville; and I gladly accepted the fourth seat in the carriage for an excursion I had long desired, never having been at Aston since the funeral there of Sir William Hartopp, on the 26th October 1864.

The morning of the 2d February began horribly, and we started at nine o'clock in a cold mist and heavy rain, which lasted the greater part of the sixteen miles' journey; but with such cheerful company, and in Douglas Whitmore's comfortable carriage, the weather mattered very little; and indeed, towards the end, and as we came to Sharnford, a village two miles before reaching Aston, it had become fine enough. Arrived at our destination, we had each our different purposes. Sir John his tenants, his farms, his affairs of various kinds; the two girls their old haunts and acquaintances—for here, at one period, they had been in the habit of passing the summer; while my own great, and indeed sole interest, lay in the church. Nearly fourteen years, however, had materially clouded my recollection of localities which I had seen but once before, though I might well be excused, seeing that not time alone, but other circumstances, had entirely changed the face of the old building, both without and within. The porch had been restored by Sir John Hartopp. An east window put in by his mother, Lady Hartopp, and another

by Lady Edward Clinton, Mrs Whitmore, and the Countess of Shannon, both executed by Hardmann of Birmingham, gave a completely new effect to the interior, where also a beautiful font, given by Mrs Farnham, Lady Scott, and Lady Walter Scott, completed the offerings to the memory of one of the kindest of men from those he had so fondly loved, and by whom he has been sincerely mourned.

My thoughts, as I looked upon all these things, could not be other than melancholy; and while thoroughly enjoying the day, and cheered by the fresh spirits, the light sunny laugh, and the lively conversation of the two sisters, as, to their intense delight, we trampled through fields ankle-deep in mud, on our way to the "Hog farm," I could not help in secret returning to the days of "lang-syne," buried long ago in that silent vault. How true is it that, to all with hearts and minds, there must come a time when our sweetest pleasures are in the memories of the past!

The house in which, after the ceremony of fourteen years ago, we had been entertained at luncheon, had equally cheated my recollection; and now, with a fresh exterior, and converted into a pretty and comfortable residence called The Cottage, was occupied by Mr and Mrs Stanbridge, tenants of Sir John, both pleasant people, and the lady, who is more than good-looking, very clever, I am told, over the Leicestershire country. They gave us an excellent luncheon, with accompaniment of champagne, and some port in particular that would not be denied,—all which brought our day pretty far on; and so, after our interesting little expedition, back to Gumley in time for dinner.

On the 4th to the "Royals" at Aldershot, living there in Captain Moreton's rooms in barracks, which could not fail to recall old times. At Mitchett House, three and a half miles distant, was living my old subaltern in the regiment, William Sands, to whom I drove one cold foggy afternoon; and, as far as the mist would allow me to see the place, my friend seemed to have fallen into both pretty and snug quarters, to which he had but lately succeeded. The officers at Aldershot throughout the winter have dances—I forget how often—in the Club-house, to one of which I went; but I don't remember being much amused. I regretted being unable to accept an obliging invitation to dinner from Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Steele, commanding the division.

To London on the 9th, and on the 11th to Chiselhurst, where her Majesty the Empress, though suffering from a severe cold, was good enough to receive me, and afterwards to desire me to remain to her afternoon tea: no one but the Prince Imperial, Madame le Breton, the Duc de Bassano, and Dr Corvisart. Dined the same day with Lady Hartopp in Warwick Square; and on the 12th, again to the pleasures of Kingswood until the 18th, when I took up my old quarters at the "Albion" at Brighton.

On Saturday, 9th of March, poor Henry's birthday, my brother Ralph came to stay till Monday, when we went together to town, where I dined with him and his father-in-law, Colonel Fitzroy. On the night of the 18th I embarked once more at Newhaven, with little "Minnie," a second importation from Coley Park, which I had gone myself that same morning to meet at Redhill.

Of the hotel at Newhaven, and the miserable arrangements there, it may be as well to say something, for nothing can be worse. You arrive by train, perforce, rather early in the evening, and, as in my case, you may wish to dine. A snarling waiter in the wretched coffee-room has nothing to offer you but some cold meat, half raw, or a filthy, sodden mutton-chop—neither of which, I declare, I would have given to my little dog. The only drinkables are beer or execrable brandy-and-water. The house is scarcely lighted, you find no one to take the least notice of you, and at twelve o'clock they profess to "shut up," when a rude attempt is made to force you out of the house, to wander about until the steamer will consent to receive you,—perhaps at two o'clock A.M.,—or to take a bedroom for an hour or two; the whole thing being, in short, disgraceful. "Minnie" was far from being so tractable a travelling companion as "Jem" had been, and indeed was very unmanageable, poor thing! but we had an excellent passage to Dieppe, spent a quiet Sunday at the Hotel Royal, and got to Paris next day all right.

Here, even thus early, one began to feel the influence of the approaching Exhibition, and for the first time for several years I was obliged to seek quarters elsewhere than at the "Clarendon,"—finding them, not without difficulty, at the detestable Hotel Canterbury, which, in an exceptionally good situation on the Boulevard Haussmann, is nothing more than a wretched *auberge*. So things went on, with accompaniment of very indifferent weather, until the opening of the Exhibition on the 1st of May, for which ceremony I declined a ticket, kindly offered at the Embassy—thereby, as matters turned out,



showing a wise judgment ; for, as every one knows, owing to wet weather and other causes, the whole affair was a failure. In the display of flags on the occasion throughout Paris, it struck me that the British was conspicuously rare, which, considering how much the Exhibition is indebted to the Prince of Wales, and the importance of the British contributions, was not, I thought, complimentary ; but indeed the American ensign is at all times most prominent here, which of course may be explained upon Republican and Democratic principles.

I had meant to have deferred my visits to the Exhibition until much later ; but on Sunday 12th, meeting my friend Mangham on his way thither, I accompanied him in the tramway, and under his able guidance—for he is great in matters of taste and art—I had a very satisfactory *aperçu* of the whole thing.

The ball at the British Embassy, on Tuesday 14th, was admirably organised, and a beautiful sight, where unquestionably, for grace and distinction of person and toilette, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, by an unapproachable distance, held the first place. In the circle of Royalties assembled in a kind of *salon réservé*, H.I.H. the Princess Mathilde shone with a charm peculiarly her own.

Being anxious to escape for a while from the confusion, vulgarity, and extortions of Paris at such a season, I betook myself on the 16th of May to “Frascati” at Le Havre, where unluckily the weather at once set in wet and stormy, and so continued, with rare interruptions, during the whole of my month’s stay, almost entirely preventing the excursions I had proposed to make in

the neighbourhood, which is both pretty and interesting. The town of Havre, however, possesses no sort of attraction, and its population is not agreeable. The amount of shipping is very great, and one of my chief amusements was strolling about the docks watching the loading or unloading of the large steamers, particularly in the Bassin Transatlantique, or else, in common with the rest of the idle world, looking on from the pier, at the hour of "high water," at the departure or arrival of the many vessels of every nation and quality going to or returning from all parts of the globe. There is something very striking and suggestive, almost mysterious, in the start of a large steamer, especially at night, which has been often described. The constant foggy weather gave much too frequent opportunities of hearing an abominable machine, adopted, I was told, only within the last year, which gave out its warning to vessels approaching the coast in the most discordant and lugubrious tones.

In one of these wanderings about the docks, I came upon three American men-of-war, which had come over with the "Exhibit," as they called it, sent by the United States to the Paris Exhibition, when, struck by the name of the largest vessel, the *Constitution*, carrying a Commodore's pendant, I went on board, and sending in my card, was most civilly received by Captain Badger. The frigate, he told me, had been built in 1797, which makes her a highly respectable and still a very handsome old lady of eighty-one; and although, with the exception of the "mizzen bitts," which were pointed out to me, her timbers have since been entirely renewed, her original lines have been strictly preserved, and she presents at this moment the

identical appearance she did on the 19th of August 1812, when, under the command of Commodore Bainbridge, she captured the British ship La Guerrière, Captain Dacres. This, however, was by no means the only action which has made her historical; for, on the 29th December of the same year, she took and burnt the British frigate Java, of 22 guns, greatly inferior in every respect to the Constitution, after a gallant fight of three and a half hours, during which Captain Lambert, commanding the Java, was killed. - *Sony Ball - all over*

My country excursions were limited by the pitiless weather to a breakfast, good and cheap, at a favourite restaurant of the Havrais at St Adresse, whither I went in the tramway, and where the sea-views are particularly fine; to a half-hour's drive one afternoon to Harfleur, prettily situated on the little stream of the Lezarde, and one of the most curious towns imaginable. There are, of course, streets and houses of more recent date, but the majority are very ancient, some of them which were shown to me having been inhabited by the English, who first occupied the place in 1415; very picturesque in their decay, but although still tenanted, excessively dirty. One could really fancy Henry V. and his army having just marched out on their way to Azincourt, while at every turn there are irresistible attractions for an artist. The Hotel de Ville, of the sixteenth century, with its staircase dating from 1489, and still occupied as such, is extremely curious; and in the streets I could not help imagining that I heard the clash of armour. There is an absurd and badly executed statue, erected, I think, by the Grouchy family

to one of their ancestors, who, on the 4th of November 1435, at the head of 104 of the inhabitants, in spite of the English garrison, opened the gates of the town to the Canchois, who had risen in revolt. It was not, however, till 1450 that the English finally lost Harfleur, in the reign of Charles VII.

The small town of Montivillier, six or seven miles from Havre, where I remembered to have read that the "Royal" Dragoons had been quartered for some time after the battle of Waterloo, and where is an old abbey, is another object for a drive, returning by the Chateau d'Orcher, belonging to the Duc de Mortemart, possessing nothing in itself of interest, but with splendid views and avenues of fine trees. On an eminence, within an easy walk of Havre, on the road to Harfleur, stands the ancient church or Abbaye of Greville St Honoré, well worth a visit.

On the 26th of May, at her house in London, died Margaret, Baroness Gray of Gray and Kinfauns Castle, whose marriage I have spoken of in the earlier part of these memoirs. She had succeeded to the barony on the death of her aunt, Madelina, on the 20th February 1869, and was the eighteenth holder of this ancient title, which has passed to my cousin George, fourteenth Earl of Moray, but without the estates, which, by a strange will of William, fourteenth Lord Gray, devolved upon a cousin, Edmund Archibald Stuart, who in consequence takes the name of Gray.

Seldom now do I take up the 'Galignani' without seeing something to regret; and I have just read the account of the death of a very old friend, Sir Frederic

Arthur, Bart., which happened on the 1st of June in the United Service Club, immediately after a cab accident. He was son of the Sir George Arthur whom I have mentioned as Governor of Bombay, where I had first known him on his father's staff. An amiable, good-natured man, his life had been a prosperous one. I hope it is not ill-natured to add that poor Arthur had two besetting weaknesses—a love of the “great,” very far from an uncommon one in England, and a fondness for what the French call *cancans*. He has left a widow, well known in fashionable life, the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, tenth Earl of Kinnoul.

On Thursday, 13th of June, I had the pleasure of dining on board the *Constitution* with Captain and Mrs Badger, their daughter, Miss Ray—a young lady who had come with them from America—and one of the officers of the ship. Just as I am leaving Havre I make these agreeable acquaintances; but how often is this the case!

The weather at length promising better things, on Saturday the 15th I left “Frascati,” of which establishment I must say, that if upon former short visits of a day or two I had been pleased, a month completely changed my opinion; and the living I found, as far at any rate as dining was concerned, simply detestable. Taking the 3.5 P.M. train to St Romain, I drove thence about eight miles through a pleasant country to the celebrated ruins of Tancarville, which, in a noble situation, are yet in such a complete state of neglect and dilapidation, as in truth scarcely to repay the trouble of a visit. They belong to the Comte de Lambertye, who, since he is coming to reside in a house preparing

for him in the very midst of these crumbling towers, will, it is to be hoped, take measures to protect them from further degradation.

About three-quarters of an hour's very pretty drive brings you to Port Jérôme, when you cross the Seine in a steam ferry-boat to Quillebœuf, a wretched place, but where, notwithstanding, I had proposed to sleep, and to take the steamer, by which were following my servant and baggage, the next morning to Caudebec. The brutal and very unusual rudeness, however, of the landlady of the miserable *cabaret* to which I had been directed, and where alone it seemed possible to be accommodated, put me in a very awkward predicament, from which luckily I was rescued by the arrival on the scene of a stout Norman farmer and his wife, returning from the market at St Romain, who offered to take me to an inn at a ferry opposite Caudebec, where I could sleep in some sort of comfort. The distance from Quillebœuf was something like twenty miles, which I performed in the cart, without springs, of the worthy couple; and until we landed the lady, about half-way, at her own door, I was sitting between them on the bench of the cart. Fortunately the evening, though not particularly warm, was beautiful; and although I had no greatcoat, the scenery, for the greater part of the way following the windings of the Seine, and for some distance passing through the Forêt de Bretonne, was so lovely, that I enjoyed the drive of nearly three hours exceedingly. A little before ten the friendly farmer delivered me at the promised inn, and drove back quite happy with the ten francs he had asked for.

Crossing over to Caudebec on Sunday morning, while



waiting for the start of the ferry-boat, the scene, of a kind that often I had watched before, struck me again with undiminished charm. The sweet morning air ; the vapoury haze of that early hour ; the sunny cheerfulness around ; the gliding river, sparkling in the bright rays, and rippling in little eddies against the clumsy machine that was to take us over ; the few country people, with baskets and bundles, who came dropping in ; the profound stillness, broken only by the desultory remarks of the boatmen,—all made up the same pretty picture which so frequently and in so many lands I had already admired.

At Caudebec I put up at the best and detestable inn of the “Aigle d’Or,”—the steamer, whose first voyage it was of the season, arriving from Havre in good time. The situation of the town is charming ; it is a complete jumble of the same street-corners, and old, old black-and-white houses, which had so pleased me at Harfleur. The church, of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, is one of the most remarkable in Normandy, perhaps in France ; and the hour I spent in it that same Sunday afternoon, during vespers, greatly impressed me. It happened to be a special service on the occasion of a *première communion*, when of course there was a large congregation ; and the exquisite music of the organ, although in itself not a very fine one, the sweet and sympathetic melody of the singing, the perfume of the incense, an excellent sermon by a Dominican friar from Le Havre, and, lastly, the venerable and imposing building itself—all combined to produce a deep and solemn feeling ; with which, however, would mingle recollections that less than 450 years ago these same ancient walls had witnessed an

assemblage of steel-clad English knights and nobles, and had echoed to the martial steps of English men-at-arms.

On Monday a delightful stroll of less than an hour brought me to the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey of St Wandrille, founded by the saint of that name in 648, and to the adjoining residence of the Marquis de Stackpoole, to whom they belong. The Marquis, who represents an ancient family of English origin, having married a Dutch lady, who died in early life, was so much affected by her loss, that, although left with a son and daughter, he went into orders, and became one of the chaplains to the late Pope Pius IX., who bequeathed him a singular remembrance, which I saw under a glass case in the library, being a *calotte* or cap worn by his Holiness, and a pair of white stockings, apparently of spun silk. The ruins of the abbey and the small village of St Wandrille, in whose church are some memorials of the Stackpooles, lie in a delicious valley, embosomed among hills, woods, and rich verdure; but the attempts made by the Marquis at restoration are in execrable taste, as also is the house, which contains nothing of value, the best part of it being, I thought, the kitchen.

Tuesday, at about 11.30 A.M., came the steamer from Havre, in which I proposed going as far as Jumièges; and accordingly, the morning being really worthy of June, I embarked, and in less than an hour, my servant and "things" going on to Rouen, I landed, in happy independence, at a charming spot, and walked gently up to the ruined abbey, of which I only wish I could give

anything like a suitable description, or of the feelings of profound admiration with which I surveyed it.

Standing in a beautiful and secluded part of the country, these ruins are unquestionably one of the grandest, most striking, and historically remarkable monuments in France. Of the Benedictine order, the abbey was founded by St Philibert in 654; and having first gone through the sacrilegious hands of the miscreants of 1793, there actually came after them a still greater spoliator in the person of a Monsieur Caumont, who had become possessed of the property, and who completed the detestable work of destruction by selling everything that he could dispose of. It was to prevent such barbarism in future that, not many years since, the French Government enacted the salutary law by which the owners of *monuments historiques* are, in fact, but the custodians of them, and are not allowed even to restore, far less destroy, any portion of them without proper official authority; neither can they prevent their being visited by the public. This abbey of Jumièges is the property of Madame Lepel Cointel, widow of a distinguished archæologist and antiquary of that name, in whose hands every justice is done to its admirable beauty, being kept in perfect order, while at the same time it is not too elaborately trimmed up or interfered with. Trees, shrubs, ivy, creepers, and rich grass, are everywhere in profusion. The spot in which the heart and some other parts of Agnes Sorel were buried, a small recess showing where was placed the urn containing them, is now a deep hollow, lined with luxuriant ivy. The black marble slab which covered the

grave having been taken to Rouen, was recovered by Monsieur Lepel Cointel, and is now to be seen in the abbey. Agnes Sorel died on the 9th February 1450 at Mesnil-sous-Jumièges, in what is now a farmhouse, about two miles from Jumièges, where her royal lover, Charles VII., had a residence adjoining the abbey, of which the only remains are those of the "Salle des Gardes."

Among the shattered arches I observed the rusted though still apparently serviceable works of a clock which had formerly told the hours to the monks. Ranged carefully with other relics in a cloister are the stone effigies of "Les Enervés," by which name are known the two sons of Clovis II., King of France, who, for rebellion against their mother, Queen Bathilde, were sentenced to have the tendons of the arms and legs divided; and after an imprisonment in the monastery for eight years, they died there. Another story, however, represents them to have been two Dukes of Bavaria, Tassilon and Théodore, confined here by Charlemagne. The house, built for his own occupation by the late Monsieur Lepel Cointel, is in excellent taste, and harmonises perfectly with the neighbouring ruins.

Before turning away from this beautiful and romantic locality, and still pondering over the story of poor Agnes Sorel, whose charms, frailties, and, be it remembered, whose virtues also, have thrown over Jumièges such tender interest, I could not help reflecting with wonder at the strange fancy, which prevailed until much later days, of mangling the remains of those who, for some reason or other, were distinguished in their generation, and so scattering them piecemeal throughout the land or even

lands. Better, one would have thought, that the fair body of sweet Agnes had been consigned to the earth unprofaned !

It was now time to set out for the station of Barantin, distant about fifteen miles ; and I presently found that, contrary to the assurances of my landlord at Caudebec, there was no sort of conveyance to be had, with the exception of a diligence starting at some impossible hour every morning for Rouen ; and it was only by the obliging civility of the proprietor of the little half inn, half *café*, at Jumièges, who went a mile or more into the fields to fetch his horse, that I was able to make out my journey in his gig. The fact is, that these beautiful banks of the Seine are by no means easy of access. They have seemingly few visitors ; neither the rail nor the steamers are of any great use, and the facilities of locomotion are entirely accidental, and not to be depended on.

Meanwhile a thunderstorm and heavy rain had completely spoiled the weather, and we started under umbrellas, I being buttoned up, at the suggestion of his civil wife, in a greatcoat of my host—rather a “tight fit,” but it kept me dry. Of this drive of something more than two hours, I shall always retain the most pleasurable recollections. In a sketch, written some time ago, I had already dwelt upon the beauties of the valley of the Seine ; but these have been incomparably superior in the course of my journey from Havre, every step of which has been one of enjoyment ; and the country between Jumièges and Barantin, passing through the small town of Duclair, whose approach is extremely pretty, and where for a time you

leave the river, completed my admiration for the scenery of Normandy—certainly, in my opinion, the finest, most picturesque, and romantic part of France. The rain with which we started gradually ceasing, the sun tried, though in vain, to disperse the grey and still threatening clouds; but in truth everything shone so fresh and green, the odours of the woods and rich vegetation came out so deliciously, the flowers in the sweet gardens by the roadside looked so gay and smiling—all this lovely nature appeared in colours so soft and harmonious, that one scarcely regretted the bright rays that could not penetrate. The whole distance is an uninterrupted succession of swelling hills, covered with pine-woods; of gentle valleys, watered by clear, whimpering streams, and either cultivated as Norman farmers well know how, or teeming with luxuriant verdure. The frequent cottages and farmhouses, lost among trees and orchards—of picturesque shapes, and almost universally of that black-and-white construction common in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, called in the north of England, where also it is very frequent, “half-timbered work”—are often exquisite to the eye, covered as they are with roses, creepers, and vines, and on their thatched roofs often the yellow house-leek, whose brightness adds charmingly to the picture. The Norman churches also are in general both very ancient and picturesque. Within a short distance of Barantin is the extensive flax manufactory of Monsieur Baslin, I think, is the name—an establishment apparently upon a most liberal scale.

From Barantin, thirty-five minutes of the train brought me to time-honoured and historic Rouen and the very



indifferent Hotel d'Angleterre, with which city I was already to a certain extent familiar ; but a residence of a month enabled me now to make a more intimate acquaintance with those celebrated monuments of past ages which give it so peculiar an interest. In one or other of the magnificent churches I constantly spent an hour or two in the afternoon—when the light, I think, is particularly advantageous—sitting in the shade of one of the vast pillars, and wondering not only at the beauty and grandeur of the architecture, but at the variety and splendour of the *vitraux*, which, I fancy, are unrivalled. Rouen at one period was celebrated for its coloured glass, of which a good deal found its way to England. The modern church of Blosserville Bon Secours, upon a height a mile and a half from the city, consecrated on the 15th of August 1842, has one of the richest and most elegant interiors I have ever seen, and the view from the cemetery there is superb.

One of the most attractive objects to an Englishman is naturally the monument to Richard Cœur de Lion, in the cathedral, beneath which, you are told, is deposited the heart of the king, as he had so desired himself ; but the fact being, that the dust of this same noble heart is to be seen in a glass box in the Musée des Antiquités, whither by some unexplained means it had been conveyed : neither could I get a very clear account of what had become of the leaden case in which it had been discovered in the cathedral in 1838, at the same time as the statue now upon the tomb. In this same Musée also is shown some hair of the Duke of Bedford, deceased at Rouen in 1435.

I do not find in the guide-books any notice of a tombstone in the cathedral, upon which the inscription tells its remarkable story. By the civility of the Suisse, who brought me a pencil and sheet of paper, I copied it from the stone, which is in the aisle on the right on entering the church from the "Place," and in front of the Chapelle des Innocents :—

" C'y gisent les corps de Jacques Turgis, Robert Talbot, et Charles le Brasseur, natifs de Rouen, exécutés à mort par jugement Présidenciel d'Andely le 25<sup>e</sup> Octobre 1625, pour un prétendu assassinat dont ils étaient fausement accusés, et depuis déclarés innocents du dit crime par arrêt du Grand Conseil, donné à Poitiers le dernier jour de Décembre 1627, suivant lequel les dits corps déterrés du dit lieu d'Andely ont été apportés en ce lieu proche cette Chapelle des Martirs innocents, le 4<sup>e</sup> Avril 1628, en laquelle on doit dire tous les Samedis à perpétuité, une Messe pour le repos de leurs âmes, avec un obit tous les ans le 25<sup>e</sup> Octobre, jour de la fondation, qui en a été faite céans, suivant le dit arrêt du Conseil.— Priez Dieu pour leurs âmes."

A 'History of the City of Rouen,' of the year 1710, speaking of this gravestone, goes on to say,—“ Cette tragique histoire, qui fut la suite d'un jugement précipité, est connue de tout le monde, et fut cause que par le dit arrêt de Conseil, le Président du Grand Andely fut transporté au Petit Andely.”

The religious services ordered are regularly kept up ; but it is strange that the name of the murdered individual appears nowhere, and seems to be completely forgotten.

While speaking of the cathedral, it is impossible not to express astonishment that so superb an edifice should be disfigured outwardly by the paltry iron spire erected in place of the original one, destroyed by lightning in 1822, and in the interior by the abominable *jube* put up in 1777.

The country about Rouen is in every way charming—rich in fertility, well wooded, and watered by the noble Seine. Indeed, of this soft undulating kind of scenery, there is little, I believe, in Europe superior to it; though certain tall chimneys with their black smoke rising here and there in this fair landscape, recall too painfully Bishop Heber's lines—

“ Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.”

For how often, alas! is this world of natural beauty profaned by the degrading habits, tastes, or necessities of man!

Two little excursions in particular have left pleasing recollections of the environs of Rouen—the first being to the village of Creusset, a drive of about half an hour; and a little farther on, at a pretty reach of the Seine, the pleasant residence of the well-known author, Flaubert, who was indeed the chief object of my drive, and from whom I received not only a friendly welcome, but some valuable directions with regard to matters of interest in Rouen. By his advice I subsequently visited the Abbaye de St George, about seven miles from Rouen,—the church, lately restored, being an extremely fine monument, and the road thither most beautiful.

And now, in this old, old historic city, in the midst of so much that particularly disposes to reflection and thoughts of the past, where—before making an end of a story which, long as it is, might yet have lingered through a few more pages—can I better put together the conclusions and opinions formed by the experience of these many years, and which, just or unjust, are indelibly impressed on my mind? Men in general, I am told, find life pretty much the same, which, however, I cannot readily believe; and first with respect to the moral and social conditions of existence, upon which all happiness must depend, I can at once and without hesitation declare, in which doubtless many will concur, that by far the greater part of whatever enjoyment, comfort, or satisfaction has fallen to my share, has come from the society, the friendship, the affection of women. In all these different relations it has been my fate to know many; and seldom, if I cannot say never, have I been deceived, disappointed, or forsaken. I have found them always my most sympathetic and charming companions, my warmest and tenderest friends, devoid, as I believe them to be generally, of that selfishness which in some form or other is the prevailing characteristic, the besetting sin, of men. Since I am writing of persons and things as I have found them, let me bear grateful testimony to the amiable qualities of those who, in the many hours of darkness and trouble, have so often soothed their vexations and lightened their griefs!

I should be loath to believe, nor do I, that in male friendships I have been less fortunate than others. Some of these there have been and are whom I value with all

my heart ; but look closely and steadily into the character and conduct of the generality of men, and see how little in time of sorrow or difficulty they respond ! It is not that they really mean unkindness or neglect ; but the paths of ambition, business, pleasure, forgetfulness—in short, selfishness in some form or another—lead them elsewhere, and the suffering friend looks for them in vain. Jealousy also, be it said with reluctance, is quite as strong among men as it is asserted to be among women, although it may not carry them the same lengths—for a woman really jealous, as every one knows, will “stick at nothing ;” but social, professional, and even physical jealousy acts powerfully on many minds, and often painfully modifies the sincerity of male friendships. Without, then, intending to reproach mankind, I merely state what I have observed to be an unhappy fact.

In English social life, manners, and ideas, what vast changes have there not taken place of late ! and in general, I think, to be lamented. For several years past there has sprung up throughout the country a great increase of democratic levelling tendency, which has gone far towards the modification of the old-fashioned genuine national character—one that, with all its prejudices and eccentricities, though not perhaps the most popular, was esteemed and trusted throughout the world. These peculiarities have almost entirely disappeared from among us, and with moustaches, beards, and inordinate smoking, has been introduced a bastard and by no means agreeable foreign imitation, which sits very ill upon an Englishman. Of the effects of the suppression of the duel I have already spoken.

Among the characteristics of an English gentleman used to be his dress and the neatness of his appearance, which, by universal consent, were acknowledged to be the nearest to perfection; of the very best materials; of plain, well-assorted patterns, and admirably made: nothing came up to it. Upon a late visit to London in the winter, the fashionable costume I found to be as follows: A long, loose coat or wrapper reaching to the heels, called an "Ulster"—something like what one may fancy to have been the "wrap-rascal" spoken of in old novels—of the most conspicuously hideous patterns; rough trousers; coarse buttoned boots or shoes, with stockings of every gaudy colour imaginable; a checked shirt, with no collar to speak of, and showing to advantage a long, lean, red throat—a man's throat is always ugly; a soft hat of any or no shape at all; a pipe or cigar in the mouth; and a stick, or indeed cudgel, in the ungloved hand. There is no doubt that, individually, the present "customary suit of solemn black" in the evening is the neatest and most becoming; but at a ball, or other occasions of the kind, the general effect is very dismal, and absurdly monotonous.

Of hotels and material existence in England it is unnecessary to speak again.

In the army—to which profession, both by family descent and personal inclination, I have always been warmly attached—my career has been one of constant disappointment; for with every ambition to rise—and to that end having, I believe, neglected no opportunity, and done my duty, I may confidently say, honestly and to the best of my ability—there has, nevertheless, always been a strong tide against me, and I have never been able to "get



my head above water,”—to “get a chance,” as it is termed.

The Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny together, mainly originated those wholesale changes since introduced into our military system, of which we are yet to see the results; but for my part, I viewed with sincere regret, not to say misgiving, the destruction of that machinery which, ever since its organisation more than two hundred years ago, had maintained the British army upon principles especially suited to the constitution, feelings, and tastes of the country, and had enabled it to carry its colours with honour and success in every portion of the globe. No doubt the lapse of years—the “march of intellect,” as the phrase goes—must generate improvement and necessitate changes in all human institutions; but these should be introduced gradually, and with caution. Every nation, moreover, has its special traditions and habits, which in principle should never be lost sight of, and more particularly when they had triumphantly borne the test of centuries.

In the present cry for “short service,” the old soldier—the “veteran”—is not only ignored, but almost sneered at. We shall see, when the day comes, whether the striplings now in the ranks, and the officers of an education so superior, do more for England than their predecessors, who gave the best part of their lives to the service, and learnt their duty either in the field or on service in every climate in the world. It is no argument to say that young soldiers fight with as much courage as veterans. None proved this more than the brave *conscrits* of Napoleon in his last wars; but disease and fatigue,

not the less, swept them away like flies. It must be always borne in mind also, that merely to drill and discipline a certain number of young men is by no means all that is required to make them soldiers. More than this, a great deal is to be inculcated—that attachment to their officers and to the service which can be effected only by time,—by years passed together in the trials and vicissitudes of the army, creating mutual esteem, regard, and confidence. In this and in experience lies the superiority of the “old soldier.”

On this subject hear what that illustrious soldier, the Maréchal Bugeaud, said in a speech in the French Chambers :—

“On a cru qu’il suffisait d’apprendre à un soldat à faire l’exercice pour en faire un bon soldat : ceci est une erreur. L’exercice est la moindre chose dans l’éducation d’un soldat. On n’est soldat que quand on n’a plus la maladie du pays ; quand le drapeau du régiment est considéré comme le clocher du village ; quand on aime son drapeau ; quand on est prêt à mettre le sabre à la main toutes les fois que l’honneur du numéro est attaqué ; quand on a confiance dans ses chefs, dans son voisin de droite et de gauche ; quand on les aime ; quand ‘on a mangé longtemps la soupe ensemble,’ selon l’expression de l’Empereur. Voilà, messieurs, ce qui fait le véritable soldat.

“Un homme devient soldat dans les trois premières années de service, mais il ne le deviendra jamais s’il a l’idée qu’il ne restera que trois ans sous les drapeaux.”—*Mémoires du Maréchal Bugeaud*, vol. ii. pp. 216, 217.

Among the many changes, none, I think, has been

more ill-judged—militarily, politically, and socially—than the withdrawal of the troops from the Colonies, to which they gave importance, while they greatly benefited them in the matter of money circulation and a sense of security. The service in those distant countries made the soldier familiar with the duties connected with ship-board: it inured him to strange climates and ways of life, and made him, in a certain sense, a “man of the world.”

The advantages of education cannot be overestimated; but while too much encouragement cannot be given to officers devoting their time and abilities to professional study, I am inclined to think at the same time that “too much work makes Jack a dull boy,” and that there is “something too much” of examinations and of these military “lectures,” of which there are so many. A discourse from an officer of rank and acknowledged talent will always be listened to with interest, perhaps with advantage; but it would be wiser for the younger and little-known to wait until time and experience shall have given their conceptions the value of age and position. At no time has the British service been wanting in officers of superior ability and intelligence; and in particular, those of the former Permanent Assistant Quartermaster-General’s Department were not to be exceeded in any army whatever.

The system of Promotion from the Ranks will never answer in the British service, and indeed has not been attempted to any extent. An “Officer and a Gentleman”—so have they been coupled for centuries, and so must they remain if the army is to retain that prestige which,

undoubtedly, it has acquired throughout the world. There have been, are, and probably will be again, officers raised from the ranks who are in every respect a credit to their promotion; but although it is certain that the mere fact of being an officer does, in a sense, make a man a gentleman, it is the individual born, educated, and possessing the innate feelings of one that is required, and who alone is looked up to and respected by the British soldier—a person, be it known, of decided aristocratic proclivities, and who detests being commanded by one whom he considers to be no better than himself.

I remember, at Norwich, a dragoon of the "Royals" saying one day in the school to our worthy riding-master, as the climax of insult, "Why, d—— your eyes, you know you are not a gentleman," for which, of course, he duly received his 300 lashes. One has heard also the story of "Well, the captain may not be much of an officer, but, d—— his eyes," in this case used endearingly, "he is a real gentleman!" And such a gentleman Private Jones or Brown will follow to the next world!

The Duke of Wellington had very strong opinions upon this subject, and I know of one instance especially in which his Grace refused the exchange of an officer into the Rifle Brigade, of which he was at the time colonel-in-chief, because he had risen from the ranks. One more anecdote I may add, related to me by the late Major-General Griffiths, who was present on the occasion when an officer, holding a very responsible position, who had risen from the ranks, being obliged to speak strongly to an officer of high social rank who commanded a troop under him, the latter had the audacity to tell him that

he was "no gentleman;" upon which the Colonel, for such he was, sent the offender at once to his room in arrest, observing afterwards to General Griffiths, "It may be quite true that I am not a gentleman; but, at any rate, it was not for him to tell me so."

We used in England to laugh a good deal at the fondness of the Americans for military titles, but nowadays we are, at least, upon an equality in this respect, and can boast of quite as many colonels and captains as our neighbours. Another marked feature in present military ideas is the profusion of decorations and medals, of which formerly there was perhaps too sparing a distribution. They were, however, valued in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining them; whereas now, since the Crimean war, the British officer may advantageously compete with any other in the display of decorations.

In politics I have never taken any part, not from want of inclination or interest, but from circumstances—added to which, that in the army one is better out of such matters. Every man, however, must have some political bias, some tendencies on which to form an opinion, and feel that degree of concern in these questions as is proper and becoming. Mine, I have no hesitation in declaring, have been invariably guided by what is now called narrow-minded, antiquated Toryism. All I can say is, that I have seen nothing much better since 1832; and if the general or individual wealth of the country be increased from commercial or other channels, I do not observe that its character, influence, or happiness has improved, but rather the contrary.

At home it seems to me that if we enjoy a full share

of political liberty, in social life, on the other hand, I am acquainted with no country in which there is less. We are far too much taken care of and looked after; and often, I think, both the House of Commons and the Magistracy interfere with private and individual comfort, and occupy themselves with trivialities in a manner ill-judged and unnecessary.

The vast increase throughout the empire of political and other clubs, unions, and associations, has no doubt produced and fostered a great deal of mischief, discontent, and opposition of classes, of which some of the more serious evidences are the "strikes," so frequent of late years; the difficulty nowadays of procuring good domestic servants, the kindly old-fashioned link between "master and man" being completely broken; and lastly, the modern independence of the artisan,—the "working man," as he is termed, who, in point of fact, becomes less so every day—witness the decrease in the amount of weekly labour, and the greater number of public holidays. To all this it will, I know, be replied, that it is "progress," that the "world cannot stand still," that a general increase of wealth must generate a corresponding taste for luxury, that improved and more extended education has enlarged the public mind, and so forth—all which may be very true; but I think, nevertheless, that since 1832 there has been too much by far of what is called "going with the times," too much giving way to the bugbear of "public opinion," and I believe it may be doubted whether so very much education be a promoter of real and general happiness. These "signs of the times" have unfortunately, moreover, been greatly aided and abetted



by a laxity of manners, habits, and ways of life of a portion of the aristocracy and persons of position, which, by lessening their prestige, has very much tended to compromise and confuse the natural degrees of society. There is, I believe, no circumstance in human existence which has not, as a rule, been more correctly, vigorously, and beautifully touched upon by Shakespeare than by any other mind; and in these days may, I apprehend, be very appropriately quoted that passage in 'Hamlet' where, in the grave scene, the Prince says to Horatio, "The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe."

It is certain that if, fifty years ago, the position and influence of Great Britain—acquired as they had been by the ability, the independence, and the high tone of the Ministers of the day, and by the brilliant achievements of our fleets and armies—were preponderating and almost decisive in foreign councils, that supremacy has very sensibly and for a long while materially decreased,—the natural consequence of a long course of uncertain and hesitating policy, which, so far from preserving ascendancy, is scarcely sufficient to command respect. A firm, dignified, and consistent policy of non-interference is one thing, and possibly a wise one; but a weak system of meddling without effect is another, and is a fatal mistake.

Since the preceding paragraph was written, a most satisfactory change has come over British foreign policy, and by the able, manly conduct of the Earl of Beaconsfield, the country has almost regained at one spring that position in the eyes of Europe which it ought never to have lost. The lines, however, relate to the state of

things as I believed them to be at the time, and they may remain, the better to illustrate the present reaction.

The press, in my opinion, has of late assumed very undue liberty and proportions, and its interference with the privacy of individuals and domestic life seems to be carried beyond all justifiable bounds. The mischievous results of "correspondents" with armies in the field are surely becoming every day more apparent, and they never should have been allowed.

On religious matters it may be permitted, I hope, with all due humility, to say a word—for, as Corporal Trim observes, "A soldier has the most reason to pray to God of any man in the whole world." I have a sincere veneration for the religion in which I was born and bred, although in its practice I could gladly see some changes. I entertain also a profound respect for the Bishops of the Church, who, I believe, as a body, to be most worthy and eminent in their high station. I could wish their power more extended and decisive. But are the parochial clergy in general as well qualified, as exemplary, active, and judicious in their character and conduct, as is imperative in their sacred calling?

Between a clergyman and the lighter and more worldly occupations of life, there should, in my opinion, be drawn a strong line, for unquestionably an undue taste for the pursuits and habits of ordinary existence materially diminishes the respect and influence that in all societies should belong to a minister of the Gospel. No one, I imagine, ever saw a Roman Catholic priest with a pair of moustaches, or top-boots, or with a gun over his shoulder, or twirling about in a ball-room—none of which things in

themselves may be criminal, but in a clergyman they are unbecoming, and contrary to the "fitness of things;" and in such matters I think the example of their Roman Catholic brethren may be followed with advantage.

How much is to be regretted the innumerable sects, persuasions, and schisms sprung up in every direction throughout the kingdom, unsettling people's minds, and certainly of no small effect in sending many into the Church of Rome! In such questions, the conduct and influence of the clergy must enter largely.

Such, then, are the impressions which, reluctantly and often painfully, the "changes and chances" of "Life as I have found it" have, I may say, forced upon my conviction—is it my fault that they have not been more pleasant, more cheerful?—and now in parting with an occupation which has long been my sole amusement, and in committing these memories to the perilous ordeal of public opinion, I will merely add that, by the death of a cousin mentioned in the earlier pages of this narrative, I am become the nineteenth and last male representative of an ancient line, of which, after a direct descent of more than 700 years, the last sands are wellnigh run out. It is time!

C. P. DE A.

ROUEN, *August* 1879.

THE END.









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